

Interior of the Cotton in Fiedeliff Church where Bowleys' Manuscripts were said to have been deposited

THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO

ROWLEY.

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*The Pieces to which Asterisks are prefixed are now first
collected or printed.*

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Eclogues.

The three first Eclogues are printed from a MS furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to with the following title in the first page: "Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton." There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "Goddwyn, a Tragedie."

The fourth Eclogue is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest." And it has the following subscription, "D B Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERTE and RAUFE.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge from hei lethal wounde,
From hei galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,
Kennynge hei legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure lode the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's daik surcote graie,
Twayne lonelic shepsterres dyd abrodden sie
(The rostlyng liff doth theyi whytte hantes affraie,)
And wythe the owlette tumbled and dyd cie,

SMEETHYNGE, *smoking*, in some copies *blethynge*, but in the original as above

LITHAL, *deally*

TWYTTE, *pluck or pull, twist*.

KENNYNGE, *seeing*

SURCOTE, *a cloak or mantle, which hid all the other dress*

SHEPSTERRES, *shepherds*

ABRODDEN, *abruptly*, so Chaucer,

Syke he abrodden dyde attourne

ROSTLYNG, *rustling*

AFFRAIE, *affright*

Firste Roberte Neatheide hys sore boesom stioke.
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe ' gif thos the howies do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,
Oure fote wyllle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
Ne wyllle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe
To oure giete wronges wee have enheped moe,
The Barannes warie ! oh ! woe and well-a-daie '
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe
That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie deinie tale,
Come heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the dale.

R A U F E

Saie to mee nete, I kenne thie wocin myne ;

ENHEPED, *added, heaped.*
DERNIE, *sad.*

|| BALFFULI, *woeful, lamentable.*
NETE *nought*

Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle
 Swote flouietts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne;
 Gravots far-kend arounde the Errmiets cell;
 The swote ribible dynning yn the dell,
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastie courte,
 Eke the highe songe and everych joie faiewell,
 Faiewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:
 Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to waide the aye encreasyng
 dome.

ROBERT E.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kyng-coppe-decked mees,

SABALUS, *the Devil.*

MOTE, *might*

SWOTE, *sweet*

DYGNE, *good, neat, genteel*

GRAVOTS, *groves, sometimes used for a coppice.*

FAR-KEND, *far-seen.*

ERRMIETS, *hermit.*

RIBIBLE, *violin.*

DYNNING, *sounding*

HOASTRIE, *inn, or public house.*

EKE, *also*

DYSPORTE, *pleasure.*

IMPESTERING, *annoying.*

WARDE, *to keep off.*

AYE, *ever, always.*

MRES, *meadows.*

Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendie applynges,* and embodye trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange, far spreedynge to the syghte,
 Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stunge yn fyghte,
 Mie gorne emblaunched with the comficie plante,
 Mie floure Seyncte Maries hotteynge wythethelyghte,
 Mie store of all the blessinges Heaven can grant.
 I am duressed unto sorrowes blowe,
 Ihantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

APPLYNGES, *grafted trees.*
 EMBODYE, *thick, stout.*
 PARKER'S GRANGE, *liberty of pasture*
 given to the Parker
 CUYEN, *tender*
 KYNE, *cows.*
 STRINGE, *strong*
 GORNE, *garden*

EMBLAUNCHED, *whitened, bleached*
 COMFIE, *cumfy, a favourite dish*
 at that time.
 FLOURE SEYNCTE MARIE, *marygold*
 SHOTTEYN, *shutting.*
 DURESSED, *hardened.*
 IHANTEND, *accustomed.*

* Mr. Tyrwhitt asserts that this word is not to be found elsewhere

R A U F E.

Here I wille *obaie untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
 Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,
 Whyche sleaeth everichone that commeth neie,
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre.
 I to bement haveth moe cause than thee;
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies;
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
 And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.

OBAlE, *abide*. This line is also wrote,
 "Here will I obate until dethe ap-
 "pere," but this is modernized
 SLEAETH, *destroyeth, killeth, slayeth*

EVERICHONE, *every one*.
 GRE, *grow*
 BEMENT, *lament*
 BOOLIE, *much-loved, beloved*.

* This word is explained, as Chatterton has interpreted it, by Kersey and Speght. But the compiler of *Gloss Ur* has observed, that *Obay*, in the single passage of Chaucer, in which it occurs C. T. ver 12034 is a *misprint* and should be *Abeye*, as it is printed in the last edition from the best MSS. The inference is plain enough, from whence the author of the Poems got his word *Obate*, with its interpretation.

Tyrwhitt.

†Calked from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

ROBERT E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn, ystorven ys;

CALKED, *cast out, ejected.*

CULLYS-YATTE, *alluding to the port-
cullis, which guarded the gate, on
which often depended the castle.*

|| DOME, *fate*

MIE SONNE ALLEYN, *my only son*
YSTORVEN, *dead.*

† This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner "*Calked, sup. Cast, credo Cast up*" Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out*, and *casting up*, i. e. *casting up figures in calculation*. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article "*Calked for Calculated Ch the Frankelynes tale.*" It is probable too I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of the *Frankelins Tale*, which in the common editions stands thus — "*Full subtelly he had calked al this,*" where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS

Tyrwhitt

* Alone is never used for only, *solus* for *unicus*, *seul* for *unique* The distinction I believe subsists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them in the following passage of Shakespeare, "*Ah! no—it is my only son*" — to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words.

Tyrwhitt,

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee ;
 A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis
 Now from een logges fledden is selyness,
 Mynsteres alleyn can boaste the hallie Seyncte,
 Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie diesse
 And wyth her champyones gore hei face depeyncte;
 Peace fledde, disordei sheweth hei dark rode,
 And thorow ayre doth fle, yn garments steyned with
 bloude.

Ywis, *I think*

LOGGES, *cottages*

SELYNESS, *happiness*

MYNSTERES, *monasteries*

ALLEYN, *only.*

HALLIE, *holy*

DEPEYNCTE, *paint.*

RODE, *complexion.*

* When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask.

Shakespeare Henry 4 P 1.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
Pourc owte yei pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde

Nycharde of Lyons haite to fyghte is gon,
Upoune the biede sea doe the banneis gleme,
The amenused nationnes be aston,
To ken syke laige a flete, syke fyn, syke breme.
The baikis heafods coupe the lymed stienc,

SPRYTES, *spirits, souls.*

PLEASAUNCE, *pleasure*

BREDE, *broad.*

GLFME, *shine, glimmer, gleam*

AMENUSED, *diminished, lessened.*

ASTON, *astonished, confounded*

KEN, *see, discover, know.*

SYKE, *such, so*

BREME, *strong*

HEAFODS, *heads.*

COUPE, *cut*

LYMED, *glassy, reflecting.*

Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the haire ake iiese;
 The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme
 Conteke the dynnynge ayie, and reche the skies
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadies hedde.

The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,
 Decorn wyth fonnes iare, doe shemynge ryse;
 Upswalynge doe heie shewe ynne dricrie pryde,
 Lyche gore red estells in the eve merk skyes;
 The nome-depeyncted shields, the speres aryse,
 Alyche talle roshes on the water syde;

OUNDES, *waves, billows*
 AKE, *oak*
 SLUGHORNES, *a musical instrument,*
not unlike a hautboy
 SWOTYE, *sweet*
 CLEME, *sound*
 CONTEKE, *confuse, contend with*
 DYNNYNGE, *sounding*
 TRONES, *thrones*
 ASTEDDE, *seated*
 GULE, *red*
 DEPEYNCTED, *painted*
 DECORN, *carved.*
 FONNES, *devices*

SHEMYNGE, *glimmering*
 UPSWALYNGE, *rising high, swelling*
up
 HEIR, *they*
 ESTELLS, *a corruption of estoile, Fr*
a star
 EVL, *evening*
 MERK, *dark*
 NOME-DEPEYNCTED, *rebus'd shields, a*
herald term, when the charge of
the shield implies the name of the
bearer
 ALYCHE, *like*

Alenge from baik to baik the bryghte sheene flies;
 Sweft-keiv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poue owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadies hedde.

The Saracen lokes owte he doethe fecre,
 That Englonde's brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke hunted bockes they clemeth here and there,
 Onknowlachynge inne whatte place to obaie.
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
 The mittee crosse Jerusalem ys scene,
 Dhereof the syghte yet courage doe affiaie,
 In balefull dole then faces be ywreene
 Spirytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poue owte your pleasaunce on mie fadies hedde

The bollengers and cottes, so swyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the sydes of everich baik appeie

ALERGE, *along*.
 SHEENE, *shine*
 SWEFT-KERV'D, *short-lived*
 BRONDEOUS, *furious*
 REINETH, *runneth*
 ONKNOWLACHYNGE, *not knowing*
 OBAIE, *abide*.

MITTEE, *mighty*
 AFFRAIE, *affright*
 BALETULL, *woeful*
 YWREENE, *covered*
 BOLLENGERS, COTTES, *different kinds of*
 boats.

Foothe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,
 Eftsoones hys squyer, with hys shielde and speie.
 The jynynge sheldes doe shemie and moke glaire;
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted dynne;
 The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to dare,
 Boun the meik sweide, theie seche to fiaie, theie blyn.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte yei pleasaunce onne mie fadies hedde.

Now conim the waiynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel of waie,
 Inne shcenyng goulde, lyke feene gronfers 'dyghte,

EFTSOONES, *full soon, presently*
 JYNYNGE, *joining*
 GLAIE, *glitter*
 DOSHEYNGE, *dashing*
 GEMOTED, *united, assembled*
 REYNYNG, *running*
 FOEMFN, *foes*
 GIF, *if*
 BOUN, *make ready*

MRD, *dark*
 FRAIE, *erige*
 BLYN, *cease, stand still*
 LYONCEL, *a young lion*
 FEERIL, *flaming*
 GRONFFRS, *a meteor, from gron, a fen,*
 and fer, a corruption of fire, that is,
 a fire exhaled from a fen
 DYGHTE, *dark*

* Mr Bryant has a curious remark upon this word

"It is here said to be derived from *gron*, a *fen*, and *fer*, a *corruption of fire*
 Hence we may perceive that it is taken for a common *ignis fatuus*, the same

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and scene afaine.
 Syke haveth I espyde a gieter staine
 Amenge the dybblett ons to sheene fulle byghte,
 Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayld beames doe bair
 The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.

AMENG, *among*
 DYBBLETT, *small, insignificant*
 WAYNE, *car.*

AMAYLD, *enamelled*
 BLAUNCHIE, *white, silver*
 ESTELLS, *stars*

which the country people stile a *Will of the wisp* and *Jack a lantern*. On this account the expositor has been induced to derive it from *gron* a *fen*. But there is nothing in an *ignis fatuus* which agrees with the description here given. This meteor the *ignis fatuus*, is represented as a vague, playful and innocent light, in which there is nothing terrible or alarming. Besides, a *Gronfire* is plainly a *ground-fire* from *gron** and *grun, solum*. See Olaf Verch Lexicon Suet. Gothic. It was expressed A S *grunð solum fundum* Al *grunt* B. *grond*. See Lye's Etymolog. Ang. Moreover from the comparison it is evident, that something is alluded to, which was of a very fearful nature and of an uncommon appearance. Whatever it may have been, we find it again referred to, though in different terms—

Lyche a battently low mic swerde shall brend

Goddwyn 50

Now what have we similar by which these descriptions can be explained? Nothing that I am apprised of, now a days. But I think that there were of old

* *Gron*, signifies undoubtedly a marshy place but also solid ground.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Spytes of the bleste, and evenich Seyncte ydedde
 Poue owte youi pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte affraie, wythe lockes of blodde-red dic,
 Terroure, embuled yn the thonders rage,
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme fle.
 Enchafynge echone champyonne wai to wage.

DISTRAUGHTE, *distracting*
 AFFRAIE, *affright*
 EMBULED, *armed*

UGSOMME, *terribly*
 ENCHAFYNGE, *encouraging, heating*

some phenomenon, mentioned by the more early historians of this country, which will illustrate the point greatly. In the Saxon Chronicle we read, that in the year 1032, there were earthquakes in many parts of this kingdom, and that a sad mortality ensued, and what is very particular, there were seen fires of an uncommon appearance, *such as were never seen before*. They broke out of the earth in different places and did a great deal of mischief.† Simcon Dunelmensis takes notice of earthquakes happening, and of a like fire appearing a few years after, anno 1018. He speaks of it as breaking out in Derbyshire and some neighbouring counties, and being of an alarming nature, and he concludes with saying, *villas et segetes multas ustulavit*. *Hist Ang Scr pt Decem* p 183. It is recorded by John Brompton nearly in the same manner. He mentions the mortality which then prevailed, and the mischief which was done by these fires. *ibid* p 939 l 48. The like phenomenon is said to have appeared in the next

† P 154. See also Roger de Hoveden p 440. Hence we may perceive that the artificial fire called *wild fire* at this day, took its name from the similitude it bore to these *burnt lowes* and *gronfires*, which broke out in the times specified.

*Speies †bevytle speies, swerdes upon sweides engage;
 Armouie on armouie dynn, shielde upon shielde ;
 Ne dethe of thosandcs can the waïie assuage,
 Botte falleynge nombers sable all the feelde,

BEVYLL, *break*, a herald term, signi- || DYNN, *sounds*
 fying a spear broken in tilting, SABLE, *blacken*.

* Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
 To armour armour, lance to lance opposed
 * * * * *
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets thiong,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.

Pope's Homer

† The idea of *breaking*, which is quite foreign from *bevytle*, might perhaps have been suggested by the following passage in Kersey "Bevile (in Heraldry, *broken* or open, like a bevel, or carpenter's rule"

Tyrwhitt

century, according to Holinshead, as well as other writers. He mentions in the reign of Henry the First, that there were earthquakes similar to the former; and that fires came out of the earth with great violence, which could not by water, nor by any means ‡ be subdued. V 2 p 44 Fires of this nature must have had a very formidable appearance And it was not any fenny meteor, but undoubtedly these Groundfires, to which the poet alluded It is remarkable

‡ See an account of a similar phenomenon in Germany mentioned by Tacitus.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Pouie owte youre pleasaunce on mic fadies hedde

The foemen fal aounde ; the cross icles hye ;
 Steyned ynne goeie, the harte of waire ys seen ;
 Kyng Rychaide, thorougheveryche trope doth flie,
 And beereth meynthe of Turkes onto the greene ;

RELES, *waves*

|| MEYNTE, *many, great numbers*

that the first appearance of them was anno 1032, and the second, if not a continuation of the same phenomenon was anno 1048, both in the days of Earl Godwin, from whom the tragedy has its name. So that the comparison there made, agrees very well with the times, and with the event by which they were distinguished. The last instance of such fires, was not indeed in the days of King † Richard, who is the person concerned in the Second Eclogue, yet not so far removed, but that there might have been persons living by whom they were seen. The memory of them could not have been soon effaced. Hence it was natural for persons, who were treating of those times, to introduce those circumstances, which so particularly marked them. For the justice of these comparisons was very apparent in those days, which fitness and propriety is lost if they are introduced at a later season, and by another hand. It is from such remote and secret reference that I am induced to think that some of these poems are of a greater antiquity than has generally been attributed to them. As to the person who has attempted to explain them, it is manifest that he proceeded merely by surmise and conjecture. He was not acquainted with the latent purport of these references ; and the conclusion which necessarily follows, is, I think, very plain.

† They happened anno 1135, in the last year of Henry the First. See Polydore Virgil, p. 195.

Bie hymm the flouie of Asies menn is sleene ;
 The waylynge mone doth fade befoie hys sonne ,
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee foimed to actions deene.
 Doeynge syke marvells, strongeis be aston.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte is wonne , Kyng Rycharde master is ,
 The Englonde bannen kisseth the mie ayre ;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys,
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ;
 Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
 Twyghte into lovyng aimes, and feasted eft ;
 In everych eyne aiedyng ncte of wyere,
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde.
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadies hedde.

SLEENE, *slain.*

WAYLYNGE, *decreasing.*

DEENE, *glorious, worthy.*

MARVELS, *wonders.*

ASTON, *astonished*

IWYS, *certainly.*

BAYRE, *brow*

TWYGHTE, *plucked, pulled*

EFT, *often*

WYERE, *grief, trouble.*

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswol sayle dyd daunce before his eyne ,
Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeches dyd flee,
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the byne.

Lette thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe themselves how mote the meetynge
proove

UPSWOL, *swollen*

* THYSSEN this word is not to be found in any other writer *thysom* or *thuer*
is used by the Colliers about Bristol

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE. WOMANNE. SIR ROGERRE.

Wouldst thou kenn nature in hei better parte ?
Goe, seiche the logges and ⁊ bordels of the hynde ;
Gyff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made aite,
Inne hem you see the †blakied foime of kynde.

LOGGES *lodges, huts.*
BORDELS, *cottages*
HYNDE, *servant, slave, peasant*
GYFF, *if*

HEM, *a contraction of them*
BLAKIED *naked, original.*
KYNDI, *nature*

* *Bordel*, in very old French, signifies *a cottage*, and *bordelier*, a cottager. Chaucer uses the first for a *brothel*, and the second for the keeper of such a house

† To explain this strange word, *blake*, as occurring *Æ* 178

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and sonne-brente doe appere

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde ?
 Woulde it kenne evenich thyng, as it mote bee ?
 Woulde ytte here phrased of vulgar from the hynde,
 Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free ?
 Gyfsoe, rede thys, whychè Iche dysportyngpende;
 Gifnete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

M A N N E

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe ?
 O where do ye bende yei waie ?
 I wille knowe whether you goe,
 I wylle not bee asseled naie.

LACHEYNGE, *liking*

MOTE, *might* The sense of this line is,

Would you see every thing in its
 primæval state

WISEEGGER, *wise-egger, a philosopher*

KNOWLACHE, *knowledge*

DYSPORTEYNGE, *sporting*

ASSELED, *answered*

and again 407

Blake stondesth future doome, and joie doth mee alyse

is explained *open, exposed*; and *blakied* is made the participle from an imaginary verb, to *blakie*, signifying to *open*.

W O M A N N E.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,
 To hele hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Rogeie, the parson, hav hyred mee there,
 Comme, comme, lett us tyype ytte awaie,
 We'lle wuike and we'lle synge, and weylledrenche
 of stronge bee;
 As longe as the merrie sommeis daie.

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wuich !
 Moke is mie woe.
 Dame Agnes, whoc lies ynne the Chyrche
 With birlette golde,

HELE, *aide, or help.*
 WURKE, *work.*
 WURCH, *work*

|| DRENCH, *drink.*
 || BIRLETTE, *a hood, or covering for the*
 back part of the head

Wythe gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,
 What was shee moe than me, to be soe 3

- M A N N E.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
 Tryppynge over the lea ;
 Ich ask whie the loversd son
 Is moe than mee.

S Y R R O G E R R E.

The sweltie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne,
 From everich beme a seme of lyfe doe falle ;
 Swythyn scille oppe the haie upponne the playne ,
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gie talle.
 Thys ysalyche oure doome; the great, the smalle,

GELTEN, *gilded*

AUMERES, *borders of gold and silver,
 on which was laid thin plates of either
 metal counterchanged, not unlike the
 present spangled laces.*

LOVERDS, *lord's*

SWELTRIE, *sultry*

WAYNE, *car.*

SEME, *seed*

SWYTHYN, *quickly, presently*

SCILLE, *gather*

GRE, *grow*

DOOME, *fate.*

Moste withe and bec forwyned by deathis daite
 Sec¹ the swote flouiette hathe noe swote at alle
 Itte wythe the ianke wede bereth eualle parte
 The crauent, warnoure, and the wyse be blente,
 Alyche to diie awaie wythe those there dyd bemente

M A N N E.

All-a-boon,* Syr Priest, all-a-boon.
 Bye yei preestschype nowe saye unto mee;
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe haide bie,
 Whie shoulde hee than mee
 Bee moe greate,
 Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate²

WITHE, *a contraction of wither.*
 FORWYNED, *dried*
 SWOTE, *sweet.*
 FLOUETTE, *flower.*
 EUALLE, *equal.*

CRAVENT, *coward.*
 BLNTE, *ceased, dead, no more*
 BEMNTE, *lament*
 ALL-A-BOON, *a manner of asking a
 favour*

* Mr Tyrwhitt says, "the only passage, I believe, in which these eight letters are to be found together in the same order, is in Chaucer C Tales v 9492

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone"

This the Dean of Exeter considers as authority, arguing that the words in Chaucer should be connected but *all* is there evidently an adjective connected with the pronoun *hem*.

SYR ROGERRE

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,
 Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle,
 An answeie to thie barganette here see,
 Thys welked flourette wyll a lesen telle
 Arist it blew, itte flouished, and dyd well,
 Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene ;
 Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,
 Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-biente playne,
 Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,
 To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe , the loveids ente
 Mooveth the iobber hym thei for to slea ,

ATTOURNE, *turn*

TENTYFLIE, *carefully, with circum-
spection*

CHAPER, *dry, sun-burnt.*

DELLE, *valley*

BARGANETTE, *a song, or ballad.*

WELKED, *withered*

ARIST, *arisen, or arose*

BLEW, *blossomed*

ASCAUNCE, *disdainfully*

DEIGNED, *disdained*

RENNOME, *glory*

EFTSOONES, *quickly*

DAIE-BRENTE, *sun-burnt,*

SYKE, *such*

LOVERDS, *lord's*

ENTE, *a purse or bag*

SLEA, *slay*

ECLOGUE THE THIRD

Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,
 Beleive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan thee
 Thou wurchest; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
 Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the oughest daie
 Coudest thou the kivercled of soughlys see,
 Thou wouldst eftsoones see to the ynne whatte I saie.
 Botte lette me heere the waic of lyfe, and thenne
 Heare thou from me the lyfe of odher menne

M A N N E

I lyse wyth the sonne,
 Lyche hym to diyre the wayne,
 And eere mie wurche is don
 I synge a songe or twayne
 I followe the plough-tayle,
 Wythe a longe jubb of ale
 Botte of the maydens, oh!
 Itte lacketh notte to telle;

ETHE, *ease*

TROTTE, *truth*

HAILE, *happy*

WURCHEST, *workest*

KIVERCLED, *the hidden or secret part of*

SOUGHLYS, *souls*

EFTSOONES, *full soon, or presently*

WAYNE, *car*

TWAYNE *two.*

JUBB, *a bottle*

Syre Pieeste mote notte cie woe
 Culde hys bull do as welle
 I daunce the beste heredeignes.
 And foile the wysest feygnes
 On everych Seynctes hie daie
 Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene.
 All a footeyng it awaie,
 Wythe maydens on the greene.
 But oh ' I wyshe to be moe greate,
 In iennome, tenuie and estate

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
 Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte ;
 Whan fuired unweis doe the heaven fylle,
 Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affyghte.

HEIRDEYGNES, *a country dance, still
 practised in the North*
 FOILE, *baffle*
 FEYGNES, *a corruption of Feints*
 MYNSTRELLE, *a minstrel is a musician*
 UNLISTE, *unbounded*

BRAUNCES, *branches*
 FUIRED, *furious*
 UNWERS, *tempests, storms,*
 DEERE, *dire*
 DOLE, *dismay*
 MOKE, *much*

Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte,
 Stondethe unhuite, unquaced bie the stoime :
 Syke is a picte of lyfle . the manne of myghte
 Is tempest-chafft, hys woe greate as hys foime .
 Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
 Wouldst haider felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste
 mounte

CONGEON, *anwarf*
 ABESSIE, *humility*
 DYGHTE, *deceit*

UNQUACED, *unhuit*
 PICTE, *picture*
 TEMPEST CHAFF, *tempest beats*

Evidently from the French *abaisser*, but corruptly and indeed unintelligibly formed
 it is used by no other writer

Tyrwhitt

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH

ELINORE and JUCA

Onne Ruddeborne bank twa pynyng Maydens sate,
 Thene teares faste dryppeyng to the waterie cleere,
 Echone bementyng for hei absente mate,
 Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthyng
 speare

The nottebrowne Elmoure to Juca fayre
 Dydde speke *acroole, wy the languishment of eyne,
 Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvyng
 bime

RUDDEBORNE, *rudborne* (in Saxon, *red-water*), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York

BEMENTYNGE, *lamenting*
 MORTHYNGE, *murdering*
 ACROOLE, *faintly*
 LEMED, *glistened*

* Unauthorized The imitative verb *crool*, or something like it, is said to have denoted the sound made by the dove

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ELINOURE

O gentle Juga ' leaue me deime plaine,
To fyghte for Yonke me love ys dyghte in stele
O mai ne sanguen steme the whyte rose peyncte,
Mai good Scyncte Cuthberte watche Syrie Roberte
wele
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele ;
See ' sec ' upon the grounde he bleedyng lies ;
Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else me deare love dies

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey d banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyl lamente ,
Ee wette w ythe mouryng dewe and evene danke .
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente.

DE ME, *sad*
DYGHTE, *arrayed, or eased*
MORE, *much.*

|| INHILD, *injure*
|| JOICE, *juice,*
|| LEVYNDE, *blasted*

On lyche forlettenn halles¹ of menneemente,
 Whose gastlie Mitches hoide the traine of flyghte,
 Where lethale ravens baik, and owlets wake the nyghte.

ELINOURE

No moe the miskynette shall wake the moine,†
 The minstielle daunce, good cheere, and moirryce
 plaie ,
 No moe the amblynge palfine and the horne

FORLETTE¹, *forsatenn*
 MITCHES, *ruins*
 FRYGHTE, *fear*

LETHALE, *deadly, or deathboding*
 MISKYNETTE, *a small bagpipe*

Mr Bowles has introduced this line in his Monody written at Matlock
 Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of Ruin rent
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment

† The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

Gray

Shall from the lessel rouze the fowle awaie ,
 I'll seke the foireste alle the lyve-longe daie ,
 Alle nete amenge the giavde chyche glebe wyll goe,
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture me tale of woe

J U G A

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme
 Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte ,
 The tynppeynge Faeries weve the golden dieme
 Of Selyness, whyche flyeth wythe the nyghte ,
 Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde ') gif to a
 spyte
 Syn Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte
 Hys bledeynge clare-colde coise, and die eche dai
 ynn thoughte

LESSEL, in a confined sense, a bush or
 hedge, though sometimes used as a
 forest
 AILE NETE, night
 AMENGE, among
 CHURCH GLEE, church yard.

LECTURE, relate-
 MOKIE, black
 LEDEN, decreasing
 SELYNESSE, happiness
 LYPED, linked.

ELINOURE

Ah woe bementynge wordes, what wordes can shewe!
 Thou lmed ryver, on the linche maie bleede
 Champyons, whose bloude wyll wythe the watenes
 flowe,
 And Rudboine steeme be Rudboine steeme in deede!
 Haste, gentle Juga, tynpe ytte oere the meade,
 To knowe, o! wheder we muste waile agayne,
 O! wythe our fallen knyghtes be mended onne the
 plain

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
 O! twaync of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
 Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shynes remayne
 Theie dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes
 were slayne,

BLUMENTYNGE, *lamenting*
 LMED, *glassy*.
 LINCHE, *bank*

|| MENGED, *mingled*
 || MEES, *meads*

Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
syde,
Yelled theyre lethalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves
and dyde



DISTRAUGHTE, *distracted*

The
Parlyamente
of
Sprytes.

*From Barrett's History of Bristol The Original in
Chatterton's hand-writing is in the British Museum
It was among the most early communications of Chat-
terton to Mr. Barrett.*

A MOST MERRIE ENTYRLUDE,

Plaied bie the Carmelyte Freeres at Mastre Canynges hys greete howse, before
Mastre Canynges and Byshoppe Carpenterre, on dedicatyng the chyrche
of *Oure Ladie of Redclefte*, hight

The PARLIAMENT of SPRYTES.

Wroten bie T ROWLEIE and J ISCAMME.

Entroductyon bie Queene Mabbe (Bie Iscamme)

Whan from the erthe the sonnes hulstred,

HULSTRED, *hulden*

JOHN CARPENTER, bishop of Worces-
ter, who in conjunction with Mr
Canynge, founded the abbey at
Westbury

JOHN ISCAM, according to Rowley,
was a canon of the monastery of
Saint Augustine in Bristol. He
wrote a dramatic piece called

“The Pleasaunt Dyscorses of La-
myngeton,” also at the desire of
Mr Canyng (Rowley being then col-
lecting of drawings for Mr Canyng)
he translated a Latin piece called
Miles Brystolli into English metre
The place of his birth is not known

Bie fervente praier of yours myghte reai theȝie heade
 And chaunte owte masses to oure Vyrgyne.
 Was evenie piclate lyke a Carpenterie,
 The chyche woulde ne blushe at a Wynchesteire

Learned as Beauclerke, as the confessor
 Holie ynne lyfe, lyke Canynge chaitable,
 Busie in holie chyche as Vavasour,
 Slacke yn thynges evylle, yn alle goode thynges stable,
 Honest as Saxottes was, from whence thou'rt spruunge,
 Tho boddie weak the soule for ever younge.

'Thou knowest welc thie conscience free from steyne,
 Thie soule hei rode no sable batements have,
 Yclenchde oer wythe vyrtues beste adaygne,
 A daie aetene thie mynde does aie adave
 Ne spoyled widdowes, orphyans dystreste,
 Ne starvyng peccetes ycrase thie nyghtlie reste

RODE, *complection* I take the
 meaning of this line to be, "The
 complection of thie soul is free from
 the black marks of sin"

YCLENCHEDE, *covered*
 ALTERNE, *eternal*
 ADIVE, *enjoy*
 YCRASE, *to break*

Here then to thee let me for one and alle
 Give lawde to Carpenterie and commendatyon,
 For hys giete vyrtues but alas ! too smalle
 Is me poore skylle to shewe you hys juste blatyon,
 Or to blazt forth the hys publicke goode alone,
 And alle hys pryvate goode to godde and hym ys
 knowne

Spryte of Nymrodde speaketh.
(Bie Iscarme)

Soon as the moine but newlie wake,
 Spyed Nyghie ystoiven lye ,
 On hie coise dyd dew droppes shake,
 Then fore the sonne upgotten was I.
 The rampyng lyon, felle tygere,
 The bocke that skypes from place to place.
 The olyphaunte and rhynocere,

BLATYON, *blation, plasse*

¶ RHYNOCEFRE, *rhinoceros*

OLYPHAUNT, *elephant* So an ancient anonymous author

The olyphaunt of beastes is
 The wisest I wis,
 For hee alwaie dothe eat
 Lyttle store of meat

Befoie mee throughe the greene woode I dyd chace
 Nymrodde as scyptures hyght mie name
 Baalle as jetted stones saie .
 Foi rearynge Babelle of greeke fame.
 Mie name and renome shalle lyven for aie
 But here I spie a fyner rearynge,
 Genst whych the clowdes dothe not tyghte.
 Onne whych the staries doe sytte to appearunge
 Weeke menne thynke ytte reache the kyngdom of
 lyghte
 O where ys the manne that buylded the same,
 Dyspendyng wouldlie store so welle ;
 Fayn woulde I chaunge wyth hym mie name,
 And stande ynne hys chaunce ne to goe to helle.

Spryte of Assyrians syngeth.

Whan toe theyie caves aeterne abeste,
 The waters ne moe han dystreste.

JETTED, *devised or fained*
 RENOME, *renown*
 DYSPENDYNGE, *expending*
 MAN, *posterite of have*

ABESTE, according to Rowley,
 humbled or brought down
 And Rowleie saies "the pryde
 wylle be abeste" Introductyon to
 the Entyrlyde of the Apostate

The woulde so large ;
 Butte dyde dyscharge
 Themselues ynto theyre bedde of reſte.

Then menne beſpienged alle abroadde,
 Ne moe dyde woishyppe the true Godde ,
 Butte dyd create
 Hie temples greate
 Unto the ymage of Nymiodde.

But nowe the Worde of Godde is come,
 Borne of Maide Maie toe brynge home
 Mankynde hys ſhepe,
 Theme for to keepe
 In the folde of hys heauenlie kyngdome

Thys chyiche whych Canynge he dyd ree1,
 To bee diſpente in prayſe and prayer,
 Mennes ſoules to ſave,



From vowynge giave,
Ande puryfye them heaven were.

Sprytes of Elle, Bythrycke, Fyts-hardynge, Frampton, Gaantes, Segowen, Lanyngcton, Knyghtes Templars, and Byrtonne
(*Bie Rowleie*)

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

Elle, thie Bystowe is thie onlie care,
Thou arte lyke dragonne vyllant of yts gode,
Ne lovyngē dames toe kynde moe love can bea,
Ne Lombaides over golde moe vyllaunt broode.

VOWRYNCE, *devouring*

ELIL, *Keeper of Bristol Castle in the
time of the Saxons*

BYTHRYCKE, *an anglo-Saxon, who in
William the Conqueror's time had
Bristol*
VYLLANT, *vigilant*

HEAVEN WERF, *heavenward, so Rowley*

“Not goulde or bighes will bring thee heaven were,
Ne kyne or mylke flockes upon the playne,
Ne mannours rych nor banners brave and fayre,
Ne wife the sweetest of the erthlie trayne

Entroductyon to the Enterlude of the Apostate.”

Spryte of Elle speaketh.

Swythyn, yee spytes foisake the bollen floude,
 And biowke a sygthe wyth mee, a syghte enfyne ,
 Welle have I vended myne for Danyshe bloude,
 Syth thys greete structure greete me whaped eyne.
 Yee that have buylden on the Radclefte syde,
 Toune there your eyne and see your workes outvyde.

Spryte of Bythryche speaketh

What wondrous monumente ! what pyle ys thys '
 That byndes in wonders chayne entendemente '
 That dothe aloof the ayrie skyen kyss,
 And seemeth mountaynes joyned bie cemente,
 From Goddehys greete and wondrous storehouse sente
 Fulle welle myne eyne aede ytte canne ne bee,
 That manne coude reare of thylke agreete extente,
 A chyche so bausyn fetyve as wee see

SWYTHYN, *quickly*
 BOLLEN, *swelled*
 BROWKE, *enjoy*
 WHAPED, *amazed*

|| ENTENDEMENTE, *understanding*
 AEDE, *conserve.*
 BAUSYN FETYVE, *elegantly large*

The flemed cloudes disparted from it fle,
 Twylle bee, I wis, to alle eternytye .

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Weie I once moe caste yn a mortalle fiamé,
 To heare the chauntrie songe sounde ynne myne eare,
 To heare the masses to owre holie dame,
 To viewe the cross yles and the arches fayre !
 Throughe the halfe hultred sylver twynklynge glare
 Of yon bryghte moone in foggie mantles drete,
 I must contente the buyldynge to aspere,
 Whylste ishad cloudes the hallie syghte areste.
 Tyll as the nyghtes growe wayle Lfle the lyghte,
 O were I manne agen to see the syghte !
 Theire sytte the canons, clothe of sable hue
 Adoine the boddies of them everie one ;
 The chaunters whyte with scarfes of woden blewe,
 And crymson chappeaus for them toe put onne,

FLEMED, *frighted*
 ASPERE, *to view*
 ISHAD, *broken*

|| HALLIE, *well pleasing, also holy.*
 || WAYLE, *old*
 || CHAPPEAUS, *hats or caps of estates.*

Wythe golden tassyls glyttrynge ynne the sunne;
 The dames ynne kyttles alle of Lyncolne greene,
 And knotted shoone pykes of brave coloures done
 A fyner syghte yn sothe was never seen.

Byrtonnes spryte speeketh.

Inne tyltes and turnies was mie dear delyghte,
 For manne and Godde hys warfare han renome .
 At everyche tyltynge yaide mie name was hyghte,
 I beare the belle awaie whereee I come.
 Of Redclfte chyche the buyldynge newe I done
 And dyd fulle manie holie place endowe,
 Of Maries house made the foundacyon,
 And gave a thieescore markes to Johnes hys toe
 Then clos'd myne eyne on eithe to ope no moe,
 Whylst syx moneths mynde upon mie giave was doe.
 Full gladde am I mie chyrche was pyghten down,
 Syth thys biave structure doth agreete myne eye.
 Thys geason buyldynge limesd of the towne,
 Like to the donous soule, shalle never die :

PYGHTEN, *pulled down*
 GEASON, *rare.*

|| LIMEDST, *most noble,*

But if percase Tyme, of hys dyie envie,
 Shalle beate ytte to rude walles and thiockes of stone ;
 The faytour traueller that passes bie
 Wylle see yttes royend auntyaunte splendouie shewne
 Inne the crasd arches and the carvellynge,
 And pyllais theyre greene heades to heaven rearynge.

Spryte of Segowen speeketh.

Bestoykyngge golde was once myne onlie toie,
 Wyth ytte mie soule wythynne the coffer laie ;
 Itte dyd the mastrie of mie lyfe emploie,
 Bie nyghte mie leman and mie jubbe bie daye
 Once as I dosynge yn the wytch howie laie,
 Thynkyngge howe to benym the orphyans breadde,
 And from the redeless take theyre goodes awaie,
 I from the skien heare a voyce, which said,

THROCKES, *heaps.*

FAYTOUR, *wandering*

ROYEND, *ruin'd*

CRASD, *broken, old*

SEGOWEN, *A usurer, a native of Lombardy*

BESTOYKYNGE, *decerving.*

LEMAN, *whore*

JUBBE, *bottle*

BENYM, *to take away.*

REDELESS, *helpless.*

Thou sleepest, but loe Sathan is awake ,
Some deede thats holie doe, or hee thie soule wyll take.

I swythyn was upryst wyth feeie astounde ;
Methoughte yn merke was plaien devylles felle :
StiaYTE dyd I nomber twentie aves rounde,
Thoughten full soone for to go to helle
In the morne mie case to a goode preeste dyd telle,
Who dyd areede mee to ybuild that daie
The chyrche of Thomas, thenne to peices felle.
Mie heart dispanDED into heaven laie :
Soon was the sylver to the workmenne given,—
Twas beste astowde, a karynte gave to heaven.

But welle, I wote, thie causalles were not soe,
Twas love of Godde that set thee on the reaynge
Of this fayre chyrch, O Canynge, for to doe
Thys lymed buyldynge of so fyne appearynge .

UPRYSTE, *risen up*
ASTOUNDE, *astonished*
MERKE, *darkness*
AREEDE, *counsel*

DISPANDED, *expanded.*
ASTOWDE, *bestow'd*
KARYNTE, *a loan*
LYMED, *noble*

Thys chyrch owie lessei buyldyngs all owt-darynge,
 Lyke to the moone wythe staines of lyttle lyghte ;
 And after tymes the feetyve pyle reveinyng,
 The prynce of chyches buyldeis thee shall hyghte ;
 Grcete was the cause, but greeete was the effecte,
 So alle wyll saie who doe thys place piospect.

Spryte of Fytz Hardyng speeketh

From royal parentes dyd I have 1etaynyng,
 The redde-hayrde Dane confeste to be mie syie ;
 The Dane who often thowethys kyngdom draynyng,
 Would mark theyie waie athowgh wythe bloude and
 fyie

As stopped 1yveis alwaies 1yse moe hyghe,
 And 1ammed stones bie opposuics stronger bee ;
 So thie whan vanquyshed dyd p1ove moe dyie,
 And for one peysan there dyd threescore slee
 From them of Denmaiques 1oyalle bloude came I,
 Welle myghte I boaste of mie gentylytie

FEETYVE, *handsome or elegant*

|| PEYSAN, *a countryman, also a foot soldier*

The pypes maie sounde and bubble foith mie name,
 And tellen what on Radclefte syde I dyd
 Tynytie Colledge ne agiutche mie fame,
 The fayrest place in Bystowe y buylded
 The royalle bloude that thow mie vaynes slydde
 Dyd tyncte mie hate wythe manie a noble thoughte,
 Lyke to mie mynde the mynster y reared,
 Wythe noble carvel workmanshype was wroughte.
 Hie at the deys, lyke to a kynge on's thione,
 Dyd I take place and was myself alone

But thou, the buylder of this swotic place,
 Where alle the saynctes in sweete ajunctyon stande,
 A verie heaven for yttes fetyve grace,
 The glorie and the wonder of the lande,
 That shewes the buylders mynde and fourmers hande,
 To bee the beste that on the erthe remaynes;
 At once for wonder and delyghte commaunde,
 Shewynge howe muche hee of the godde reteynes
 Canynge the great, the charytable, and good,
 Noble as kynges if not of kyngelie bloude

MYNSTER, *monastery*
 SWOTIE, *sweet or delighting*

|| DRES, *first table in a monastery, where*
 || *the superior sat*

Spryte of Framptone speeketh

Bystowe shall speeke mie name, and Radclefte toe,
 For heie mie deedes were goddelye everychone,
 As Owdens mynster bie the gate wyll shewe,
 And Johnes at Biystowe what mie workes han done
 Besydes aneie howse that I han begunne,
 Butte myne compaide to thyssen ys a gioffe.
 Nete to bee mencioned or looked upon,
 A verie punelstie or verie scoffe;
 Canynge, thie name shall lyven be for aie,
 Thie name ne wyth the chyrche shall waste awaie

Spryte of Gaunts speeketh.

I dyd fulle manie reparatyons give,
 And the bonne Hommes dyd fulle ryche endowe;
 As tourynge to mie Godde on erthe dyd lyve,
 So alle the Biystowe chronycles wyll shewe.

ANFRE, *another*
 GROFF, *a laughing stock*

|| PUNLLSTRI, *an empty boast.*

Butte alle mie deedes wylle bee as nothyngge nowe,
 Syth Canyngge have thys buyldyngge fynyshed,
 Whych seemeth to be the pryde of Byystowe,
 And bie ne buyldeyng to bee overmatched .
 Whyche aie shalle laste and bee the prayse of alle,
 And onlie in the wiecke of nature falle

A Knyghte Templars spryte speeketh

In hallyc land where Sarasins defyle
 The grounde whereon oure Savyour dyd goe,
 And Chryste hys temple make to moschyas vyle,
 Wooldies of despyte genst oure Savyour thowe.
 There twas that we dyd owre warfaage doe,
 Guardyngge the pylgryms of the Chrystyan faie;
 And dyd owre holie aimes in bloude embue,
 Movyngge lyke thonder bouldes yn dreai aiaie.
 Owre strokes lyke levyn taleyngge the tall tree
 Owre Godde owre aime wyth lethalle force dyd drie.

MOSCHYES, *mosques*
 FAIE, *faith.*

LE'YNG, *lightning*
 || DREE, *drive*

Maint tenures fayie, ande mannoues of greeete welthe,
Greene woodes, and bicoklettes runnyng throughe
the lee,

Dyd menne us gyve for theyre deaie soule her helthe,
Gave eithlie 1yches for goodes heavenlie.

Nee dyd we lette oure 1yches untyle bee,
But dyd ybuyld the Temple chyiche soe fyne,
The whyche ys wroughte abowte so bismarelie ;
Itte seemeth camoys to the wondryng eyne ,
And ever and anon when belles 1ynged,
From place to place ytte moveth yttes hie heade .
Butte Canynge from the sweate of hys owne biowes,
Dyd gette hys golde and iayse thys fetyve howse.

Lunyngetonnes spryte speeketh.

Lette alle mie faultes bee buried ynne the grave ;
Alle obloquyes be rotted mythe mie duste ,



MAINT, *many*
UNTYLE, *useless*

|| BISMARELIE, *curiously*
CAMOYS, *crooked upwards, Lat simus.*

Lette him fyist caipen that no wemmes have :
 'Tys paste mannes nature foi to bee aie juste.
 But yette in sothen to rejoyce I muste,
 That I dyd not immeddle for to buylde ;
 Sythe thys quantissed place so gloryous,
 Seemeynge alle chyrches joyned yn one guylde,
 Has nowe supplied for what I had done,
 Whych toe mie cierge is a gloryous sonne.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Then lette us alle do jyntelie reveraunce here,
 The beste of menne and Byshoppes here doe stande :
 Who aie Goddes shepsteires and do take good care,
 Of the goode shepe hee putteth yn theyre hand ;
 Ne one is loste butte alle in well likande
 Awayte to heare the Generalle Byshoppes calle,

WEMMES, *faults*
 QUANTISSED, *curiously devised*.
 GUYLDE, *company*.

CIERGE, *candle*.
 SHEPSTERRES, *shepherds*.
 LIKANDE, *liking*.

When Mychaels trompe shall sound to ynmoste lande,
Afflyghte the wycked and awaken alle :
Then Canynge 1yses to eternal reste,
And fyndes hee chose on eithe a lyfe the beste.

The Tournament.

*This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr Calcott,
from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.*

*Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to
have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "oure
Ladie," in the place where the church of St Mary Ratchffe
now stands*

*The following account is transcribed from one of the parch-
ment manuscripts produced by Chatterton —*

*" Symonne de Byrtonne eldest sonne of Syrre Baldwynus
de Byrtonne, was born on the eve of the annunciation
M C C . XXXXXXV hee was desyrabelle of aspect and in hys
youth much yeven to Tourneyenge, and M C C . XXXXXXV
at Wynchestre yule games won myckle honnoure, he abstaynyd
from marryage, he was myckle learned and ybuylde a house
in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallyse royaul,
goodlye to behoulde, wyth carvelly'd pyllars on which was
thys ryme wroten .*

*Fulle noble is thys Kyngelise howse
And eke fulle noble thet,
Echone is for the other fytt
As saynctes for heaven bee*

*Hee ever was fullen of almesdeeds and was of
the poore beloved in M C C . LXXXV Kynge Edwarde**

* This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285,
" Rex Edw 1 per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganciam,
quæ ad Comitum Gloveriæ noscitur pertinere Rex dein Bristoliam veniens
festum Dominiæ nativitatibus eo Anno ibi tenuit "

*kepte hys Chyristmasse at Bryghtstowe and proceeded
 agaynste the Welchmenne ebroughttenne manye stronge and
 dowghtee knyghts, amongst whom were Syrre Ferrais Nevylle
 Geofiore Freeman, Clymar Percie, Heldebrand Gourme,
 Ralph Mohun, Syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet,
 knyghtes of renowne, who established a three days jouste on
 Saynte Maryes Hylle Syrre Ferrais Nevylle appeared
 dyghte in ruddy armour bearyng a rampaunte lyon Gutte de
 Sangue, agaynste hym came Syr Gerayse Teysdylle, who
 bearyd a launce issuyng proper but was quychlie over-
 throwen then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a
 honde issuante holdeyng a bloudie sweide pcercyng a cou-
 rounne wyth a sheelde peasenue with sylver, he ranne twayne
 tyltes, but Nevylle throwen hym on the thyde rencountre,
 then dyd the aforesayd Syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that
 if he overthrowen Syrre Ferrais Neville, he woulde there
 erecte and buylde a chyrche to owre Ladye allgate there
 stode angh Lamynghtonnes Ladies chamber hee then en-
 countred vygorously and bore Syrre Ferrais horse and man
 to the grounde, remaynyng honynge, victore knyght of the
 Jouste, ande settyng atte the nyghte honde of K Edward.
 Inne M CCLXXXXI hee performed hys voven ybuylden a gode-
 lye chyrche from a pattern of St Oswaldes Abbyes Chyrche
 and the day of our Lordes natyvyty m.c.cci. Gylbert de
 Sante Leonfardoe Byshope of Chychestre dyd dedicate it
 to the Holie Vyrgynne Marye moder of Godde.”*

THE
TOURNAMENT,

AN INTERLUDE.

Enter an HERALDE

The Tournament begynnes ; the hammeris sounde,
The courseirs lysse about the mensuredde felde,
The shemyngge armoure throwes the sheene arounde,
Quayntyssed fons depicted onn eche sheelde
The feerie heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde,

LYSSE, *sport, or play*
MENSUREDD, *bounded, or measured*
SHEMYNGE, *shining.*
SHEENE, *lustre*
QUAYNTYSSED, *curiously devised,*
quaint

FONS, *fancies, or devices*
DEPICTED, *painted, or displayed,*
FEERIE, *fiery*
AMIELDE, *ornamented, enamelled*

Supportes the rampyngge lyoncell on beare,
 Wythe stiaunge depyctures, natuie maie nott yeelde,
 Unseemlie to all oideir doe appeire,
 Yett yatte to menne, who thyncke and have a spyte,
 Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer of hei joies,
 Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres aounde;
 Wythe advantayle and borne I meynte emploie,

LYONCELL, *a young lion*
 DEPICTURES, *drawings, paintings*
 YATTE, *that*
 SPRYTE, *soul*
 SPENCER, *dispenser*

SWYTHEN, *quickly*
 YEVE, *give*
 ADVANTAYLE, *armour*
 BORNE, *burnish*
 MEYNTE, *many*

* "In the notes ADVANTAYLE is interpreted *armour* and BORNE *burnish*. In this passage there seem to be several mistakes. The transcriber has expressed the former word with a d, *adventayle* and *advantayle* in which, if there be any propriety, he was, I believe, little aware of it. The true spelling is supposed to be *aventayle*, from the French *avant*. It was some part of a suit of armour which projected, and this might have been known from Skinner *Aventaille* credo a Franco—Gallico jam obsoleto, *aventail*, prætentura ferrea *προσσευδιον* ab adverbio *avant*. A like account is afforded by Du Cange, but neither of them define precisely, what piece of armour it was. However from the accounts

Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth ounde;
 Soe the neshe flower gies synne the woodeland shade.

NESHE, *young, weak, tender.*

|| GRFES, *grows*

which are uniformly given of it, we may be assured that it was something which stood forward, and is therefore supposed by Du Cange to be *anterior armatura pars*. In the MSS of William and the Werwolf, mention is made of the hero seizing upon a person with whom he is engaged in fight, which circumstance is thus described

William thant with by the aventayle him hente,
 To have with his swerd swappd of his heade.

P 54

We find that he laid hold of a particular part of the armour, such as most facilitated his cutting off the head of the enemy. This therefore must have been part of the helmet, and that part especially which was most prominent and liable to be seized upon, and this I take to have been the beaver. There were several sorts of helmets of different denominations, and I imagine that one of them was stiled *aventaille* or *adventaille*, from a moveable beaver, which was made to slide up and down. The name was given from its affording, when the beaver was up, an opening to the air for respiration, and seems to have been derived, not from *avant* but from *ad* and *ventus*, or *ventilo*, from whence was formed the French word *aventail*. Du Cange quotes from Rymer's Foed. an order Tom 8 P 384 Tredecim loricas, quinque *aventails*, quadraginta arcus &c. The beaver of an helmet projected beyond the helm, and stood hollow, so that it gave an opportunity for a person to lay hold of it and to force the head of his enemy downward. From hence I am induced to think, that an adventail was properly that fore part of the helmet, the beaver, but which often gave name to the whole. When this beaver, was put up, it afforded an opening to breathe more freely, and to receive fresh

The woulde bie diffraunce ys ynne ordein founde ;
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.

air, which opening was from thence stiled a *ventail* from *ventile*. When Æneas was healed of his wound by Iapis, and was returning compleatly armed to battle, he embraced his son who stood by his side, and kissed him, which is thus described by Gawin Douglas.

Ascanus zoung tendirly the ilk place
 With all his harnes belappit dyd embrace,
 And thro his helmes *ventall* a lyttell we
 Him kissit.

P 425, l 18.

It is expressed after the same manner in an ancient poem quoted by Mr Warton Hist of Eng Poetry V 1 p, 163

Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,
 With the lybardes painted wele
 And helme he had of ryche entayle,
 Trusty and trewe was his ventayle

From Hist of Richard Cueur de Lyon

There is a passage in the Interlude of Ælla, where the adventaile is mentioned in conjunction with the helmet

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle
 And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte

v 469

Ventale or ventall, a *vent hole and breathing part of a helmet* a Fr ventaille Gloss. to Gawin Douglas.

Hence I imagine that the beaver and the helmet itself had the name of adventail and aventail from being constructed in such a manner as to afford occasionally such an opening

As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,
 Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of
 onne

BOWKE, *body*
 NETE, *nothing*

|| ALLEYN, *alone*
 || SYKE, *so*.

* BORN, p. 62

“ By this word is signified a kind of gorget or breast plate expressed more commonly burn and byrn, from the byrna of the Saxons Bynna, lonca Sax Dict In the laws of K Athelstan mention is made of a person having a *burn* and helme c. 72 In the laws also of K Ina, a *burn* and sword are spoken of, c. 55 It was sometimes expressed *bryne* and *brynia* Brynia, *lorica*, hringa brynia, *lorica annulus ferreis concatenata* Olaf Verelli Lex Sueo-Goth It is taken notice of by Du Cange as it is differently exhibited Brunea, brunia, bronja, *lorica* Gloss Lat Theotise *thorax, militare ornamentum, lorica* He also expresses it byrnan and byrn Turnus is described in the Scottish version of the *Æneis*, as arming himself in the following manner

He clethis him with his scheild and semysbald,
 He clasps his gilt habirihone thrinfald,
 He in his breistplait strang, and his *birnye*,
 Ane sour sward beltis law down by his the

P. 230 l. 42

Among the English it seems to have been called burn, and in the poem from whence I have quoted the passage, it appears to have denoted *militare ornamentum*, probably something like a Gorget, with which the Heralds presented the Knights at the same time that they gave them their helmets and spears

I sonne of honnour, spencer of her joyes
 Must sythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde,

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde, bie heavenne these tylteis staie too longe
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge foir the fyghte
 The mynstielles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
 Yett notte a speere of hemm hath grete mie syghte.
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
 I lacke a Guid, a Wyllyamm to entylte.

HERAWDE, *herald*
 HEMM, a contraction of *them*.

|| GUID, *Gue de Sancto Egidio*, the most
 famous tilter of his age
 || WYLLYAMM, *William Rufus*.

Wyth adventayle and borne I meynte emploie,
 Who without me would fall unto the ground

So it should be stopt After the Herald had mentioned that he was to present to the Knights what belonged to them, he magnifies his own office, and speaks of himself as the dispencer of all honour *I*, says he, *employ many, who without me would sink to nothing* In short he intimates, that all honours and badges of honour, come through the hands of the herald, which seems to have been not at all understood by the transcriber

Such I imagine, is the purport of the two words in question, *adventayle* and *borne*. By the former of these is meant, *an helmet with a sliding bever*, by the other a kind of *cuirass* or *gorget* which two by the transcriber have been interpreted *armour* and *burnish* "

Bryant

This is the strongest argument that has been adduced for the authenticity of the poems Chatterton translates *borne*, after Kerse, *burnished* this makes the passage unintelligible the real meaning of the word explains it.

To reime anente a fele emboydiedd knyghte,
 Ytt gettes ne renome gyff hys blodde bee spylte.
 Bie Heavenne and Maie ytt ys tyme they'ie here,
 I lyche nott unthylle thus to wielde the speare.

HERA W D E.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes dynn fromm
 faire.

BOUR T O N N E.

Ah ! swythenn mie shielde and tyltynge launce bee
 bounde

Eftsoones beheste mie squyer to the warie.
 I fle before to clayme a challenge grownde.

Goeth oute.

REIME, *run*
 ANENTE, *against*
 FELE, *feeble*
 UNTHYLLE, *useless*
 SLUGGHORNE, *a kind of claryon.*

DYNN, *sound*
 SWYTHENN, *quickly*
 BOUNDE, *ready*
 EFTSOONES, *soon*
 BEHESTE, *command*

HERA W D E.

This valourous acts woulde meinte of menne astounde;
 Haide bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte,
 Anenst alle menne thou beiest to the giounde,
 Lyche the haide hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte.
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
 Syche dothe this valourous actes drocke eche
 knyghte's hue,

The LYSTES. THE KYNGE, SYRR SYMONNE DE
 BOURTONE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR
 RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYN-
 TON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR
 KNYGTES, HERA W D E, MYNSTRILLES, AND
 SERVYTOURS

MEINTE, *meet*
 SHAPPE, *fate, or doom.*
 ANENST, *against*
 PYGHTE, *pitched, or bent down*

YDRONKS, *drinks*
 DROCKE, *drink*
 SERVYTOURS, *servants, attendants.*

K Y N G E.

The barganette, yee mynstrelles tune the styngge,
 Somme actyonn dyie of anntyante kynges now
 synge.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure, botte Englonde
 thoine,
 The manne whose myghte delievretie hadd knite,
 Snett oppe hys long stiunge bowe and sheelde
 aborne,*
 Behesteynge all hys hommageres to fyghte.
 Goe, rouze the lyonn from hys hylted denne,
 Lett thie floses drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott
 menne

BARGANETTE, *song or ballad.*

DELIEVRETIE, *activity*

KNITE, *joined, knit*

SNETT, *bent,*

ABORNE, *burnished*

BEHESTEYNGE, *commanding*

HOMMAGERES, *servants, homagers.*

vassals

HYLTED, *hidden.*

FLOSES, *arrows.*

* An unauthorised word, formed from Kersey's blunder

Ynn the treed fouieste doe the knyghtes appeie,
 Wylllyamm wythemyghte hys bowe enyronn'd plies,
 Loude dynns the arrowe ynn the wolffynn's eae;
 He 1yseth battent, 1oaies, he panctes, hee dyes.
 Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,
 Lett thie floses drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne
 biedienn slea

Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees heerydes;
 The flemed owlett flapps herr eve-speckte wynges;
 The lordynge toad ynn all hys passes bides;
 The beiten neders att hymm daite the stynges;
 Styлле, styлле, hee passes onn hys stede astrodde,
 Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoc
 bloodde.

TREED, *wooded, full of trees*
 ENYRONN'D, *worked with iron*
 PLIES, *bends*
 DYNNS, *sounds*
 BATTENT, *loudly*
 FORSLAGENN, *slain.*
 MERKE, *dark, or gloom.*

FLEMED OWLETT, *frighted owl*
 EVE-SPECKTE, *marked with evening*
 dew
 LORDYNGE, *standing on their hind*
 legs
 BERTEN, *venomous.*
 NEDERS, *adders.*

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie countries braughte,
 Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brier,
 Att commyng dynn doth rayse hymselfe distraughte
 Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.

Goe, stycke the lyonn to hys hyltten denne,
 Lette thie floes drenche the blood of anie thyng botte
 menne.

Wythe passent steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
 Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
 Wythe myghte alych theroghlyngethonderstronge;
 The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth sendes.
 Goe, slea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
 Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of odherr
 menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
 The couraciers as swefte doe afterr fle.

SWELTRIE, *hot, sultry.*
 DISTRAUGHTE, *distracted.*
 HYLTTEN, *hidden.*
 FLOES, *arrows.*

|| PASSENT STEPPE, *walking leisurely.*
 || ROGHLYNGE, *rolling*
 || TAKELLE, *arrow*
 || COURACIERS, *horse coursers.*

Hee lepethe hie, hee stonds, hee kepes att baie,
 Botte metes the arowe, and eftsoones dothe die.
 Forslagenn att thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
 Lette thie flos drencheyei blodde, yett do ne briedenn
 slee.

Wythe murthen tyiedd, hee sleynge hys bowe
 alyne ^{*}

The stagge ys ouch'd wythe crounes of lilliefloweis
 Arounde there heaulmes there greene verte doe
 entwyne;

Joying and iev'lous ynn the giene wode bowerrs
 Forslagenn wyth thie floe lett wylde beastes bee,
 Feeste thee upponne there fleshe, doe ne thie briedenn
 slee.

FORSLAGGEN, *slain*

BOWE ALYNE, *across his shoulders*

OUCH'D, *garlands of flowers being put
 round the neck of the game, it was*

*said to be ouch'd, from ouch, a
 chain worn by Earls round their
 necks*

VERTE, *leaves and branches*

* Unauthorised and unintelligible.

K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie, who wylle fyyste affraie?

H E R A U L D E.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte honnouie thyne.

B O U R T O N N E.

I clayme the passage

N E V Y L L E.

I cou take thie waie,

B O U R T O N N E

Thenn there s mie gauntlette on mie gaberdyne.

TOURNEIE, *tournament*
AFFRAIE, *fight, or encounter*
YATTE, *that*

||| CONTAKE, *dispute*
GAUNTLETTE, *glove*
GABERDYNE, *a piece of armour.*

HEREHAULDE

A legefull challenge, knyghtes and champyonns
 dygne,
 A leegefull challenge lette the slugghoine sounde
 Syr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte*
 Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and hoise, toe grounde
 Nevylle *falls*
 Lovcides, how doughtilie the tylteis joyne '
 Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne
 fyghtes,
 Onne hee hathe quacedd, assayle hymm, yee knyghtes

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe ; mie squieen, mie shielde ;
 Onn onne on odheii wyll doe myckle scethe
 Before I doe departe the lissedd felde,

LEFGEFULL, *lawful*
 DYGNE, *worthy*
 LOVERDES, *lords*
 DOUGHTILIE, *furiously*
 QUACEDD, *vanquished*.

ASSAYIE, *oppose*
 ANENTE, *against*
 MYCKLE, *much*
 SCETHE, *damage, mischief*
 LISSEDD, *bounded*

Mieselfe on Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe.
 'Me shielde '

B O U R T O N N E

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe
 Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe
 These tylte Feiiauis falleth
 Hee falleth, nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe
 smethe ;
 I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe.

H E R A W D E

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde
 Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnou'rd
 sheeld.

B E R G H A M M E

I take the challenge, squyre, mie launce and stede.

BLETHE, *bleed*
 ETHE, *easy*

|| SMETHE, *smoke*
 || WOE, *hurt, or damage*

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; for mee staie.
 Botte' gyff thou fyghteste mee thou shalt have mede,
 Somme odheii I wyllle champyonn toe affraie,
 Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne fori thie speie.
 Heiehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
 De Beighamme wayteth fori a foemann heeie.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende; I doe thee fie.
 Lyche forreying levyn, schalle mie tylte-launce flie.
 Beighamme *and* Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syr Knyghte, attoure thie beeveredd
 eyne.

AFFRAIE, *fight, or engage*
 MEDE, *reward*
 TENDE, *attend, or wait.*
 FIE, *defy.*

FORREYING LEVYN, *destroying light-*
ning
 ATTOURE, *turn*
 BEEVEREDD, *beavered*

I have boine downe, and efte doe gauntlette thee
 Swythenne begynne, and wynn thie shappe on myne;
 Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee
 Bourtonne and Buighamm *tylteth* Beighamme*falls*.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe thee,
 And bie the thyid hathe honnoure of a fourthe.
 Lett hymm bee sett a syde, tyll hee doth see
 A tyltynge for a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
 Heere commethe straunge knyghtes, gyff corteous
 heie,
 Ytt welle beseies to yeve hemm ighte of fraie,

FIRST KNYGHT.

Straungers wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme

EFTE, *again*.

SWYTHLNNE, *quickly*

WRYNN, *declare*

SHAPPE, *fate*

CORTEOUS, *worthy*.

HEIE, *they*

BESEIES, *becomes*

YEVE, *give*

FRAIE, *fight*.

The rennome ynn thys Touneie foir to tylte,
 Dheibie to pioove fionm ciavents owie goode name,
 Bewynnyng thatt wee gentile blodde have spy lte.

HEREHAWDE

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these stiaungenis, saic,
 Bee you tulle wyllynge foir to yeve hymm fiaie?

*Fyve Knyghtes tyltethwythe the straunge Knyghte,
 and bee everichone overthrowne.*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
 Ycrasedd speies and helmetts bee bespiente,
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd sheeld,

RENNOME, *honour, renown*
 TOURNEIE, *tournament*
 CRAVENTS, *cowards*
 BEWRYNNYNGE, *declaring*
 YEVE, *give*

EVERICHONE, *every one.*
 YCRASEDD, *broken, spilt*
 BESPRENTE, *scattered*
 PIERCEDD, *broken, or pierced through*
with darts.

Gyff all the feeelde wythe champyonne blodde bee
stente,

Yett toe encounter hymm I bee contente.
Anodheri lance, Marshalie, anodher lance
Albytte hee wythe lowes of fyre ybiente,
Yett Boutonne woulde agenste hys val advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,
Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere

Bie thee, Seyncte Maie, and thy Sonne I sweare,
Thatt ynnwhatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall
fall

Anethe the stronge push of mie straught out speere,
There schalle ayse a hallie chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wyll Maie calle,
Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde
And thys I faifullie wyll stonde to all,
Gyff yonder stiaungerr falleth to the grounde

STENTE, *stamed*
LOWES, *flames*
YBRENT, *burnt*
VAL, *helm.*

ANETHE, *beneath*
STAUGHT OUT, *stretched out*
HAILIE, *holy*
FAIFULLIE, *faithfully*

Straungerr, bee boune; I champyonn you to waie
 Sounde, sounde the slughoincs, to be hearde fromm
 faile.

Bourtonne *and the* Straungen *tylt* Straungen *falleth.*

K Y N G E

The Moynynge Tyltes now cease

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente
 Rounde hymn, yee mynstielles, songs of achments
 synge,

Yee Herawdes, getheir upp the speeres besprente;
 To kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knces bente.
 Dames faire and gentle, for youre loves hee foughte;
 For you the longe tylte-launce, the sweide hee shente;
 Hee joustedd, alleine havynge you ynn thoughte

BOUNE, *ready*

CHAMPYONN, *challenge*

ACHMENTS, *achievements, glorious
 actions*

BESPRENTE, *broken spears.*

SHENTE, *broke, destroyed*

ALIEINE, *only, alone.*

* Advance our waving colours on the Walls!

Shakspeare. Henry 6 Part 1.

Comme, mynstielles, sound the strynges, goe onn eche
 syde,
 Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, smethynge wythe new quickenn'd
 gore,
 Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge hedde,
 Dydd the merke wood of ethe and rest explore,
 Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,
 Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
 Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglentine,
 From hys vysage washedd the bloude,
 Hylte hys swerde and gabeidyne.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie hymm dydd view.
 Dydd soe ycorvenn evernie shape to joie,

SMETHYNGE, *smoking, steaming*
 MERK, *dark, gloomy.*
 HYLTE, *hid, secreted.*

SWOTELIE, *sweetly.*
 YCORVENN, *mould*

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodheir hue,
 Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie
 All delyghtsomme and contente,
 Fyre enshotynge fromm hys eyne,
 Ynn hys armes hee dydd herr hente,
 Lyche the meik-plante doe entwyne.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and heri trayne,
 Onknowlachynge ynn whatt place heri to fynde,
 Thys rule yspende, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
 Seeke Honnouie fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde.



ENSHOTYNGE, *shooting, darting*
 HENTE, *grasp, hold*
 MEIK-PLANTE, *night-shade.*

ONKNOWIACHYNGE, *ignorant,*
 knowing
 YSPENDE, *consider.*

Bristowe Tragedie,
or the dethe of
Syr Charles Balodin.

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says only, " (1 Edw. IV.) was taken Sir Baldewine Fulford and beheded at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. Rot. Pat. 8 Edw IV p 1 m 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw IV. goes on thus. " And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, Knt. Richard Chock, William Canyng, Maure of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treasons, &c. doon within the said towne of Bristowe before the vii day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers treasons by him doon ayenst your Highness, &c." If the

commission sate soon after the vii of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution, for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p 416) by the South coast in the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old account of the Procurators of St. Ewin's Church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book

“ Item for washyng the church payven ageyns } iijd. ob.
 Kyng Edward 4th is comynge.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.



The feathered songster chaunticleer
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
 The commynge of the morne:

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes
 Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's cōkyngne throte
 Proclayme the fated daie.

“Thou’rt ryghte,” quod hee, “for, by the Godde
 “That syttes enthron’d on hyghe !
 “CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
 “To daie shall surelie die.”

Thenne wytthe a jugge of nappy ale
 Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite ;
 “Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
 “Hee leaves thys mortall state.”

Syr CANTERLONE* thenne bendedd lowe,
 Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe ,
 Hee journey’d to the castle-gate,
 And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys childien twaine,
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
 Wythe brinie teares dydd wett the floore,
 For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

* It appears by a MSS (*Rich penes me*) that Henry 6, was taken in disguised apparel at the Abbey of Salley in Yorkshire, by one Cantelow, in 1465. This is a proof that K. Edward 4, had such a person as Sir Cantelow much in his interest and at his command, and affords some additional proof of the authenticity of the poem

“ O goode Syr CHARLES !” sayd CANTERLONE,

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte says thie traytor kynge?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

“ Does fromme the welkinn flye,

“ Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,

“ Thatt thou shalt surelie die.”

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES;

“ Of thatte I’m not affearde ,

“ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space ?

“ Thanke JESU, I’m prepar’d .

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,

“ I’d sooner die to-daie

“ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

“ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.”

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,

To tell the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynn reddyng

For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
“ I’m come,” quod hee, “ unto your grace
“ To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge, “ Your tale speke out,
“ You have been much oure fiende;
“ Whatever youre request may bee,
“ Wce wyll to ytte attende.”

“ My nobile leige ‘ alle my request
“ Ys for a nobile knyghte,
“ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge,
“ Hee thoghte ytte styll was ryghte :

“ He has a spouse and children twaine,
“ Alle rewyn’d are for aie;
“ Yff that you are resolv’d to lett
“ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.”

“ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,”
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
“ Before the evening starre doth sheene,
“ BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

- “ Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
“ And hee shalle have hys meede :
“ Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng else
“ Att present doe you neede ?”
- “ My nobile leige !” goode CANYNGE sayde,
“ Leave justice to our Godde,
“ And laye the yronne rule asyde ;
“ Be thyne the olyve iodde.
- “ Was Godde to seiche our hertes and reines,
“ The best were synners grete ;
“ CHRIST's vycari only knowes ne synne,
“ Ynne alle thys mortall state.
- “ Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
“ Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sue ;
“ From race to race thy familie
“ Alle sov'reigns shall endure .
- “ But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
“ Beginne thy infante reigne,
“ Thy croune uponne thy childiennes brows
“ Wylle never long remayne.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ' thys traytoui vile
 “ Has scoin'd my power and mee ;
 “ Howe canst thou thenne foi such a manne
 “ Intreate my clemencye ”

“ Mie nobile leige ' the trulie brave
 “ Wylle val'rous actions priuze,
 “ Respect a brave and noble mynde,
 “ Altho' ynne enemies.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ' By Godde ynne Heav'n
 “ That dydd mee beinge gyve,
 “ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
 “ Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

“ Bie MARIE, and alle Seinctes in Heav'n,
 “ Thys sunne shall be hys laste ”
 Thenne CANYNGE diopt a biinie teare,
 And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte byymm-fulle of gnawyngre grief,
 Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
 And teaies beganne to flowe.

“ We all must die,” quod brave Sy¹ CHARLES;

“ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

“ Dethe ys the suie, the certaine fate

“ Of all wee mortall menne.

“ Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul

“ Runns oveir att thyne eye;

“ Is ytte for my most welcome doome

“ That thou doste child-lyke crye ?”

Quod godlie CANYNGE, “ I doe weepe,

“ Thatt thou soe soone must dye,

“ And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe,

“ ’Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.”

“ Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye

“ From godlie fountaines sprynge;

“ Dethe I despise, and alle the power

“ Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge.

“ Whan through the tyiant’s welcom means

“ I shall resigne my lyfe,

“ The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde

“ For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

- “ Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
“ Thys was appointed mee ;
“ Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
“ Whatt Godde cōdeynes to bee ?
- “ Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
“ Whan thousands dy’d aounde ;
“ Whan smokyng stieemes of crimson bloode
“ Imbrew’d the fatten’d grounde :
- “ Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev’iy darte,
“ That cutte the airie waie,
“ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
“ And close myne eyes for aie ?
- “ And shall I nowe, foir feere of dethe,
“ Looke wanne and bee dysmayde ?
“ Ne ! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
“ Bee alle the manne display’d.
- “ Ah, goddelyke HENRIE ! Godde forefende,
“ And garde thee and thye sonne,
“ Yff ’tis hys wylle ; but yff ’tis nott,
“ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

- “ My honest friende, my faulte has beene
 “ To serve Godde and mye pynce ;
“ And thatt I no tyme-seiver am,
 “ My dethe wylle soone convynce
- “ Ynne Londonne citye was I boine,
 “ Of parents of giete note ;
“ My fadie dydd a nobile armes
 “ Emblazon onne hys cote :
- “ I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
 “ Where soone I hope to goe ;
“ Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
 “ From oute the reech of woe :
- “ Hee taughte mee justice and the law s
 “ Wyth pitie to unite ;
“ And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 “ The wronge cause fromm the ryghte :
- “ Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
 “ To feede the hungrie pooie,
“ Ne lette my servants dryve awaie
 “ The hungrie fromme my doore

“ And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe

“ I have hys wordyes kept ;

“ And summ’d the actyonns of the daie

“ Eche nyghte befoie I slept

“ I have a spouse, goe aske of her,

“ Yff I defyl’d her bedde ?

“ I have a kynge, and none can laie

“ Blacke treason onne my hedde.

“ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,

“ Fromme fleshe I dydd,refrayne ;

“ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d

“ To leave thys worlde of payne ?

“ Ne ! hapless HENRIE ! I rejoyce,

“ I shalle ne see thye dethe ,

“ Moste willynghe ynne thye just cause

“ Doe I resign my biethe.

“ Oh fickle people ! rewyn’d londe !

“ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;

“ Whyle RICHARD’s sonnes exalt themselves,

“ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

- “ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace,
“ And godlie HENRIE’S reigne,
“ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
“ For those of bloude and peyne?
- “ Whatte tho’ I onne a sledde bee drawne,
“ And mangled by a hynde,
“ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,
“ Hee can ne harm my mynde;
- “ Whatte tho’, uphoisted onne a pole,
“ Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
“ And ne ryche monument of brasse
“ CHARLES BAWDIN’S name shall bear;
- “ Yett ynne the holie booke above,
“ Whyche tyme can’t eate awaie,
“ There wythe the servants of the Lorde
“ Mie name shall lyve for aie.
- “ Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne
“ I leave thys mortall lyfe :
“ Farewell, vayne world, and alle that’s deare,
“ Mie sonnes and lovyng wyfe ;

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie;
 " No; woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod CANYNGE, " 'Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee piepai'd to die,
 " And from thys wold of peyne and greffe
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to fle."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sounde;
 Sy; CHARLES hee heide the hoises feete
 A prauncyng onne the grounde

And just before the officeis,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

" Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I piaie forbere,
 " Ynne quiet lett mee die;
 " Piaie Godde, thatt ev'iy Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ?

“ Theye washe my soule awaie,

“ And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,

“ Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

“ Tys butt a journie I shalle goe

“ Untoe the lande of blysse ;

“ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände’s love,

“ Receive thys holie kisse.”

Thenne FLORENCE, fault’ring ynne her saie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kynges !

“ Mie heite ys welle nyghe broke :

“ Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES ! why wylt thou goe

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

“ The ciuelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,

“ Ytte eke shall ende my lyfe ”

And nowe the officers came ynne

To byngge Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd saie .

“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ;
 “ Truste thou ynne Godde above,
 “ And teache thye sonnes to feare the Loide,
 “ And ynne theye heites hym love .

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race
 “ Thatt I theyre fader runne :
 “ FLORENCE ! shou’d dethe thee take—adieu !
 “ Yee officers, lead onne.”

Thenne FLORENCE rav’d as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere ;
 “ Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! loide ! and lyfe !”—
 Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

“Tyll tyiedd oute wythe iavynge loud,
 Shee fellen onne the floie ,
 Syr CHARLES exeited alle hys myghte,
 And march’d fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle biave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne moie concein
 Thanne anie ynne the stretc.

Befoie hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde :

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte .

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the stiunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye aicheis came ;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kyng HENRIE's friends
Syr CHARLES foir to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde ;

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
Of aicheis stionge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route

Seincte JAMESSES Fieeis marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ,
Behynde theyie backes syx mynstrells came,
Who tun'd the stiunge bataunt :

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;
And theyie attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes tuckt .

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thionge ;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,
“ O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
“ Washe mie soule clean thys daie !”

At the giete mynsteir wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heaie,
The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys woides declaie :

“ Thou seest me, EDWARDE ! traytouri vile !

“ Expos’d to infamie ;

“ Butt be assur’d, disloyall manne !

“ I’m greaterr nowe thanne thee.

“ Bye foule pioceedynges, murdre, bloude,

“ Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

“ And hast appoynted mee to dye,

“ By power nott thyne owne.

“ Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie ;

“ I have beene dede ’till nowe,

“ And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

“ For aie uponne my browe .

“ Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
 “ Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
 “ To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
 “ Twixt kynge and tyant hande .

“ Thye pow’r unjust, thou traytour slave !
 “ Shall falle onne thye owne hedde”—
 Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
 Departed thenne the sledde

Kynge EDWARDE’S soule rush’d to hys face,
 Hee turn’d hys hedde awaie,
 And to hys broder GLOUCESTER
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie ,

“ To hym that soe-much-dreaded deathe
 “ Ne ghastlie terrois bynge,
 “ Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,
 “ Hee’s greater thanne a kynge !”

“ Soe lett hym die !” Duke RICHARD sayde ;
 “ And maye echone oure foes
 “ Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
 “ And feede the carryon crows.”

And nowe the horses gentlie diewe
Syⁱ CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pietious bloude to spylle.

Syⁱⁱ CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie waie :

And to the people hee dydd saie,
“ Beholde you see mee dye,
“ For servynge loyally mye kynge,
“ Mye kynge most rightfullie.

“ As long as EDWARDE rules thys land,
“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;
“ Youie sonnes and husbandes shall bee slayne,
“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

“ You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
“ Whenne ynne adversitie ;
“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
“ And for the true cause dye.”

Then hee, wyth pīestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke ;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke ,

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffold twyne ;
And teares, enowe to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte ;
And ev'ye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Upponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd iotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure ;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle ,
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate :
Godde piosper longe oue kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's soule.
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge !

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

*From a copy made by Mr Catcott, from one in Chatterton's
hand-writing.*

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,
 Han well nighe dazclcd mine eyne ;
 Quod I ; some counynge fanic hande
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande ;
 Fulle well I wote so fine a syghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte
 Quod Tiouthe , thou lackest knowlachynge ;
 Thou foisoth ne wotteth of the thyng.
 A Rev'iend Fadie, William Canynge hight.
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte ;
 And eke another in the Towne,

WOTE, *know*

|| KNOWLACHYNGE, *knowledge*.

Where glassie bubblynge Tȳmme doth ȳoun
Quod I, ne doubte for all he's given
His sowle will certes goe to heaven
Yea, quod Tiouthe, than goe thou home,
And see thou doe as hee hath donne
Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Tiouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes soe;
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe

Roun, *run*

ON THE SAME.

*From a MS in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by
Mr Catcott, entitled, "A Discoise on Bristowe, by
Thomas Rowle."*

Stay, curyous tiaveller, and pass not bye,
 Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
 Whole rocks on rocks with yion joynd surveie,
 And okes with okes entremed disposed lie.
 This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
 Fyre-levyn and the mokie stoime defie,
 That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
 Shall be the record of the Buyldcis fame for aie

Thou seest this maystie of a human hand,
 The pride of Bristowe and the Westerne lande,

FETIVE, *elegant*
 ASTOUNDE, *astonish*
 ENTREMED, *intermixed*

|| DISPOSED, *disposed*
 || Fyre-LEVYN, *lightning*
 || MOKIE, *gloomy*

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greeete,
 Greeeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
 Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,
 That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,
 As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,
 Such is greeete Canynge's mynde when payyd to God
 elate.

Well maiest thou be astounde, but view it well ;
 Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
 And learn the Buildei's vertues and his name ;
 Of this tall spyie in every countye tell,
 And with thy tale the lazng 1ych men shame ,
 Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle ;
 How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
 And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and
 fame.



DISPANDE, *expanded.*
 PAYRDE, *compared.*

|| LAZING, *inactive.*

ON THE
DEDICATION
 OF
OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.

This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parlyamente of Sprytes. The lines are here divided into the ballad length.

Soone as byght sonne alonge the skyne,
 Han sente hys ruddie lyghte ;
 And fayryes hyd ynne Oslyppe cuppes,
 Tylle wysh'd appioche of nyghte,
 The mattyn belle wyth shyllie sounde,
 Reeckode thiowe the ayie ,
 A troop of holie fieeres dyd,
 For Jesus masse prepare.
 Arounde the highe unsaynted chyiche,
 Wythe holie relyques wente ;

And every door and poste aboute
 Wythe godlie thynges besprent.
 Then Carpenter yn scalette dieste,
 And mytred holylie;
 From Mastie Canynge hys greate howse,
 Wyth rosarie dyd hie.
 Before hym wente a thiong of freeies
 Who dyd the masse songe synge,
 Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,
 Tryckd lyke a barbed kynge,
 And then a rowe of holie freeies
 Who dyd the mass songe sound;
 The procurators and chyrche reeves
 Next prest upon the ground,
 And when unto the chyche theye came
 A holie masse was sange,
 So lowdlie was theyr swotie voyce
 The heven so hie it range
 Then Carpenter dyd purifie
 The chyche to Godde for aie,
 Wythe holie masses and good psalmes
 Whyche hee dyd theteyn saie.

Then was a sermon preeched soon

Bie Carpynterre holie,

And after that another one

Ypreechen was bie mee :

Thenn alle dyd goe to Canynges house

An Enterlude to playe,

And drynk hys wyne and ale so goode

And praie for him for aie.

ON THE MYNSTER.

This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol. It is said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, "as ne as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was ynductyd 20 yeares, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeares before hys inductyon for Phillip then abbatt he dyed yn M C C.XV. beyng buried in his albe in the mynster."

With daitive steppe religyon dyghte in greie,
 Her face of doleful hue,
 Swyfte as a takel thio'we bryghte heav'n tooke herwaie,
 And ofte and ere anon dyd saie
 "Aie! mee! what shall I doe;
 "See Biystoe citie, whyche I nowe doe kenne,
 Aysynge to mie view,

DAITIVE, perhaps *hastive*, or *hastiff*, || TAKEL, *arrow*.
hasty, from the French *hasty*, *hasty*

“Thyckethrong’d wythesoldyers and wythetiaffyck-
menne ;

“ Butte saynctes I seen few.”

Fytz-Hardynges rose¹—he rose lyke bryghtsonne in
the moine,

“ Faine dame adyue thein eyne,

“ Let alle thie greefe bee myne,

For I wylle reie thee uppe a Mynster hie ;

“ The toppe whereof shall reach ynto the skie ;

“ And wylle a monke be shone ,”

Thenne dyd the dame reple,

“ I shall ne be forelounne ;

“ Here wyl I take a cherysaunied reite,

“ And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges bieste

ON HAPPINESSE.

By WILLIAM CANYNGE

*Thus, and the two following Poems, attributed to Mr.
Canynge, are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies.*

Maie Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde ?
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape be found ?
 Wote yce, yt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
 O1 quite erased from the scaunce-layd grounde,
 Whan from the secret fontes the wateries dyd abounde ?
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
 Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke ?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayd of turtle-eyne,
 As thie behouldeis thynke thou aite iwienee,
 To ope the doie to Selynesse ys thyne,

SELYNESSE, *happiness*
 ADYGHTE, *clothed*.
 BESTADDE, *fixed*
 ERACED, *banished, erased*.

|| SCAUNCE-LAYD, *uneven*
 || AGROSED, *frighted*
 || IWRENE, *displayed*

And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene
Doe1 of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene ;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
Whoe1e hath thee hath gotten Selynesse

DOLL, *gracious*

Onn JOHNE A DALBENIE,

BY THE SAME.

Johne makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke ;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde the worke.

The GOULER'S REQUIEM.

 BY THE SAME

Mie boolie entcs adieu ! ne moe the syghte
 Of guilder merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne ;
 Ne moe, ne moe, alas ! I call you myne .
 Whyddei must you, ah ! whyddei must I goe ?
 I kenn not either ; oh mie enmcis dygne,
 To parte wyth you wyll wuicke mee myckle woe ;
 I muste be gonne, botte whaie I dare ne telle ,
 O storthe unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle

BOOLIE, *beloved.*
 ENTES, *purses*
 WHYDDER, *whither.*

|| EMMERS, *coined money*
 || STORTHE, *death*

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the ioddie sunne,
 A shade of theves eche stieake of lyght dyd seeme;
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
 Eche stnyng nayghbou dyd mie haite afleme
 Thye loss, oi quyck oi slepe, was aie mie dieme;
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase,
 Foi thee, I gotten or bie wiles oi bieme,
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
 Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte foi thee l to the quede must goe.



DYGHTE, *dre.s*
 AFLEME, *affright*
 YCREASE, *violate*

|| BREME, *violence*
 || QUEDE, *devil*

The *ACCOMTE* of W. CANYNGES
FEAST.

BY THE SAME

This poem is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barratt as an original. With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Roahey is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of Aella, and in that of Goddewyn, and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, "The merry Traks of Laymington," is inserted in the "Disourse of Bristow." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Warhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See Rot Parl 3 H VI n 28 Leland's Itin vol VII p 98.) He has also appeared as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the Mynstrelles songs in Aella. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is certified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £500 to the Church of St Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewels of Sir Theobald Gorges, Knt" which had been putted to him for £160.

Thorowe the halle the belle han sounde ;
Byelecoyle doe the Giae besecme ;

BYELECOYLE, *fan welcome*

The caldermenne doe sytte aounde,
 Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme
 Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste
 Swotelye the moineynge ayie doe taste.

'Syke keene thie ate ; the minstrels plaie,
 The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;
 Heie styлле the gwestes ha ne to saie,
 Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
 Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Goiges be ne seene.



BEESEME, *becomes*
 SNOFFELLE, *snuff up*.

|| CHEORTE, *cheerful*.

EPITAPH on ROBERT CANYNGE

*This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton
to Mr. Barnard, as part of his original MSS*

Thys mornynge staie of Radcleves 1ysynge 1aie,
 A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
 Benethe thys stone lies moltiynge ynto clare,
 Untylle the darke tombe sheene an cterne lyghte.
 Thynde from hys loynes the present Canynge came ;
 Houton aie wordes for to telle hys doe ,
 For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorde name,
 Ne shall yt dyc whanne tyme shalle bee no moe ;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the
 solle,
 He'll wyng to heaven with kynne, and happie bee hys
 dolle.

MOITRYNGE, *mouldering*
 HOUTON, *followe.*

|| SOILE, *soul*
 DOLLE, *portion*

The *STORIE* of *WILLIAM CANYNGE*.

The first 34 lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Clatterton to Mr Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of Painters, Carvellers, Poets, and other enant natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called Thomas, by Stowe, in his Last of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley. It is there said that Mr Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr Canynge was ordained Acolythe by Bishop Carpenter on 19 September, 1467, and received the higher orders of Subdeacon, Deacon, and Priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively

Anent a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
 Myndeinge how thorowe the giene mees yt twynd,
 Awilst the cavys icspons'd yts motting songe,
 At dystaunt 1ysyng Avonne to be sped,
 Amenged wyth 1ysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head ,

Engalanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
 And wraytes of aldeis of a beicie scent,
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde ageded reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
 Roies flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These eynegears swy thyn bringethe to mie thoughte
 Of hardie chamyons knowen to the floude,
 How onne the bankes thereof biave Ælle foughte,
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
 Warden of Bystowe towne and castel stede,
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

ANENT, *opposite*,
 MEES, *meadows*
 R1SPONS'D, *answered*
 MOTTRING, *murmuring*
 AMENGED, *mingled*
 WRAYTES, *wreaths*,
 AGEDEST, *heaped up*.

SEMBLAMENTE, *appearance*.
 BLATAUNT, *noisy*
 CLEPDE, *named*
 FLEMIE, *frighted*
 EYNEGEARS, *objects*.
 SWYTHYN, *quickly*

Methoughtesuch doughtie menn must have a spighte
 Dote yn the aimour biace that Mychael boie,
 Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
 And earthe was drented yn a meie of goie,
 Orr, soone as there dyd see the worldis lyghte,
 Fate had wiott downe, thys mann ys boine to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,
 Whie ys thy actyons left so spaire yn storie?
 Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
 Inn erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of gloie;
 Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
 And bie theyie teste all after actes be tyde.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
 As fayie a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
 Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste
 Fitz Haudynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
 Ynn visyonn foie mie phantasie dyd goe

DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*

NOTE, *dressed*

BRACE, *suit of armour.*

DRENTED, *drenched.*

|| MERE, *lake*

DISPONE, *dispose*

MERKE, *darkness.*

YWRYNDE, *covered.*

Thus all mie wandrynge faytoun thy nkeynge strayde,
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde.
 Whan from the distaunt stieeme arose a mayde,
 Whose gentle tiesses mov'd not to the wynde ;
 Lyche to the sylver moone yn fiostie neete,
 The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
 Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere ;
 Naked shee was and loked swete of youthe,
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Tiouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayie
 What ne a manne shoulde see dyd swotelie hyde,
 Whych on hei milk-white bodykin so fayie
 Dyd showe lyke browne stieemes fowlyng the white-
 tyde

FAYTOUR, *deceiving*
 DEQUAC'D, *dashed*
 BROWDED, *embroidered*
 PYKES, *picked shoes*
 PARAMENTS, *robes of state*
 WODEN, *dyed with woad.*

BEWTIE, *beauty.*
 BEWRYEN, *declare*
 ETHIE, *easy*
 SWOTELIE, *sweetly*
 BODYKIN, *body*
 FOWLYNG, *disfiling*

O¹ veynes of brown hue yn a maible cuan,
 Whyche by the tiaveller ys kenn'd from far¹.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,
 Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;
 Mie senses foigai¹de ne coulde reyn awaie;
 But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
 Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
 Whyche mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abiewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte.
 For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
 And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
 Whych yn the blossom woulde such sins anete
 I lok'd wyth eyne as puie as angelles doe,
 And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe

CUARR, *quarry*
 SCAUNCING, *looking obliquely*
 FORGARDE, *lost*
 REYN, *run*
 FORSTRAUGHTE, *confounded*

EWBRYCIOUS, <i>adultrous</i>
ABREW, <i>excite, brew</i>
HETE, <i>promise</i>
CROUCHEE, <i>crucifix</i>
ANETE, <i>annih late</i>

* Unauthorised Dean Miller says it is the old English word *nete* or *no'ght*, with the prefix *ne*, to which corresponds the old French verb *aneantisé* (annihilated) used by Chaucer. But there is no proof, that the word *nete* has ever been used as a verb, even if it exists.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's giace
 Shee 'gan to lecture from hei gentle bieste ;
 For Tiouthis wordes ys hei myndes face,
 False oratoiyes she dyd aie deteste :
 Sweetnesse was yn eche woide she dyd ywreene,
 Tho shee stiove not to make that sweetnesse sheene

Shee sayd , mie manner of apperceynge here
 Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;
 I'm Tiouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere,
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labynge biayne I sawe,
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
 Payncteis and carvelles have gaine good name,
 But there's a Canynge, to enciease the store,
 A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
 What troulic noblenesse yn Canynge ianne

SEMBLATE, *appearance*.

YWFENE, *display*.

MYNDRUCH, *a hurting of honour and*
worship Keisey

HEAVENWERE, *towards heaven*

GOULERS, *users*.

ADawe, *awaken*.

LORE, *learning*

CARVELLERS, *carvers, sculptors*.

TROULIE, *true, truly*

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
 Tyi'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltne daie,
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
 So, senses sonke to ueste, mie boddie laie,
 Eftsoons mie spighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
 Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
 Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
 And saw all actyons whych han been before,
 And all the scroll of Fate unuavelled;
 And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte,
 I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
 In everie meiriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
 I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie;
 He eate downe leainynge wyth the wastle cake.
 As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
 He'd wytte enowe toe make a maye at tenne.

BORDELIER, *cottager*
 ETHIE, *easy*
 MAYNT, *many*
 DEFT, *neat, cleanly*
 EFTSOONS, *quickly, immediately*
 IMMENGDE, *mingled.*

FLANCED, *arched*
 SHEPEN, *innocent, simple*
 PERPLED, *scattered*
 WASTLE CAKE, *cake of the white*
 bread

As the dulce downie baibe beganne to gic,
 So was the well thyghte texture of hys loie,
 Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
 Greete yn hys counsel for the daies he boie
 All tongues, all carols dyd unto hym synge,
 Wondryng at onc soc wysc, and yet soe ynge

Encaseyng yn the ycaies of mortal lyfe,
 And hasteynge to hys jounie ynto heaven,
 Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyfe,
 And use the sexes for the purpose gevene
 Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
 And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest his soule !)
 Who loved money, as hys charie joie,
 Hee had a biodei (happie manne be s dole !)
 Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadie's boie,
 What then could Canyng wissen as a parte
 To gyve to hei whoe had made chop of hearte ?

DULCE, *soft*
 GRE, *grow*
 THYGHTE, *connected.*
 ENHEDEYNGE, *being careful*
 MOCKLER, *stronger, greater*
 YINGE, *young.*

CHEESE, *chuse*
 GEVENE, *given*
 SEMELIKEEDE, *countenance.*
 CHARIE, *dear*
 WISSEN, *wish*
 CHOP, *exchange*

But landes and castle tenuies, golde and bighes,
 And hoardes of sylver iousted yn the ent,
 Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
 To change of trouble love was theyre content,
 There lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,
 Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,
 And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
 And at hys wyll hys biodei Johne supplie
 Hee gave a chauntie to redeeme theyre soules;
 And put hys biodei ynto syke a trade,
 That he loide mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys moynynge tourned to gloomie nyghte;
 Hys dame, hys secoude selfe, gyve upp her brethe,
 Seekynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte,
 And sleed good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!
 Soe have I seyn a flower ynn Sommer tyme
 Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pyme.

BIGHES, *jewels*
 ENT, *purse*
 ADYGNE, *creditable*.

|| SENDAUMENT, *appearance*
 || COMMILIE, *decent, comely*.
 || WIDDER, *withers*.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canyng sheweth as an instrumente,)
Was to my bismaide cyne-syghte newlie giv'n,
'Tis paste to blazonne ytt to good contente
You that woulde fayn the fetyve buydyng see
Repaye to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe,
I sawe what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke

BISMARDE, *astonished*.
FETYVE, *elegant*

|| MYNDBRUCH, *wounded honour*
MENICED, *menaced*

HERAUDYN.

A FRAGMENTE.

From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.

Yynge Heraudyn al bie the giene Wode sate,
 Heieynge the swote Chelandrie ande the Oue,
 Seeinge the kenspeked amaylde flouiettes nete,
 Envyngynge to the Birds hys Love songe true.
 Syrre Prieste camme bie ande forthe hys bede-rolle
 diewe,
 Fyve Aves ande on Pater moste be sedde,
 Twayne songe, the on hys songe of Willowe Ruc
 The odher one——

CHELANDRIE, *goldfinch*
 OUE, *ouzel-blackbird*
 ENVYNGYNGE, *sending*

|| KENSPEKED, *marked*
 || AMAYLDE, *enamelled*

FRAGMENT,

BY

JOHN, *second* ABBATTE of SEYNCTE AUSTYNS
MYNSTERRE

From Barrett's History of Bristol It was sent by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, as a note to Rowley's History of Peyncters. "This John," he says, "was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived, he understood the learned languages Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard 1st."

Hate of lyone ' shake thie swoide,
Bare thie motheynge steinede honde,
Quace whole armies to the queede,
Woike thie wylle yn bulhe blonde.
Baions here on bankers-brow ded,
Fyghte yn furies gaynste the cale;
Whilest thou ynne thondeyngge aimes
Warriketh whole cyttyes bale.

Harte of lyon ' Sound the beme '
Sounde ytte ynto mnei londes,
Feare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,
Inne thie bannei teiror stondes.

W A R R E.

BY THE SAME

*From Barretts History of Bristol Chatterton says,
 "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I
 have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still
 (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley," whose works when
 I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you.*

Of waries glumm pleasaunce doe I chaunte mie laie.
 Trouthe tips the poynctelle, wysdomme skemps the
 lyne,
 Whylste hoare expenaunce tellet what toe saie,
 And forwyned hosbandie wyth bleaie cyne,
 Stondeth and woe bements, the trecklynge byne
 Rounnynge adone hys cheekes which doethe shewe,
 Lyke hys unfructfulle fieldes, longe straungers to the
 ploughe

*None of Rowley's pieces were ever
 made public, being till the year
 1631 shut up in an iron chest in Red-
 cliff church*

POYNCTELLE, pen
 SKEMPS, marks
 FORWYNED, blasted, burnt
 BEMENTS, laments

GLUMM, gloomy

SOME, Glowster, whanne besprenged on evich syde,
 The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn felle,
 Whanne smetheynge sange dyd flowe lyke to a tyde,
 And spytes were damned for the lacke of knelle,
 Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness to an helle,
 Where all were misdeedes doeynge lyche unwise,
 Where hope unbaried and deathe eftsoones dyd shote
 theye eies.

Ye shepster swaynes who the ribbible kenne,
 Ende the thyghte daunce, ne loke uponne the speire
 In ugsommnesse waie moste bee dyghte toe menne.
 Unseliness attendethe honouewere,
 Quaffe your swote vernage and atrected beere

GLOWSTER, *earl or consul of Gloucester*

BSPRENGED, *scattered*

SMLTHEYNGE, *smoking*

SANGE, *blood*

SHEPSTER, *shepherd*

RIBIBBLE, *a fiddle*

THYGHTE, *compact, orderly, tight*

UGSOMMNESSE, *terror*

UNSELINESS, *unhappiness*

HOUNOUREWERE, *the place or residence
of honour*

SWOTE, *sweet*

VERNAGE, *vintage, a me cyder*

ATRECTED, *extracted from corn*

A CHRONYCALLE of BRYSTOWE.

WROTE BIE

RAUFE CHEDDER CHAPPLINNE. 1356

From a MSS by Chatterton in the British Museum

Ynne whilomme daies as Stowe saies
 Ynne famous Biystowe towne
 Dheie lyved Knyghtes doughtie yn fyghtes
 Of maivellous renowne
 A Saxonne boulde renowned of oulde
 For Deth and deinic dede
 Maint Tanmen slone the Bugge uponne
 Icausynge hem to blede
 Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same
 And yev hymme rennome giate,
 Hee lyved neie the Ellynteire
 Al bie Seyncte Lenaides yate.

A mansion hie, made bosmoerie
Was reered bie hys honde,
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkeive
Inne Baldwynne stieete doe stonde.
On Ellie then of Meicyann menne
As meynte of Pentells blase,
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede
And dydde the Dans arise.
One Leefwyne of Kyngelie Lyne
Inne Bystowe towne dyd leve,
And toe the samme for hys gode name
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.
Hammon a Loide of hie accorde
Was ynne the stiete nempte biede,
Soe greate hys Myghte soe styngye yn fyghte
Onne Byker hee dyd fede.
Fitz Lupous digne of gentle Lyne
Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,
Inn moddie Gionne the whyche uponne
Botte Reittes and ioshes laie
Than Radclyve Sticte of Mansyonnes meete
In semelie gaie doe stonde,
And Canyngc giete of fayie estate
Bryngeth to Tiadyngc Londe

Hardyngedydde comme from longe Kyngddomme
Inne Lynnesmythe stiete to lyne,
Roberte hys Sonne, moche gode thynges donne
As Abbattes doe blasynne.
Roberte the Eile, ne conkered cuill
Inne Castle stede dyd fiaie
Ynge Henne to ynn Bystowe true
As Hydelle dyd obaie
A Maiour dheene bee ande Jamne hee
Dotte anne ungentle wyghte,
Seyncte Maie tende eche ammie fiende
Bie hallie Taper lyghte.

The FREERE of ORDERYS WHYTE

From a MSS by Chatterton in the British Museum There is also the beginning of a poem called the Freere of Orderys Black, which is unfit for publication.

There was a Broder of Orderys Whyte
 Hee songe hys masses yn the nyghte
 Ave Maria, Jesu Maria,
 The nonnes al slepeynge yn the Dortoure
 Thoughte hym of al syngeynge Freeris the Flowre
 Ave Maria, Jesu Maria

Suster Agnes looved his syngeynge well
 And songe with hem too the sothen to tell
 Ave Maria, &c
 But be ytte ne sed bie Elde or yynge
 That ever dheyde oderwyse dyd synge
 Than Ave Maria, &c

This Broder was called evnich whccie
 To Kenshamm and to Būstol Nonneie
 Ave Maria, &c.

Botte seyynge of masses dyd wuich hym so lowe
 Above hys Skynne hys Bonys did growe
 Ave Maria, &c.

He eaten Beefe ande Dyshes of Mows
 And hontend everych Knyghtys House
 With Ave Maria, &c.

And beynge ance moe in gode lyken
 He songe to the Nones and was poren agen
 With Ave Maria, &c.

DIALOGUE

*Between MASTER PHILPOT and WALWORTH
COCKNEIES*

From Dean Milles's Edition of Rowley. It contains, says the Dean, a variety of evidence, tending to confirm the authenticity of these poems. In the first place, this sort of macaronic verse of mixed languages, is a stile used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dante has some of these amongst his Rime, (p. 226. vol 2d Venice 1741) which are composed of French, Italian, and Latin, and conclude thus.

“ Namque locutus sum in lingua trina ”

Shelton, who lived not long after Rowley, has also poems in the same kind of verse. Secondly, the correctness of the Latin, and the propriety of the answers in English, shew it to have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton. Thirdly, the low humour of the dialogue, although suited to the taste of that early and illiterate age, could be no object of imitation to a modern poet. But it is a most remarkable circumstance, that he has introduced his two Cockneies under the names of two most respectable aldermen of the city of London, who lived about the year 1380, Sir William Walworth and Sir John Philpot, men of such distinguished reputation, not only in their own city, but also in the whole kingdom, that the first parliament of Richard the Second, in granting a subsidy to that king, made it subject to the controul and management of these two citizens. (Walsingham, p. 200 Rapin, vol. 1 p. 454 and 458)

PHILPOT.

God ye God den,* my good nighbour, howe d'ye ayle?
 How does youi wyfe, man ! what never assole ?
 Cum iectitate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

WALWORTH

Ah, Mastre Phyllepote, evil tongues do saie,
 That my wyfe will lyen down to daie
 Tis ne twaine moneths syth shee was myne for aie.

* This salutation, which should be written *God ye good Den*, is more than once used by Shakespear

In Love's Labour Lost, the clown says,

God dig you den all Act iv Sc 1

That is to say, *God give you a good evening*, for *dig* is undoubtedly a mistake for *give*.

So in the Dialogue between the Nurse and Mercutio, in Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Sc 5 the former says,

God ye good morrow gentlemen,

to which the latter replies,

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman,

And in the Exmoor Courtship,

Good den, good den,

which the Glossarist on that pamphlet properly explains by the wish of a *good evening*, and Mr Steevens observes on the passage in Love's Labour Lost, that this contraction is not unusual in our ancient comic writers, and quotes the play called the Northern Lass, by R Brome, 1633, for the following phrase,

God you good even.

PHILPOT.

Animum submittere noli rebus in adversis,
Nolito quædam referenti semper credere.
But I pity you nayghbour, is it so ?

WALWORTH.

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est.
Alack, alack, a sad dome mine in fay,
But oft with cityzens it is the case ;
Honesta turpitude pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntient pensmen sayse.

*The Merrie TRICKS of LAMYNGETOWNE.**By Maystre JOHN A ISCAM*

From Dean Milles's Edition

I

A 1ygourous doome is myne, upon mie faie
 Before the paient starre, the lyghtsome sonne,
 Hath three tymes lyghted up the cheerful daie,
 To othei reaulmes must Laymingtonne be gonnc,
 Or else my flymsie thredde of lyfe is spunnc;
 And shall I hearken to a cowaits icede,
 And from so vain a shade, as lyfe is, runne?
 No! flie all thoughtes of runynge to the Queed,
 No! here I'll staie, and let the Cockneics see,
 That Laymyntone the biave, will Laymyngetowne
 still be.

QUEED, devis

II

To fyght, and not to flee, my sabatans
 I'll don, and girth my sweide unto my syde ;
 I'll go to ship, but not to foreyne landes,
 But act the pyrate, rob in every tyde ;
 With Cockneies bloude Thamysis shall be dyde,
 Their goodes in Bristowe markette shall be solde.
 My baird the laverd of the waters ryde,
 Her sayles of scarlette and her stern of golde ;
 My men the Saxones, I the Hengyst bee,
 And in my shyppe combyne the force of all their three.

III.

Go to my trustie menne in Selwoods chace,
 That through the lessele hunt the builed boare,
 Tell them how standes with me the present case,
 And bydde them revel down at Watchetts shore,

SABATANS, *boots*
 LAVERD, *lord*.

|| LESSEL, *bushes*
 || BURLED, *armed*.

And saunt about in hawlkes and woods no more
 Let every auntries knyghte his amour biase,
 Then meats be mans fleshe, and theye beverage goie,
 Hancle, or Hancelled, from the human race ;
 Bid them, like mee theye leede, shape theye mynde
 To be a bloudie foe in aimes, gaynst all mankynde

RALPH.

I go my boon companions for to fynde.

Ralph goes out

III.

LAMYNGETOWNE

Unfaifull Cockneies dogs ' your god is gayne
 When in your towne I spent my gicete estate,
 What clowdes of citts came flockynge to my taine
 What shoals of tradesmenne eaten from my plate,
 My name was alwaies Laymyngeton the greate ;
 But whan my wealth was gone, ye kennd me not,
 I stode in waide ye laughed at mie fate,
 Nor car'd if Laymyngeton the great did rotte ,
 But know ye, curriedowes, ye shall soon feele,
 I've got experience now, altho I bought it weele.

SAUNT, *saunter*

AUNTROUS, *adventurous*

|| HANCELLED, *cut off*

|| CURRIEDOWES, *flatterers.*

IV.

You let me know that all the worlde are knaves,
 That lordes and cits are robbers in disguise ;
 I and my men, the Cockneies of the waves,
 Will profite by youre lessons and bee wise ;
 Make you give back the haivest of youre lies ;
 From deep fraught barques I'le take the myseis soul,
 Make all the wealthe of every * my prize,
 And cheating Londons pryde to Dygnei Bustowe 1olle.



* The word *one*, or *man*, must be here supplied, in order to complete the sense
 and the verse

SONGE

or

SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.

*From Dean Milles's Edition According to Chatterton, this
and the following poem were sung when the Bridge at Bristol
was compleated in 1247.*

Whann Noriurs and hys menne of myghte,
 Uponne thys brydge daide all to fyghte,
 Foislagenn manie warriours laie,
 And Dacyanns well nie wonne the daie
 Whanne doughty Baldwynns arose,
 And scatterd deathe amonge hys foes,
 Fromme out the brydge the pulinge bloode
 Embolled hit the runnynge floude

NORRURS, *King of Norway*

¶ EMBOILED, *swe'led*

Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace hange,
And all hys aims were *gutte de sangue*
His doughtinesse wrought thilk dismaye,
The foreign wallis ianne awaie,
Eile Baldwynus regaidedd well,
How manie menn forslaggen fell ;
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,
And thanked Godd for victorie ;
Thenne threw hys anlace ynn the tyde,
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and heymytte died



GUTTE DE SANGUE, *drops of blood, an heraldic allusion, suitable to the
genius of that age.*

SONGE
OF
SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

From Dean Milles's Edition

I

Whanne Kynge Kynghill ynn hys honde
 Helde the sceptie of thys londe,
 Sheenyng staire of Chrystes lyghte,
 The meikie mysts of pagann nyghte
 Gan to scatter fair and wyde ·
 Thanne Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,
 Dotred hys honnoies and fyne clothes,
 Piechynge hys Loide Jesus name,
 Toe the lande of West Sexx came,
 Whare blaëke Scervin iolls hys tyde.

KYNGE KYNGHILL, *King Coenwulf*
 MEKIE, *dark*

|| BLAERE, *yellow*

II

Stronge ynn faithfullness, he trodde
Oven the waters lyke a Godde,
Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,
Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,
Wytnesse to the myracle,
Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,
And set manee ynn ryghte waie.
Thys goode staffe great wonders wroughte,
Moe than gieste bie mortalle thoughte,
On thann mortall tonge can tell.

III

Thenn the foulke a bydye dydd make
Oven the strene untoe the hecke,
All of wode eke longe and wyde,
Pryde and glorie of the tyde,
Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie.
Then Erle Leof he bespedde
Thys giete ryver fromme hys bedde,
Round hys castle for to runne,
Twas in tiothe ann anyante onne,
But wanne and tyme wyll all decae.

HECKE, *height*
ERLE LEOF, *Earl Leofwin.*

|| BLSPEDE, *dispatched, turned away*

IV

Now agayne, wythe bremie foice,
 Severn ynn hys aynciant course
 Rolls hys rappyd sticeme alonge,
 With a sable swifte and stronge,
 Moreying manie ann okie wood .
 Wee the menne of Brystowe towne
 Have yceid thys bydge of stone,
 Wyshynge echone that ytt maie laste
 Till the date of daies be past,
 Standynge where the othei stooode

BREMIF, *furious, violent*

SABLE, *sand*

MOREYING, *rooting up, so explained in
 the glossary to Robert Gloucester —*

*Mored, &c. digged, grubbed The
 roots of trees are still called Mores in
 Devonshire*

SANCTE WARBUR.

*From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies It is there
entitled Imitation of our Old Poets. On oure Ladyes
Church. 1769.*

In auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
Of all the boirdes of the sea did reigne,
Whos cutting celes, as the Baidyes synge,
Cut stiakyng funowes in the foamie mayne,
Sancte Warbur cast aside his Eailes estate,
As great as good, and eke as good as great.
Tho blest with what us men accounts as stoie,
Saw something further, and saw something moie.

Where smokyng Wasker scous the claiey bank,
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,

CELES, most probably from the ancient word *Ceolis*, which, in the Saxon, is
ships From whence *Ceolæ*, we find in Brompton, are used for large
ships.

Emyttynge to the feelds a dewie dank,
As in the twynning path-waye he doth runne ,
Here stood a house, that in the 13 ver smile
Since valorous Uisa first wonne Byttayn Isle ,
The stoncs in one as firm as rock unite,
And it detyde the greatest Warriours myghte

Around about the lofty clemencis lie
Proud as then planter receide then greenie crest,
Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes came bie
In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest
Attendynge Squies dieste in tuckynge bryghte,
To each tenth Squier an attendynge Knyghte,
The hallie hung with pendaunts to the floie,
A coat of nobil aimes upon the doore ,

Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe decie,
Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,
Faulkonnes in mewes, and, litle birds to teir,
The sparrow Hawke, and manie Hawkes gode,

Just in the prime of life, whan others court
Some swottie Nymph, to gain their tender hand,
Greet with the Kynge and *trerdie* greet with the
Court
And as aforesed mickle much of land,

* * * * *

*The WORLDE.**From Barlett's History of Bristol*

FADRE, SONNE, and MYNSTRELLES.

FADRE

To the wolde newe and ytts bestoykenyngē waie
 Thys coistlicke sonne of myne ys all mye caie,
 Yee mynstrelles waie hymme how wyth icke he staie
 Where guylded vyce dothe spiedde hys mascill'd snare,
 To gettyng wealth I woulde hee shoulde bee bredde,
 And couronnes of iudde goulde ne glorie rounde hys
 hedde

FIRST MYNSTREL

Mye name is Intereste, tis I
 Dothe yntoe alle bosoms flie,

Eche one hylten seciet's myne,
None so wordie, goode, and dygne,
Butte wyll fynde ytte to theyr cost,
Intereste wyll iule the roaste.
I to everichone gyve lawes,
Selfe ys fyist yn everich cause.

SECOND MYNSTREL.

I amme a faytour flame
Of lemmies melancholi,
Love somme behyghte mie name,
Some doe anemp me follie ;
Inne sprytes of meltynge molde
I sette mie buineynge sele ;
To mee a goulers goulde
Doeth nete a pyne avele ;
I pre upon the helthe,
And from gode redeynge flee,
The manne who woulde gette wealthe
Muste never thynke of mee.

THIRD MYNSTREL.

I bee the Queede of Pryde, mie spyynge heade

Mote see the cloudes and styll be rysynge he,
 Too lytle is the earthe to bee mie bedde,
 Too hallow for mie bretherynge place the skie,
 Daynous I see the worlde bineth me lie
 Botte to mie betteries, I soc lytle gree,
 Aneuthe a shadow of a shade I bee,
 Tys to the smalle alleyn that I canne multiplye

FOURTH MYNSTREL.

I am the Queed of goulers, look arounde
 The ays about mee thieves doe repesente,
 Bloudsteyned robbers spyng from oute the grounde,
 And anie vysions swaine around mie ente;
 O save mie monies, ytte vs theyie entente
 To hymme the redde Godde of mie fiended spighte,
 Whatte joie canne goulers have or daie or nyghte'

FIFTH MYNSTREL

Vice bee I hyghte onne golde fulle ofte I hyde,
 Fulle fayre unto the syghte for aie I seeme;
 Mie ugdomess wythe goldenne veyles I hyde,
 Lacyng mie lovers ynn a sylkenne dicme;

Botte whan mie untiue pleasaunce have byn tyde,
Thanne doe I shewe allc hollownesse and low,
And those I have ynnec nette woulde feyne mie gyfte
eschew

SIXTH MYNSTREL.

I bee greete Dethe, alle ken mee bie the name,
Botte none can saie howe I doe loose the spryghte,
Goode menne mie tardyinge delaie doethe blame,
Botte moste ryche goulennes from mee take a flyghte;
Myckle of wealthe I see whereere I came,
Doethe mie ghastrness mockle multiplye
And maketh hem afiayde to lyve or die.

FADRE.

Howe villeyne Mynstrelles, and is this your rede,
Awake · Awake I wyll ne geve a cuse,
Mie sonne, mie sonne, of mie speeche take hede,
Nothyng ys goode thatte byngeth not to puise.

One CANTO of an ANCIENT POEM,

CALLED

*The UNKNOWN KNIGHT or the
TOURNAMENT.*

*From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. "He
offered this as a sample, having two more Cantos. The
Author unknown" 1769*

The Matten belle han sounded long,
The Cocks han sang then morning songe,
When lo ' the tuncful Clariouns sound,
(Wherein all other noise was doun'd)
Did echo to the rooms aound,
And greet the eais of Champyons stronge ;
Arise, arise from downie bedde
Fou Sunne doth gin to shew his hedde !

Then each did don in seemlie gear,
What armour eche beseem'd to wear,
And on each sheelde devices shone,
Of wounded hearts and battles won,
All curious and nice echon ;
With manie a tassild spear ;
And mounted echeone on a steed
Unwote made Ladies hearts to blede.

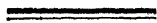
Heraulds eche side the Claiions wound,
The Hoises started at the sound ;
The Knyghtes echeone did poynt the launce,
And to the combattes did advance ;
From Hyberne, Scotland, eke from Fraunce ;
Thyre prancyng horses tare the ground ;
All strove to reche the place of fyghte,
The first to exercise their myghte—

O'Rocke upon his cousei fleet,
Swift as lightning were his feet,
First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame ;
From West Hybernee Isle he came,

His myghte depictur d in his name
All dicded such an one to meet ,
Bold as a mountain wolt he stood,
Upon his sweide sat grim dethe and bloude,

But when he thiewe downe his Asenglave,
Next came in Syr Botcher bold and biave,
The dethe of manie a Snaacen ,
There thought him a Devil from Hells black den,
Ne thinking that aue of mortalle menne
Could send so manie to the grave.
For his life to John Punssee he render d his thanks
Descended from Godied the King of the Manks

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,
And ran at O Roche in full career ,
Then launces with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,
Even as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there :



* Probably alluding to the word Rock,

So great the shock, then senses did depart,
The bloude all ran to strengthen up the haite.

Sy1 Botelher Rumsie first came from his traunce,
And from the Marshall toke the launce,
O Rocke eke chose another speere,
And ran at Sy1 Botelher full career;
His pryncynge stede the ground did tare;
In haste he made a false advance;
Sy1 Botelher seeing, with myghte amain
Fellde him down upon the playne

Sy1 Pigotte Novlin at the Clacions sound,
On a milk-white stede with gold trappings aound,
He couchde in his rest his silver-poynt speere,
And feishe ranne up in full career;
But for his appeaunce he payed full deare,
In the first couse laid on the ground;
Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and gold,
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

Syr Boteliei then having conquer'd his twayne,
Rode Conqueroi off the tourneying playne,
Receivying a garland from *Aluce's* hand,
The fayrest Ladye in the lande
Syr Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,
Tormented in mind and bodily peyne,
Syr Boteliei crown d, most galantie stode,
As some tall oak within the thick wode.

Awhile the shrill Clarions sounded the word ;
Next rode in Syr John, of Adderleigh Lord,
Who over his back his thick shield did byng,
In checkee of redde and silver shceninge,
With steede and gold trappings beseeming a King,
A guilded fine Adder twyned round his sweide.
De Bietville advanced, a man of great myghte
And couched his lance in his rest for the fyghte.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,
That tumble headlonge from the mountains browe,
Ev'n so they met in due time sound,
De Bietville fell upon the ground,

The bloude from inwaid bruised wound,
Did out his stained helmet flowe ,
As some tall bark upon the foamie main,
So laie De Bretville on the plain

Syr John of the Dale or Compton hight,
Advanced next in lists of fyght,
He knew the tricks of touneyinge full well,
In running race ne manne culd him excell,
O! how to wielde a swoide better tel,
And eke he was a manne of might
On a black Stede with silver trappynge dyght
He daide the dangers of the tourneyd fighte.

Within their rests their speeres they set,
So furiously ech other met,
That Compton's well intended speere
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,
And wound his hand in furious geir ;
Syr Johns stele Assenglave was wette :
Syr John then toe the marshal turn'd,
His breast with meekle furie burn'd.

The tenders of the feelde came in,
And bade the Champyons not begyn;
Eche touney but one hou should last,
And then one hou was gone and past

The ROMAUNTE of the CNYGHTE.

By JOHN DE BERGHAM

*From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, in the possession of
Mr Cottle.*

The Sunne ento Vygyne was gotten,
The flouneys al aounde onspyngede,
The woddie Grasse blaunched the Fenne
The Quenis Ermyne aised fio Bedde;
Syn Knyghte dyd ymounte oponn a Stede
Ne Rouncie ne Drybblette of make

ROMAUNTE, *Romance.*

CNYGHTE, *Knight*

ONSPRYNGEDE, *faded, fallen.*

WODDIE, *woody.*

BLAUNCHED, *whitened*

ROUNCIE, *a cart horse, or one fit to
menial services*

DRYBBLETTE, *small, little*

Thanne asterolte for dursie dede
 Wythe Moiglaie hys Fooemenne to make blede
 Ekeswythynas wynde. Trees. theye Haitys to shake
 Al doune in a Delle a merke dernie Delle
 Wherthe Coppys eke Thighe Trees there bee,
 There dyd hee perchaunce Isce
 A Damoselle askedde for ayde on her kne
 An Cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie hei stonde
 Hee hollyd heir faeste bie hei honde,
 Discourteous Cnyghte, I doe prae nowe thou telle
 Whurst doeste thou bee so to thee Damselle.
 The Knyghte hym assoled eftsoones,
 Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne.
 Begon for I wayte notte thyc boones.

The Knyghte sed I proove on thic Gaberdyne
 Alyche Boais enchafed to fyghte heie flies.

ASTERTE, *passed, or went forth*
 DUR'SIE, *from duresse, hardship, signify*
ing hardy.
 MOIGLAIE, *a fatal sword,*
 FOOMEMNE, *foes.*
 EKE, *also*
 SWYTHYN, *quickly*
 MERKE, *dark*
 DERNIE, *gloomy, solitary.*
 PERCHAUNCE, *by chance.*

ASSOIFD, *answered* Used by Rowley
 in the same sense
 EFTSOONES, *quickly, presently.*
 GABERDYNE, *a manner of challenging*
 So in Rowley's Tournament,
 "Thanne theeres my Gauntelette on
 the Gaberdyn"

ALYCHE, *like*
 ENCHAFED, *heated, furious, vexed.*

The Discoorteous Knyghte bee styngge botte stynger
the ighte,

The dynne bee herde a'myle for fuine in the fyghte
Tyl thee false Knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

Damoysel, quod the Knyghte, now comme thou
wi me,

Y wotte welle quod shee I nede thee ne feie,
The Knyghte yfallen badd wolde Ischulde bee,
Butte loe he ys dedde maie itte spede Heavenwere.

STRYNGE, *strong*
DYNNE, *sound, noise.*
FUINE, *fury*

WOTTE, *know.*
HEAVENWERE, *to God*

The ROMANCE of the KNIGHT.

MODERNISED

By THOMAS CHATTERTON.

From a MS. of Chatterton's in the possession of Mr. Cottle.

The pleasing Sweets of Spring and Summer past,
 The falling Leaf flies in the sultry blast,
 The Fields resign their sparkling Orbs of Gold,
 The wrinkled Grass its Silver Joys unfold
 Mantling the spreading Moon in Heavenly white,
 Meeting from every Hill the ravish'd sight.
 The yellow Flag appears its spotted Head,
 Hanging REGARDANT o'er its wat'ry bed
 The worthy Knight ascends his foaming Steed,
 Of Size uncommon, and no common Breed.

His Sword of giant make hangs from his Belt,
Whose piercing Edge his daring Foes had felt.
To seek for Glory and Renown he goes
To scatter Death among his trembling Foes ;
Unner'd by fear they trembled at his stroke ;
So cutting Blasts shake the tall mountain Oak.

Down in a dark and solitary Vale
Where the hoarse Screech-Owl sings her fatal tale,
Where Copse and Brambles interwoven lie,
Where Trees intertwining arch the azure Sky,
Thither the fate-mark'd Champion bent his way,
By pulling Streams to lose the heat of Day :
A sudden Cry assaults his listening Ear,
His Soul's too noble to admit of fear —
The Cry re-echoes with his bounding Steed
He gropes the Way from whence the Cries proceed.
The arching Trees above obscur'd the light,
Here 'twas all Evening, there Eternal Night.

And now the rustling Leaves and strengthened Cry
Bespeaks the Cause of the Confusion nigh ;
Thro' the thick Brake the astonish'd Champion sees
A weeping Damsel bending on her knees :

A ruffian Knyght would force her to the ground,
 But still some small resisting strength she found.
 (Women and Cats, if you Compulsion use
 The pleasure which they die for, will refuse,)
 The Champion thus: Desist discourteous Knight,
 Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy mighte.
 With Eye contemptuous thus the Knight replies,
 Begone! whoever dares my Fury dies.
 Down to the Ground the Champion's Gauntlet flew,
 I dare thy Fury, and I'll prove it too.

Like two fierce Mountain Boars enraged they fly,
 The prancing Steeds make Echo rend the Sky,
 Like a fierce Tempest is the bloody Fight,
 Dead from his lofty Steed falls the proud Ruffian
 Knight.

The Victor, sadly pleas'd, accosts the Dame,
 I will convey you hence to whence you came.
 With Look of Gratitude the Fair reply'd
 Content: I in your Virtue may confide.
 But, said the Fair, as mournful she survey'd
 The breathless Corse upon the Meadow laid,
 May all thy Sins from Heaven forgiveness find!
 May not, thy body's crimes, affect thy mind!

TO *JOHNE LADGATE.*

(*Sent with the following Sonnet to Ælla*)

*This and the two following Poems are printed from a copy
in Mr Catcott's hand-writing.*

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes
be soe,

Thatt thou and I a bowtyng matche muste have,
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshypp bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Remembear Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne John Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,

SYTHE, *since.*

|| ALL-A-BOONE, *favor.*

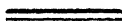
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to
fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse
more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE to ÆLLA,

LORDE of the CASTEL of BRYSTOWE

YNNE DAIES OF YORE.



Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
 Ælla, the dailynge of futurity,
 Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
 As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde
 hue
 Lyche kynge-cuppes biastyng wythe the morning
 due,
 Arraung'd ynne dreare arnaie.
 Upponne the lethale daie.

Spreddæ farie and wyde onne Watchets shore ;
 Than dyddst thou furiose stande,
 And bie thie valyante hande
 Beespringedd all the mces wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
 Downe to the depthe of helle
 Thousandes of Dacyanns went ;
 Bystowannes, menne of myghte,
 Ydaï'd the bloudie fyghte,
 And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou whereer (thie bones att reste)
 Thye Spÿte to haunte delyghteth best,
 Whethen upponne the bloudc-embrewedd pleyne,
 Ori whare thou kennst fromm farie
 The dysmall cÿe of wanne,
 On seest somme mountay ne made of coise of sleyne ;

BEESPRINGEDD, *springed*.

MEE, *meadows*

DRAWNE, *drawn*.

ANLACE, *sword*.

QUENT, *strange*

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
 Ypiaunceynge o'er the mede,
 And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres ;
 On ynne blacke aimouie staulke aounde
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeries ;

Oir fierye round the mynsterr glare ;
 Lette Bystowe styлле be made thie care ;
 Guaide ytt fionne foemenne and consumynge
 fyre ;
 Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enhaime the grounde,
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

HATCHEDD, *covered with atchierve-
ments*
 AMENGED, *among.*

|| ARDUROUS, *burning.*
 || ENSYRKE, *encircle.*

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES

WERE COMPOSED BY

JOHN LADGATE,

A PRIEST IN LONDON,

*And sent to ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding
Songe of Ælla.*

Havyng wythe mouche attentyon 1edde
 Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
 Admyre the vaies mouche I dyd,
 And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
 A Poett mouche 1enownde,
 Amongs the Latyns Vygilius
 Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
 The gyfte of inspyration,
 And Afled to the Sexonne menne
 Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
 Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
 Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
 Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
 Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
 Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

ELOCATION, *elocation*.

|| MOKIE, *dark, gloomy*

Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of this and the two preceding
 Poems, supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett

from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling

Verses to Ladgate

In the title, for *Ladgate*, r *Lydgate*

ver 2 r *Thatt I and thee*

3 for *bee*, r *goe*,

7 for *fyghte*, r *wryte*

Songs to Ælla

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songs to Ælla*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lord of the castell of Brystowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses

ver 6 for *brastynges*, r *burstynge*

11 for *valyante*, r *burthe*

28 for *dysmall*, r *honore*

Ladgate's Answer

No title in the Vellum MS

ver. 3 for *varses* r *pene*

antep for *Lendes*, r *Sendes*

ult for *lyne*, r *thynges*

Mr Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others

In the title of the *Verses to Ladgate*.

Ong *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*

ver 3 Ong *goe* — Chat *doe*

7 Orig *wryte* — Chat *fyghte*

Songe to Ælla

- ver. 5 Ong *Dacyane* — Chat *Dacya's*
 Ong *whose lockes* — Chat *whose hayres.*
11. Ong *burlic* — Chat *bronded*
- 22 Ong *kennest* — Chat *heart.*
- 23 Ong *honore* — Chat *dysmall*
- 26 Ong *Yprauncynge* — Chat *Ifrayning.*
- 30 Ong. *gloue.* — Chat. *glare.*

ACELA,
a
Tragycal Enterlude,
or
Discoorseynge Tragedie,
wrotenn by
THOMAS ROWLEY;
plaiedd before
Mastre Canynge,
Atte hys howse nemyte the Rodde Lodge :
Alsoe before the Duke of Norfolck,
Johan Howard.

This Poem, with the Epistle, Letter, and Introductionne, is printed from a folio MS furnished by Mr Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript, 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

EPISTLE to MASTRE CANYNGE

On ÆLLA.



*Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
 Whan Reasonn hylt heiselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
 The preeste delyvered alle the lege yn i hym;
 Lyche peyncted tyltyngespeaes to please the syght,
 The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke dere,
 Syke dyd their auncyante lee deftlie delyghte the eare.



HYIT, *hid, concealed.*
 LEGE, *law*
 PEYNCTED, *painted*
 FELLE, *bad, pernicious.*

MOKE, *much*
 DERE, *hurt, damage.*
 LEE, *lay, song*
 DEFTLIE, *sweetly, agreeably, skilfully*

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gaie i hym mote bee thenne,
 Butte efte nowe flyeth to the odher syde ,
 In hallie preeste apperes the ribaudes penne,
 Inne lithie moncke apperes the bairrones pryde .
 But i hym wythe somme, as nedere widhout teethe,
 Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel
 scathe.

Syr John, a knyghte, who hath a baine of lore,
 Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Fienche or
 Giekc,
 Pyghtethe hys knowlacheunge ten yeres or more,
 To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
 Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despysed,
 The Englysch hym to please moste fyyste be latynized.

GARE, *cause.*

Efte, *oft*

HALLIE, *holy*

RIBAUDES, *rake, lewd person.*

LITHIE, *humble, rather insinuating.*

NEDERE, *adder.*

SCATHE, *hurt, damage.*

LORE, *learning*

KENNS, *knows*

PYGHTEHE, *plucks or tortures.*

KNOWLACHYNGE, *knowledge.*

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem synges ;
 Can preache so wele, eche hynde hys meneynge
 knowes ;

Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
 Beeynge as badde yn vearse as good yn prose.

Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
 Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr
 blodde.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored dames,
 Hee redes hys tales of merrymment and woe.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte adames ,
 He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes hem soe.

REQUIEM, <i>a service used over the dead</i>	DYNNETH, <i>sounds</i>
HYNDE, <i>peasant</i>	DOLTE, <i>foolish</i>
GUYFTS, <i>gifts</i>	ADAMES, <i>churls</i> ,
UNLORED, <i>unlearned</i>	LAUDES, <i>praises</i> .
LOUGHE, <i>laugh</i> .	KENNES, <i>knows</i> .

* Unauthorised. There is however the adjective ADRAMING, *churlish*.

Sommetyme at tragedie theire laughe and syng,
 At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned water
 brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, behynde hys lynes.
 Geofioie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware ;
 Woïdes wythoutesense full gïoffyngelye he twynes,
 Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere ;
 *Waytes monthes on nothyng, and hys storie donne,
 Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf you neere
 begonne.

Enowe of odhers ; of mieselfe to write,
 Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
 To you I leave the taske, I kenne your myghte
 Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe of faultes, be
 less

YAPED, *laughable*.
 FAGE, *tale, jest*
 BEYNDE, *beyond*
 GROFFYNGELYE, *foolishly*,

COTTEYNGE, *cutting*.
 GYF, *if*.
 MEYNTE, *many*.

* Perhaps *waytes*.

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
 Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be
 untrue.

Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete ;
 Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe ;
 Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,
 In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
 Bottelettene woides, whychedroorie motene heare,
 Bee placed yn the same Adieu untylle anere.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

HALLIE, *holy*
 DROORIE, *strange perversion of words*
**droorie in its ancient signification*
stood for modesty

ANERE, *another* This word which
 occurs again Æ 15 is asserted by
 Tyrwhitt to be unauthorized

* This is an error of Chatterton

Schyr Jhone Webetown thar was slayne,
 And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
 Thai fand intull hys coffer



A lettyr that hym send a lady
That he luffyt *per drouery*
That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
In wer, as a good hatchiller
The awenturs castell off Dowglas
That to kep sa peralous was,
Than mycht he weill ask a lady
Hyr amours and hyr *drouery*

The Bruce B 8 488.

Mr Pinkerton adds *per drouery* is *not in a way of marriage* the term is old
French

LETTER

TO THE

Dygne MASTRE CANYNGE.

Straunge dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,
 Nete butte a baie iecytalle can hav place ;
 Nowe shapelie poesie hast loste ytts powers,
 And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace ,
 Heie pyckeup wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers.
 And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace ,
 Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regiate,
 Whylste prose, and herehaughtrie, ryse yn estate

DYGNE, *worthy.*NETE, *nought.*PYNANT, *languid, insipid*HEIE, *they*WOLSOME, *noxious, loathsome.*REGRATE, *esteem.*HEREHAUGHTRIE, *heraldry.*

Lette kynges, and ruleis, whan here gayne a thione,
 Shew whatt theyre grandsieres, and great grandsieres
 bore,

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
 Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before ;
 Lette trades, and tounefolck, lett syke thynges alone,
 Ne fyghte for sable yn a fiede of aure ;
 Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
 Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe †hede.

A man ascaunse uponn a piece maye looke,
 And shake hys* hedde to styrrre hys rede aboute ;
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oeie thys booke,
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trowth ys left wythoute ,

EMARSHALLED, *blazoned*
 SYKE, *such*
 AURE, *or, in heraldry*
 NILLYNGE, *urging*

MYCKLE, *much*
 ASCAUNSE, *obliquely.*
 REDE, *wisdom*
 ASKAUNTED, *glanced*

† Probably *nede*

Sidrophel in Hudibras

Who having three times shook his head
 To stir his wit up, thus he said

Eke, gyf ynto a vew percase I tooke
 The longe beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
 Asserius, Ingolphus, Toigotte, Bedde,
 Thorow hem al nete lyche ytte I coude rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes, gyff I saie, onwise
 Yee aie to stycke so close and bysmarelie
 To hystorie, you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
 Whyche amenused thoughtes of poesie ;
 Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte alyse,
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie ;
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged hoise,
 You onn a rouncey dyve ynn dolefull course.

Canyng and I from common couise dyssente ;
 Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene ;

EKE, *also*
 GIF, *if*
 PERCASE, *perchance*.
 HEM, *them*
 GRAIEBARBES, *greybeards*
 BYSMARELIE, *curiously*

AMENUSED, *lessened*
 DRYBBLETTE, *small*.
 YATTE, *that*
 ALYSE, *allow*
 ROUNCY, *cart horse*.
 YEV, *give*.

Ne wylle betweene crased molterynge bookes bepente,
 Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes sheene ;
 And where wee kenn somme ishad flouies besprente,
 We take ytte, and from ould rouse doe ytte clene ,
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
 Botte sometymes soare 'bove trowth of hystorie.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was veaise yn daies of yorie ?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie bewyien,
 Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,
 A keppened poyntelle restynge at eche lyne.
 Veaise maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
 An onlist lecturn, and a songe adygne ;
 Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.



CRASED, *broken*

MOLTRYNGE, *musty, moldering,*

ISHAD, *broken*

BESPRENTE, *scattered*

FETYVELIE, *elegantly.*

BEWRYEN, *declared, expressed, dis-*
played.

KEPPENED, *studied*

POYNTELLE, *a pen, used metaphorically,*
as a muse or genius.

ONLIST, *boundless.*

LECTURN, *subject*

ADYGNE, *nervous, worthy of praise*

The thyng ytte moste bee yttes owne defense ;
Som metie maie notte please a womannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense ;
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu ' I do you greete from hence ;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere ;
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
Hee wysche you healthe and selinesse for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.



WORDIE, *worthy*.
WYSCHÉ, *wishes*.

|| SELINESSE, *happiness*

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

Somme cheisaunei tys to gentle mynde,
 Whan here have chevyced theye londe from bayne,
 Whan theie ai dedd, there leave yer name behynde,
 And theye goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne,
 Downe yn the giave wee ynhyne everych steyne,
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve baubels geasonne to be seene

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys castell stede,
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptie swaie,
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
 Then scel'd hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
 Wee 1owze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
 To saie what he, as clergiyond, canne kenne,
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

CHEYSAUNEI, *comfort*
 CHEVYCED, *preserved, redeemed*
 BAYNE, *ruin*
 YNHYME, *inter, inhum*
 STEYNE, *fault, stain, blot*
 HER, *their*

FETYVE, *neat, comely*
 BAUBELS, *jewels*
 GEASONNE, *rare*
 THYS CASTELL, *Bristol Castle*
 SEFL'D, *closed*
 CLERGYOND, *taught*

ÆLLA.

PERSONNES REPRESENTED

ÆLLA, bie THOMAS ROWLEIE, Preeste, the Aucthoure.

CELMONDE, JOHAN ISCAMM, Preeste

HURRA, SYRR THYBBOTTE GORGES, Knyghte

BIRTHA, Mastre EDWARDE CANYNGE

Odherr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE

Before yonne roddie sonne has dloove hys wayne
 Throwe half his joornie, dyghte yn gites of goulde,
 Mee, happeless me, hee wyll a wietche behoulde,
 Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne mys-
 chaunces chayne.

Ah ! Butha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre ?

DYCHTE, sloathed.

|| GITES, robes, mantles

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene?¹
 Whie ait thou nott as coarse as odhers are ?—
 Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage
 sheene,
 Yatt shemres on thie comelie semlykeene,
 Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
 made redde,
 Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnenn clothe ywreene,
 Syke would thie spryte upponn thie vysage spreedde.
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and harte
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys
 moste parte.

POYNTELLE, *a pen.*
 BEWREENE, *express.*
 SDEMRES, *shines*
 SEMLYKEENE, *countenance.*

WAYLDE, *chosen*
 YWREENE, *covered.*
 SYKE *such.*

¹ Is she not more than painting can express ?

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere '
 Ytte cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.
 Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the
 beere,
 And hymm, heir, and myselfe, attenes wyll slea
 Assyst mee Helle ' lette Devylls ounde mee tende,
 To slea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie
 fiende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA

ÆLLA

Notte, whanne the hallie pïeste dyd make me
 knyghte,
 Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
 Howe bie mie honde the pïevyd Dane shoulde blede,
 Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne ynn
 fyghte ,

ANERE, *another.*

ATTENES, *at once.*

DOUGHTIE, *mighty valiant.*

|| HALLIE, *holy*
 || PREVYD, *hardy, valourous, proved.*

Notte, whann I fyiste behelde thie beauteous hue,
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed my softer
 soule ;
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd
 viewe
 The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made giete dole,
 Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,
 Whann hallie pieest, the lechemanne of the soule,
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede vowe :
 Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys giate ,
 Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

BIRTHA

Mie lorde, and husbande, syke a joie is myne :

BARBED, *armed*
 DOLE, *lamentation*
 REDDOURE, *violence*
 LECHMANNE, *physician*
 CAYTYSNEDE, *binding, enforcing*

|| HAPPY, *happy*
 || SELYNESSE, *happiness*
 SHAP, *fate*
 EMMATTE, *lessen, decrease.*
 || SYKE, *sua*

Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynne myne eyne,
 Or ynn myne haite, where thou shalte be for aie,
 Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie,
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin yblente,
 As mane tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
 And on the grasse hei lemes of sylven sente,
 Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,
 Enactyng ynn the same moste faifullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,
 Whanne deysde bie theselse, for wante of pheeres,
 Awhylst thie menyemen dydde laughe and jeaste,
 Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares



MEDED, *recompensed*
 FAIE, *faith, constancy*
 YBLENTE, *blinded*
 LEMES, *lights, rays*
 CHEESE, *chuse*

|| SWOTE, *sweetheart, bride*
 ENACTYNGE, *acting*
 DEYSDE, *seated under a canopy*
 PHEERES, *fellows, equal*

Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondied feeies,
 Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,
 And offrendes made mee, moethannyie compheeries,
 Offe scarpes of scalette, and fyne paramente,
 All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,
 I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttle kyndnesses whych I dydd doe,
 Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
 Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe;
 Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate.

WARDEST, *watche,**

GYFF, *if*

ALEST, *least.*

DAYGNOUS, *disdainful*

OFFRENDES, *presents, offering*

COMPHEERES, *equals, companions*

SCARPES, *scarfs*

PARAMENTE, *robes of scarlet*

LYSSFD, *bounded, confined*

STREVE, *strive,*

AMEDED, *rewarded.*

CORVEN, *represent, carve.*

BAWSYN, *large.*

OLYPHAUNTES, *elephants.*

AMATE, *destroy.*

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate,
 Pyghte thee from Hell, or brought Heaven down
 to thee,

Layde the whol wolde a falldstole atte thie feete,
 On smyle would be suffycyll mede foi mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, and canne never paie,
 Bott be hys borrowe styлле, and thyne, mie swete, for
 aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your ahevments soe smalle ;
 As I to you, syke love untoe mee beaie ;
 For nothyng paste will Butha ever call,
 Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere
 As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle speie,
 Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you ,

STRAUGHTE, *stretch'd*
 PYGHTE, *plucked*
 FALLDSTOLE, *kneeling stool*

SUFFYCYLL, *sufficient*
 MEDE, *reward*
 ACHEVMENTS, *services*

Be notte toe slack yn love, ne overdeare;
 A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves moie true.

ÆLLA.

This gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne
 To beemoe cleigionde thann ysynn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,
 MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE

Alle blessynges showie on gentle Ælla's hedde,
 Oft maie the moone, yn sylver sheenyng lyghte,
 Inne varied chaunges varied blessynges shedde,
 Besprengenyng far abiode mischaunces nyghte,
 And thou, fayre Birtha' thou, fayre Dame, so
 bryghte,

VOLUNDE, *memory, understanding*
 KENNE, *make known*
 CLERGIONDE, *learned*

BESPRENGEYNGE, *scattering, dispersing*

Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace,
 Wythe selynesse as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
 Wytheverych chaungynge mone newjoies encrease!
 I, as a token of mie love to speake,
 Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre
 brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale soe
 stronge,
 Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe¹

Mynstrelles Songe bie a Manne and Womanne.

SELYNESSE, *happiness.*
 DYGHTE, *cloathed.*

|| JUBBES, *jugs.*
 || TYDE, *bryde or happye.*

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsteri swayne ;
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
 From the floures of yellowe hue ;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre I wylle go,
 Softlie typpynge o'ere the mees,
 Lyche the sylvei-footed doe,
 Seekeynge shelteir yn giene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss-giowne daisey'd banke,
 Pereynge ynne the stieme belowe ;
 Heie we'llc sytte, yn dewie danke,
 Toune thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

SHEPSTERR, *shepherd*
 BESTOIKERRE, *deceiver*.
 MEES, *meadows*

|| PERFYNGE, *appearing*.
 || DANKI, *damp, moisture*

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie giandame saie,
 Yonge damoysselles schulde ne bee,
 Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
 Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
 Howe the ouzle chauntes hys noate,
 The chelandree, gieie moin laike,
 Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate ;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
 Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,
 Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
 Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

ERSTE, *formerly*
 DAMOYSELLES, *damsels.*
 SWOTIE, *pleasant*
 OUZLE, *the blackbird.*

|| CHELANDREE, *goldfinch.*
 || BLATAUNTIE, *loudly.*
 || LECTURNYES, *lectures.*

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so giene
 Pied daisies, kyng-coppes swote;
 Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
 Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche.
 Oute uponne ye ' lette me goe.
 Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.
 Robynne, thys youie dame shall knowe.

MANNE

See ' the crokyng bionie
 Rounde the popler twyste hys spiaie;

MEES, *meadows*
 GRATCHE, *apparel*
 SWYTH, *quickly*

|| ALATCHE, *accuse, cry out*
 || CROCKYNGE, *crooked, twisting.*

Unauthorized.

Rounde the oake the greene iwie
Flouryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Droorned cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe:

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;e;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge;
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

FLORRYSCHETHE, *flourishes*.
COYEN, *coy*.
DROORNED, *modest*.

|| YWRYNDE, *separated*.
|| LEMANNE, *mistress*.

MANNE

Bie oure ladie hei yboine,
 To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
 I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
 So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
 Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,
 Unto divinistre goe,
 And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne ;
 Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

YBORNE, son
 ATTENES, at once

|| DIVINISTRE, a d. v. n. r.

BOTHE

Wee wylle ynn a boidelle lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve,
 Wee ynn goodnesse wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie foi yer syngayne nowe;
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges
 telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille
 synge,

BORDELLE, *a cottage.*
 HAILIE, *happy.*

|| TPOVE, *think*
 LAVFDE, *lord*

As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the stryngē,
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;

CHOUGHE-VOYCES, *hoarse, as raven*
voices

SWOTELIE, *sweetly.*

STRET, *stretch.*

ENGYNE, *rack.*

BODDYNGE, *budding.*

BLOSHES, *blush.*

MEES, *meadows*

SPRENGED, *sprinkled.*

Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
 The nesh yonge coveslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
 The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne
 ys broughte.

Theevenynge commes, and biynges the dewealonge;
 The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
 Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;
 Yonge ivie rounde the dooie poste do entwyne;
 I laie mee onn the giasse; yette, to mie wylle,
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, theie lackethe somethynge
 style.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;

DYGHTE, *cloathed.*
 NESH, *tender.*
 ENLEFED, *full of leaves.*
 STRAUGHTE, *stretched.*
 WHESTLYNGE, *whistling.*

|| DYNNE, *sound*
 || RODDIE, *red*
 || WELKYNNE, *sky*
 || ALESTAKE, *maypole.*
 || THOUGHTENNE, *thought.*

Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes ;
 As Instiumentes of joie were made the kynde.
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thic aimes, and see
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for
 thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-biente doe
 appere,
 Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleyng
 lefe,
 Bryngeynge oppe Wynter to folfylle the yeie,
 Beerynge uponne hys backe the iced shefe ;
 Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte ;
 Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far
 the syghte,

AILEYNE, *alone*
 BROWNE, *brown*.
 BLAKE, *bleak, naked*
 SONNE-BRENTE, *sun-burnt*.

|| GUYLTERYNGE, *gilding*.
 || FOLFYLL, *fill up, fulfill*
 || LEVYNNE FYRES, *flashes of lightning*.
 || LEMES, *meteors*.

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
 Do bende the tree unto the fructyle ground ;
 When joicie peres, and bernies of blacke dic,
 Doe daunce yn ayie, and call the eyne aounde ;
 Thann, bee the even foule, oi even fayie,
 Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme
 care.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidhei kynde ;
 Angelles alleynes fromme chafe desyre bee free ;
 Dheere ys a somewhatte evere yn the mynde,
 Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee,
 Neseyncteyncelles, botte, havyngeblodde and tere,
 Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne
 fayre :

RUDDE, *red*
 FRUCTYLE, *fertile*.
 JOICIE, *juicy*.
 PERES, *pears*
 STEYNCED, *stained, alloyed*.

WROGTE, *formed*.
 ALLEYNE, *alone*
 CHAFE, *hot*
 DHEERE, *there*
 TERE, *health*.

Eche mornynge I yse, doe I sette mie maydennes,
 Somme to spynn, somme to cuidell, somme bleach-
 ynge,
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Thann swythyne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Loide Waltenne, mie fadie, he loved me welle,
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge,
 Botte schulde I agen goe to menie Cloud-dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shée sayde, and loide Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
 Shée putte uppe hei knittynge, and to hym wente shée,
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelic embiacynge

Æ L L A

I lyche eke thys, goe ynn untoe the feaste;
 Wee wylle peimytte you antecedente bee;

CURDEIL, *card*
 AIDENS, *assistance*
 SWYTHYNNE, *immediately*
 FADRE, *father*

|| SOTHEN, *truth*
 || REDEYNGE, *wisdom, deliberation.*
 || DERKYNNES, *young deer*
 || ANTECEDENTE, *to go before.*

There swoteliesynge eche carolle, and yaped jeaste;
 And there ys monnie, that you menie bee,
 Comme, gentle love, wee wylle to espouse-feastegoe,
 And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted every ch
 woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste
 .Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
 Magnus and Hunn, wythe a doughtie hoaste,
 Are ragynge, to be quansed bie none botte thee,
 Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee
 This dogges alleyn can tame this ragynge bulie
 Haste swythyn, fore aniegh the towne there bee,
 And Wedecesteres rolle of dome bee fulle

CAROLIE, *song*
 YAPED, *laughable*
 DREYNCTED, *drowned*
 SCOLLES, *choals*
 DOUGHTIE, *valiant*.

QUANSED, *stilled, quenched*
 LEVYNNE, *lightning*
 ROYNERS, *ruiners, ravagers*
 FORE, *before*
 ANIEGHE, *near*.

Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the bykei fle,
 Foi yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie
 die.

ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes ! I moste be gon,
 'Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne !
 Thos from dysportysmente to war to ron,
 To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne !

BIRTHA.

O ! lyche a nedeie, lette me ounde thee twyne,
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Butha ryne,
 Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarie.

BYKE, *battle*
 DYSPORTYSMENTE, *enjoyment*
 SELKE, *silk*
 GABERDYNE, *military cloak.*
 NEDERE, *adder.*

|| HYLTE, *hide.*
 || RYNE, *run*
 || SLUGHORNES, *warlike instruments of*
 music.

ÆLLA

O love, was thys thine joie, to shewe the treate,
Then gioffyshe to forbydde thine hongered gwestes to
eate ?

O mie upswalynge harte, what wordes can saie
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente ?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,
O ! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yoi favouies sente
As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne ?
Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
And for a bodykyn* a swarthe obteyne ?

GROFFYSHE, *rudely, s'ernly*
UPSWALYNGE, *swelling*
YBRENTTE, *burnt up*
ENTENDEMENTE, *comprehension*

|| DENTED, *joined*
BODYKYN, *body, substance*
SWARTHE, *ghost, or shadow*

This diminutive never was used as a mere synonyme of its original word
Dean Milles adduces *God's bodikins* This oath cannot be received in
evidence

O ' whie, yee seynctes, oppriess yee thos mie sowle ?
 How shalle I speke mie woe, mie fieme, mie dieene
 dole ?

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
 Reasonne and counynge wytte ofte flees awaie.
 Thanne, loveide lette me saie, wyth hommaged
 diede,
 (Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie ;
 Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen laie,
 The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth fote.
 Mie loveide, lett the speere-menn, dyghte for fiaie.
 And all the sabbataners goe aboute
 I speke, mie loveide, alleyne to upryse
 Youie wytte from maiuelle, and the wainour to alyse.

FREME, *strange*
 DOLE, *sorrow*
 REDE, *council, advise.*
 EFTE, *often*
 LOVERDE, *lord*
 YLAYN, *prostrate, lying*
 LETHLEN, *still dead.*

HONDE-POYNCTE, *moment.*
 DYGHTLE, *prepared,*
 FRAIE, *battle*
 SABBATANERS, *booted soldiers,*
 ALLEYN, *only*
 ALYSE, *set free.*

ÆLLA.

Ah ! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte ;
 Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see heiselle ;
 I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie paite,
 To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.
 Botte howe canne tynge mie rampyngge fouie telle,
 Whyche 1yseth from mie love to Birtha fayre ?
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
 Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke ageare.
 Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and iouze mie spryte
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie
 fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde .
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne ;

TAKELLS, *arrows, darts.*
 SOULGHE, *soul*
 FELLE, *pernicious*
 TYNGE, *tongue.*
 FOURIE, *fury.*

QUEEDE, *devil*
 IMPLEASAUNCE, *unpleasantness*
 AGEARE, *appearance, dress.*
 RENNOME, *renown.*

I, lyche a nedere, wylle untoe thee byde,
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us
 twayne

I have mie parte of drienne dole and peyne,
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtied eyne;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthynges spyte wyll
 diayne,

Gyff dierie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.

Goe notte, O Ælla, wythe thie Butha staie,
 For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele,
 Yett I muste bee mieselfe, with valoures gear

NEDRE, *adder*
 TYDE, *betide*
 DRIENNE, *grievous*.
 DOLE, *sorrow*

BRASTETH, *bursteth*.
 HOITRED, *hidden*
 SWARTHYNGE, *dying*
 SEMMLYKEED, *countenance*

I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn
stele,
And shake the bloddie sweide and steyned speie

BIRTHA

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys BIRTHA teare ?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte ?
Entykeynge wyght ' ys leathall waire so deaire ?
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the eithe
Hong pendaunte bie thy sweide, and craved for thy
moithe

ÆLLA.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as staires
ybiente,

NOTTE, *cloath, prepare, fasten*
ROU, *horrid, disgusting*
UGSOMME, *terrible*
ENTRYKEYNGE, *deceitful*
WYGHTE, *man*

LEATHALL, *deadly*
PENDAUNTE, *depending*
MORTHE, *death*
YERFENTE, *burning*

Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
 Thou woulde stiyve to gyve mie harte contente,
 Waking mie slepyng mynde to honnoues calle
 Of sclynesse I pryze thee moe yan all
 Heaven can mee sende, or counyng wytt acqyre,
 Ytte I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
 Retounyng to thie eyne with double fyre

BIRTHA,

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd ⁊
 Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde ⁊
 Doe staie, att leaste tyll monowes sonne appers.

ÆLLA

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares ;

SELYNESS, *happiness.*
 BOON, *a favor*
 ATTENES, *at once*

|| MYTTEE, *mighty*
 || WURCHETHE, *worketh*
 || BANE, *calamity, damage*

Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha, look attouie
 Thie bledeynge countie, whych for hastie dede
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
 To ioyn yttes ioyners, make yttes foemenne blede.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love ; false and entrykyng wyghte !
 Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command
 Under the sygnette of oure lord the kyng.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande ?
 Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng !

ATTOURE, *around.*
 RODEYNGE, *command.*
 DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*
 ROYNERS, *ravagers.*

ENTRYKING WYGHT, *deceitful man.*
 SYGNETTE, *seal*
 RECREANDE, *coward.*

Heere, Birtha, thou has pottle a double styng.
 One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA

Agylted Ælla, thie abedyng blyng
 'Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywlynde
 Yette heare me supplicate, to mee attende,
 Hea! from me groted haite the lover and the
 friende.
 Lett Celmonde yn thie amour-brace be dyghte;
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe,
 Thie name alleyn wylle putte the Danes to flighte,
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the
 foe.

ÆLLA

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe;

AGYITED, *offended*
 ABRELYNGE, *upbraiding*
 BLYNGE, *cease*
 YWRYNDE, *disclosed*

GROTED, *swollen*.
 ARMOUR-BRACE, *suit of armour*
 DYGHTE, *cloathed*.
 DOE, *make*

I moste, I wyll, fyghte for mie countries wele,
 And leave thee for ytt Celmonde, swestlie goe,
 Telle mie By stowans to [be] dyghte yn stele,
 Tell hem I scone to lenne hem from afai,
 Botte leave the vyigyn bydall bedde for bedde of
 waile

ÆLLA, BIRTHA,

BIRTHA

And thou wilt goe: O mie *agroted haite!

ÆLLA

Mie countrie waites mie marche, I muste awaie,
 Albeytte I schulde go to mete the darte
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte staire

WELE, *welfare*

|| AGROTED, *swollen*

* Qy Sick quasi ægroted or agreated.

Botte thos to leave thee, Butha, dothe asswaie |
 Moe torturyng peynes yanne canne be sedde bie
 tyngue.

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
 Whan ounde aboute mee songe of waie heie
 synge.

O Butha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,
 And joyous see mie aimes, dyghte oute ynn warie
 ariai.

BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle stiev
 To keepe mie woe behyltten yn mie breaste
 Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,
 Lyche thee, I'lle stiev to sette mie mynde atte
 reste.

ASSWAIE, *assay*
 TYNGUE, *tongue*.
 HEIE, *they*
 STREV, *strive*.
 AGREEME, *torture*.

ACCAIE, *aswage*.
 DIFFICILE, *difficult*.
 BEHYLTREN, *hid*
 YEV, *give*.

† Unknown and unintelligible.

Yett oh ' forgeve, yff I have thee dystieste ;
 Love, doughtie love, wylle beaie no odhe swaie.
 Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
 Shappe* fouldie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.
 It was a tene too doughtie to be boine,
 Wydhout an ounde of teares and breaste wythe syghes
 ytorne

ÆLLA.

This mynde ys now thieselfe, why wylte thou bee
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wietched Ælla see,
 Whatte wondrous bighes he nowe muste leave
 behynde ?
 O Buthafayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende

SHAPPE, *fate.*
 TENE, *pain or torment*
 OUNDE, *flood*
 YTORNE, *rent.*

|| BLANCHE, *fair*
 || BIGHES, *jewels*
 || WARDE, *watch*
 || EVERYCH, *every*

On my longe shielde ycorne this name thoul t fynde
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte
 and fiende

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking*

This Bystowe knyghtes for this forth-comynge lynge
 Echone athwaite hys backe hys longe waite-shield
 dothe slynge

ÆLLA

Butha, adieu, 'but yette I cannotte goe

BIRTHA

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie.
 Engyne mee notte wyth syke a dierie woe

YCORNE, *engraved*
 WORDIE, *worthy*

|| LYNGE, *stay*
 || ENGYNE, *toriture*

ÆLLA

I muste, I wylle , tys honnoue cals awaie

BIRTHA

O mie agioted haite, braste, braste ynn twaie
Ælla, for honnoue, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA

Birtha, adieu , I maie notte here obaie
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loveide, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alas ! percase he's gone for aie

AGROTED, *swelling*
BRASTE, *burst*
TWAIE, *twain*.

|| OBAIE, *wait*.
|| LOVERDE, *lord*
|| PERCASE, *perhaps*.

CELMONDE

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thio' the skie,
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
 Whyche faire abiode ynne gentle aye doe flie,
 Meetyng from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
 Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte
 Hecket ynne amyste, and wyth thyn eyne yblente,
 Nowe comcest thou to mee wythe starnie lyghte;
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente;
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
 Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponne thie wyde
 aumere.

HAILIE, *holy*

SUSTER, *sister*

ENJOYOUS, *emaptured, joyful.*

AI BEYTTE, *although*

HECKET, *wrapped closely, covered*

YBIENTE, *blinded*

ADINTL, *fastened*

DIPYCTE, *painted*

AUMLRE, *robe or girdle.*

AUMERE

The word does not occur in any of our ancient poets, except in Chaucer's

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
 Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie ;
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbiuche awed,
 Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fiaie
 Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker stae.

NETE, *night*

HOPLEN, *hopelessness*

ADAWED, *awakened*

AWHAPEd, *astonished*

FETYVENESS, *agreeableness*

NETE, *nought*

MYNDERUCHT, *emulation*

BYKER, *contest, battle*

Romaunt of the Rose v 2271

Weare streighte gloves with *aumere*
 Of silk

The French original stands thus

De g uns et de bourse de sove,
 Et de sancture te cointoye.

Skinner, who probably did not think of consulting the original, supposes *aumere* to be something belonging to *gloves*, and so at a venture expounded it *fimbria, instita, a fringe or border*. It seemed, and still seems most probable to me, that *aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *bourse de soye*, and consequently that *aumere* was sometimes equivalent to a purse. But the Dean, if I understand him rightly, differs from us both, and thinks that *aumere* is a translation of *samcture*, a girdle. "The *samcture*, or girdle, says he, has escaped the notice of the learned Editor, though, as a principal ornament in ancient dress, it was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, than the purse." Which was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, is

Dothe warie begynne ⁊ theris Colmonde yn the
place

Botte whanne the warie ys donne, I ll haste awaie



not the question, but which is mentioned, and if the girdle escaped the notice of Chaucer, I do not see that I was bound to take any notice of it. In short *aumere*, upon the face of this passage, must probably signify, either *something belonging to gloves*, or a *purse*, or a *girdle*, and I think I might safely trust the intelligent reader with the determination, in which of these three senses it is here used by Chaucer. But I have also referred to another passage of the same poem R. R. ver. 2087 in which he uses *aumener* in this same sense of a purse.

Then from his *aumener* he drough
A little key feuse enough

The original is

Adonc de sa *bourse* il traict
Un petit clef bien fait

Where *aumener* is undoubtedly the translation of *bourse*. I must observe farther, that in what I take to be the most accurate and authentic edition of the French *Roman de la Rose*, (Paris 1727) these two lines are thus written, v. 2028

Lors a de l' *aumenerie* traicte
Une petite clef bien faicte

Which, I apprehend, adds no small strength to my conjecture, that both *aumener* and *aumere*, are derivatives from the French *aumenerie*. If so, it becomes still clearer, that the proper signification of *aumere* is a *purse*, a signification which will not suit any one of the passages, in which the word occurs in these Poems.

Thus, whist

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes
face.

I see onnombereð joies aounde mee ryse,
Blake stonde the future doome, and joie do the mee
alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothyng does thie myckle gastness feie.
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dyscypellest thie levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comfoite bie thie feie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the
ground,

NETHE, *beneath*
BLAKE, *naked*
ALYSE, *quit*
HANNE, *had*
HAILIE, *happy*.
BORDELYER, *peasant, cottager*
BESTANNE, *opposed, lost*
MYCKLE, *great*

GASTNESS, *terribleness*
DYSERPPELIEST, *scatterest*
LEVYNNE-BRONDE, *lightning*
SOULGH, *soul*
FORWYNED, *withered*
GARE, *cause*
SLEENE, *slain*
FERIE, *fiery*

Itte keiveth all abioade, bie brasteynge hyltrens
wounde.

Honnouie, whatt bee ytte² tys a shadowes shade,
A thyng of wychencief, an idle dreme,

On of the fonnis^{*} whych the clerche have made
Menne wyldhoute spytes, and wommen for to
fleme;

Knyghtes, who ofte kenne the loude dynne of the
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeebllynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayse

O thou, whatteer thine name,

Oi Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie sable spyte,
For fiemde and doletulle dede

KERVETH, *cutteth, layeth waste*
BRASTEYNGE, *bursting*
HYLTREN, *hidden*
WYCHENCREF, *witchcraft*
FONNIS, *devices*
CIERCHE, *church.*
FLEME, *terrify*

BLMF, *trumpet*
FORGARDE, *lost*
ALYCHE, *like*
BREMPE, *furious*
ZABALUS, *the devil*
QUEED, *the devil*
FREMDE, *strange*

* A word of unknown origin

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,
wyth the ARMIE *neare* WATCHETTE

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrendes to the Goddes begynne,
 To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
 Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne,
 Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte

HIE PREESTE *syngeth*.

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
 Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre.
 Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
 'The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,

SWYTHE, *quickly*
 OFFRENDES, *offerings*
 PAVIES, *daggers*
 HALLIE, *holy*

MOKIE, *murky, gloomy*
 AGGUYLTE, *offended*
 GYTTELLES, *mantels*

Mooved the staries, and dyd unbynde
 Everyche bannere to the wynde ,
 Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste
 Stroven to be overest,
 Sockeynge yn the spyie-gyte towne,
 Swolterynge wole natyones downe,
 Sendynge dethe, on plagues astraddle
 Moovynge lyke the erthys Godde .
 To mee send your heste dyvyne,
 Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,
 Thatt I maie now undevyse
 All the actyonnes of th'emppiize.

falleth downe and este ryseth

Thus sayethe the'Goddcs , goe, yssue to the playne
 For there shall meynte of mytte menne bec slayne

BARRIERE, *boundary*
 OUNDYNGE, *foaming, undulating*
 STORVEN, *strove*
 OVEREST, *uppermost*
 SOCKEYNGE, *sucking*
 SWOLTERYNGE, *overwhelming.*
 ASTRODDE, *astride.*

ERTHYS, *earth's*
 HESTI, *command*
 EIETTEN, *enlightning*
 UNDEVYSE, *explain*
 EMPPRYSE, *understanding*
 EFTE, *afterwards*
 MYTTE, *mighty*

MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there euer was, whanne Magnusfoughte
 Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
 Athorowe sweides, alyche the Quecd dystraughte,
 Have Magnuspressyngewioghte hys foemen loaste,
 As whanne a tempeste vexethe soaie the coaste,
 The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,
 So dyd I inne the waire the javlynne toste,
 Full meynthe a champyones breaste received mie
 speai

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gionfer droke,
 Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke

HURRA.

'The wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and eeke

I TREYNTE, *scatterea*
 NOYANCE, *destruction*
 ATHOROWE, *through*
 QUEED, *the devil*
 DYSTRAYGTE, *distracted*
 LOASTE, *loss*
 DYNGEYNGE, *noisy, sounding.*
 OUNDE, *wave*

TOSTE, *toss*
 MLYNTE, *many*
 MORIE, *marshy*
 GRONFER, *fen fire, or meteor*
 DROKE, *dry.*
 I ETHALIE, *deadly*
 LEVYN MYLTED, *meted with lightning.*
 EEKE, *amplification, or boast.*

Lyche thondeire, to the whych dothe comme no
rayne

Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke ,
The cocke saiethe drefte, ytt aimed ys he alleyn
Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth tiadden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle
myghte.

Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage
stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a waiioure, Huira, thatte I kenne
And myckle famed for thie handie dede
Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne mennic,
Nor aie thou makest aimed haites to blede

DOUGHTIE, *valiant*
DREFTE, *least, rather vauntingly*
ADVENTAYLE, *beaver.*

|| HEAULMES, *helmets.*
|| SYTHENCE, *since*
|| ANENTE, *against.*

Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee scene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
 Wythe coises I investynge everych mede,
 And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn foi mie renome,
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie
 dome.

HURRA.

How ' butte bee boune mie rage I kenne alyghte
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte ,
 Thanne to the souldyeis all thou wylte bewreene
 I'll prove mie couiage onne the builed greene;
 Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee

EFTE, *often.*

INVESTYNGE, *cloathing.*

ASTON, *astonished*

RENAME, *renown.*

REYNE, *run.*

HOME, *fate*

BOURNE, *confined, stopped*

WORDHYE, *worthy*

PEENE, *punishment*

BEWREENE, *declared, exposed*

BURLED, *armed*

Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee
 Thys mie adented shelde, thys mie wane speare
 Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Huma's harte can
 feare

MAGNUS

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spyte
 Dothe soe eniage, he knowes notte whatte to saie
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd
 wryte,
 And on thie heafod peynete hys myghte for aie
 Gyf thou anent an wolffynnes iage wouldest staie
 'Tys here to meet ytt, botte gyff nott, bec goe,
 Lest I in furrie shulde mie aimes dysplaie,
 Whych to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe

SPHERE, *spear*
 ADEENE, *worthy*
 ADENTED, *bruised, battered*
 GOTTES, *drops.*
 HEAFOD, *head.*

PEYNCTE, *paint*
 ANENT, *against*
 WOLFFYNNES, *wolf's,*
 FURRIE, *fury*
 WURCHE, *work*

Oh' I bee madde. dysstraughte wyth brendyng
 rage,
 Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed haite
 asswage

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
 That doest aslee^{*} alonge ynn doled dystresse,
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn haite,
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse
 Whan Ælla (name diest uppe yn ugsomness
 To thee and iecreandes) thondered on the playne.
 Howe dydste thou thowowe fyyste of fleeis presse '
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reync

DYSTRAUGHTE, *distracted*
 RAGE, *burning*
 SMETHYNGE, *smoking*
 CHAFED, *enflamed*
 ASLEE, *slide, or creep*
 DOLED, *painful*
 STRYNGE, *strong*
 LYONCELLE, *lyon's cub.*

WYSCHÉ, *wish*
 UGSOMNESS, *terror*
 RECREANDES, *cowards*
 FLEERS, *fugitives.*
 FEDERED, *feathered*
 TAKELLE, *arrow*
 REYNE, *run*

* An unknown word

A ionnyngc pryze onn seyncte daie to oideyne,
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ionnyngc pryze
 wyllc gaync.

MAGNUS

Eternalle plagues deuou thie baned tyngue '
 Mynyades of nedels pie upponne thie spyte '
 Maicst thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge,
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
 Thie senses, lyche thicselke, enwiapped yn nyghte,
 A scoff to fomen and to beastes a pheere '
 Maie furched leuynne onne thie head alyghte,
 Maie on thee falle the fluyr of the unweere '
 Fen vaipous blaste thie eueriche manlie powere,
 Maie thie bante boddie quykke the wolsome peenes
 deuoue

RONNYNGE, *running*
 BANED, *cursed*
 TYNGUE, *tongue*
 NEDERS, *adders*.
 PRE, *prey*
 YYNGE, *young*
 UNEYNED, *blind*
 PHEERE, *companion, equal*.

FURCHEDD, *forked*
 LEVYNNE, *lightning*.
 FHUYR, *fury*
 UNWEERE, *storm*.
 BANTE, *cursed*
 WOLSOME, *loathsome*
 PEENES, *tortures*

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie
 tyngue
 Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns
 kynge,
 Wythe fhuine, as thou dydste begynne, peisue ;
 Calle onne mie heade all tortuies that be rou,
 Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie cuises fele
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge lewynne
 blewe,
 The thonder loude, the swellynge azuie iele
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde ;
 Baue on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of
 myckle pryde
 Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

FAYGNE, *willingly*
 WELLYNS, *heaven's*
 FHURIE, *fury*
 ROU, *rough, terrible.*

BANE, *curse*
 RELE, *wave*
 DYNNE, *sound*

Æ L L A ,

MAGNUS

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe helle ¹
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome ¹
I feeie noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle ²
Tys knowen, thatte yie menn beelyncked to myne
Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletie felle ,
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte ieule the Dacyanne
state,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysre-
gate.

HURRA

I pryze thie thicattes joste as I doe thie banes,
The sede of malyce and recendize al
Thou art a steyne unto the name of Danes ,
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue foi prooffe canst calle

UNLYDGEFULLE, *unloyal*.
SLETRE, *slaughter*.
YYNE, *thine*

DYSREGATE, *break connection with*.
BANES, *curses*
RECENDIZE, *cowardice*

Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
 I wythe thie bloude woulde scoine to foul mie
 swoide,
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
 Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a woide
 I Hurra amme miesel, and aie wyll bee,
 As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande as
 thee.

MAGNUS. HURRA, ARMYE, and MESSEN-
 GERE.

MESSENGERE.

'Blynne your contekions, chiefs, for, as I stode
 Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,

GROFFILE, *abject, grovelling*
 BLYNNE, *case*

|| CONTEKIONS, *contentions*

* These nine lines, and the speech of the second Messenger afterwards, are the
 blank verse, a metre first practised in England by Surrey

Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fiemded foe,
 Botte blacke wythe aimoure, movynge ugsomlie,
 Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
 To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thondei stoime.

MAGNUS

Ar there meynthe of them ?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,
 Seemyng as tho' there styng as peisante too

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte ? lettes sette oure wair-
 arraie

Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons prepare,

FREMDED, *frighted*.
 UGSOMLIE, *terribly*.
 HELE, *help*.

|| PERSANTE, *piercing*
 BEME, *trumpet*

Ne doubtynge, we wylle styngre as faste as heie.
 Whatte² doest foigard thie blodde² ys ytte for
 feare²

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and castle-stere,
 And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guaide²
 Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the leie,
 I of thie boddie wyll keepe watch and warde

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie haite ys goode.

HURRA

For nete uppon the eithe, botte to be choughens
 foode



FORGARD, *lose.*

CASTLE-STERE, *the hold of the castle*

BYKER, *battle*

ANNETHE, *underneath*

|| LERE, *leather, stuff*

|| NYTE, *nought*

|| CHOUGHENS, *ravens*

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE
MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mic towic I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shilde, and bloddie sweide,
The furyous Ælla's banner, wythynne kenne
The armie ys Dysordei throughe oure hoaste
Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name ;
Sty, sty, mie lordes !

MAGNUS.

What ? Ælla ? and soc neaie ?
Thenne Denmaiques roiend ; oh mie rysyngc feaie !

HURRA

What doeste thou mene ? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou ate a venie berne.

Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
 Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of aycton
 deine

Botte I toe wair mie doeynges moste attuine,
 To cheerie the Sabbataneres to deerie dede

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle burne,
 Telleynge 'hem alle to make hei foemen blede ;
 Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle bee,
 Mie harte I wylle upyse, and inne the battelle slea

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, and ARMIE
 near WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure vowes,

CREAND, *cowardly*
 MOCHE, *much*
 DFRNE, *terrible*
 ATTURNE, *turn*

SABBATANERES, *booted soldiers.*
 DEERE, *terrible*
 UPRYSE, *rouse up*
 MATTYNES, *morning devotion*

Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune ,
 And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
 Of certane masteischyppe upon hys glestreyng
 blowes.

As for mie haite, I owne ytte ys, as eie
 Itte has beene ynne the sommei-sheene of fate.
 Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of feie ,
 Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
 Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd state.
 Impatyente for to mete the persante stele,
 And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
 As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale
 Friends, kynne, and soldyenes, ynne blacke armour
 diere,
 Mie actyons mytate, mie presente redyng here.



BOUNE, *ready*
 MASTERSCHYPPE, *victory*
 GLESTREYNGE, *glittering*
 UGSOMME, *hideous*
 GRATCHE, *garb, dress.*

EMBOILEN, *swelling*
 PERSANTE, *piercing.*
 DRERE, *terrible*
 REDYNGE, *advice*

There ys ne house, athow thys shap-scurged isle,
 Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has sorfected the hongerde soyle,
 And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.
 Inne gyte of fyie oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
 Oure sonnes lie storven ynne theyre smethynge goie;
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.
 Yee menne, gyf ye aie menne, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende yer tiopes, alyche the roarynge tempest
 flame.

Ye Chystyans, doe as wordhie of the name ;
 These roynenes of our hallie houses slea ;
 Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the
 flame,

SHAP-SCURGED, *fate-scourged*
 SORFECTED, *surfected, cloyed*
 ENLOWED, *flamed, fired*.
 LEMED, *lighted*
 GYTE, *dress*
 HALLIE, *holy*.
 DYGHTE^s, *cloathes*.

STORVEN, *dead*
 SMETHYNGE, *smoking*
 PYGHTE^s, *pluck*
 YBRENDE, *burn*.
 ROYNERRES, *ravagers*.
 BRASTE, *burst*.

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines.
bee.

And whanne alonge the giene yer champyons flee,
Swefte as the iode for-weltyng leyn-bionde.
Yatte hauntes the flyng morthew oere the lea,
Soe fle oponne these roynes of the londe
Lette those yatte aie unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feene lowyng bedde

Let cowarde Londonne see herie towne on fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla and Bystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher,
Wee fyghte notte for ourselves, botte all the londe
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynyng streme,
Wythe dreene dynn enswolters the hyghe stronde,

FOR WELTRYNGE, *blasting*
LEVYN-BRONDE, *flash of lightning.*
YATTE, *that*
BATTAYLES, *ships, boats*
ETERNE, *eternal*
FEERIE, *fiery*
LOWYNGE, *flaming*

STREV, *strive*
ROYNERS, *ruiners*
HYGER, *the bore of the Severn*
LYGHETHE, *lodgeth*
REYNNGE, *running*
DREERIE, *terrible*
ENSWOLTERS, *swallows, sucks in*

Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhuiye bieme,
 Soe wylle wee beerie the Dacyanne aimedowne,
 And thoughe a stoime of blodde wyl reache the
 champyon cowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gae,
 To Bystowe dheie wylle touine yeyie fhurie dyre;
 Bystowe, and alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayie,
 Biendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende fyie,
 Thenne lette oure safetie double moove oure ne,
 Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,
 See[ing] the lambe and shepster nere the biere,
 Doth th'one for safetie, th'one for hongie slea;
 Thanne, whanne the iavenne cokes uponne the
 playne,
 Oh ! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns
 slayne.

FHURYE, *fury*
 BREME, *fierce*
 LOEKE, *luck*
 GARE, *cause*

UNENHANTENDE, *unaccustomed*
 WOLFYNs, *wolves*
 PRE, *prey*
 SHEPSTER, *shepherd*

Lyche a 1odde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
 Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynnne fyghte,
 Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bec
 sleene

Lyche [a] loud dynnyngge sticeme scalle be mie
 myghte.

Yemenne, who woulde descryve the name of knyghte,
 Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte,
 To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywite,
 Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte.
 Youiselves, youre chyldien, and youie fellowes crie,
 Go, fyghte ynn rennomes gare, be biave, and wynne
 or die

I saie ne moe; youie spryte the 1este wylle saie,
 Youre spryte wylle wynne, thatte Brystow ys
 yer place,
 To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie,

GRONFER, *fen meteor.*
 ANLACE, *sword.*
 STRYNGE, *strong*
 LYONCELLE, *lion's whelp.*
 SLEENE, *slain*
 DYNNYNGE, *sounding*

SCALL, *shall*
 PAVES, *daggers*
 POYNTELLE, *pen*
 RENNOMES, *reputation*
 GAKE, *cause,*
 WRYNNE, *discover*

Inne youre owne hautes you maie the foote-pathe
trace.

'Twexte shappe and us there ys botte lyttelle space ;
The tyme ys nowe to proove youiselves be menne ;
Diawe foithe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve
giace,

Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne
Thus I enrone mie anlace, go thou shethe ;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe
deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn, we longe for bloddie fraie ;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;
Onn, Ælla onn ; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

'TWEKTE, *between*
SHAPPE, *fate*
BORNYSBED, *burnished*
FETYVE, *agreeable, comely.*

ENRONE, *unsheath*
ANLACE, *sword*
LEATHAL, *deadly*

CELMONDE.

This speche, O Loverde, fyiethe the whole trayne,
 Their pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe,
 Go, and sytte crowned on coises of the slayne ;
 Go, and ywielde the masse sweide of deathe.

SOLDYERRES

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reynes ,
 Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie fiendes, you noble spytes
 Speke yn youre cyne, and doe yet master telle
 Swefte as the rayne-stoime toe the erthe alyghtes,
 Soe wylle we fall upon these roynes felle.
 Ouie mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem downe
 to helle ,



Theyre throngynge coises shall onlyghte the starres;
 The barrowes biastyng wythe the sleene schall
 swelle,

Bynnyng to commynge tymes our famous warres,
 Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
 Sheenyng abroad, alyche a hylle-fyre ynn the
 nyghte

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,
 Echone wylle maiuelle atte the deime dede,
 Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne* seene the daie,

ONLYGHTE, *darken*
 BARROWES, *tombs*
 BRASTYNGE, *bursting*
 BRINNYNGE, *declaring*

LOWE, *flame*
 POYNTELES, *pens*
 DERNIE, *valiant*
 WYSSEN, *wish*

The CAPITAL BLUNDER which runs through all these Poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is *the termination of verbs in the singular number in n* *han* is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the *present* or *past* time SINGULAR of the verb *have*. But *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the *present* time plural and the infinitive mode

Tyrwhitt

In opposition to this conclusive remark ANONYMUS produced twelve passages of which only one is in the least to his purpose "Ich han bitten this wax"—an old rime of nobody knows whom. Mr Bryant and the Dean of Exeter have both failed in attempting to answer the objection

And biavelie holped to make the foemenn blede ,
 Botte for yer holpe our battelle wylle notte nede ,
 Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde ,
 Wee wylle 1etourne unto thys grened mede,
 Oer corsos of the foemen of the londe.

Nowe to the waire lette all the slughornes sounde,
 The Dacyanne troopes appeie on yinder rysynge
 grounde

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.



SLUGHORNES, *warlike instruments of* || YINDER, *gondr.*
music

DANES *flynge, neare* WATCHETTE

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes, Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;
The Saxonne come wythe Ælla atte theyre heade;
Lette's strev to gette awaie to ynder greene;
Flie, flie, thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes ! have thousandes bie mie anlace
bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie ?
See ! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade,
Yette I wylle synglie daie the bloddie fiaie

STREV, *strive*.
ANLACE, *sword*.

|| BESPRENGED, *scattered*

Botte ne ; I'lle flie, and moither yn ietiete ,
 Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle mark the goeynge
 of my feete.

THYRDE DANE

Enthoghteynge fou to scape the biondeyngc foe,
 As neie unto the byllowd beche I came,
 Fair offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,
 Oure spyynge battayles wriapte ynn sayles of flame.
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
 Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe ;
 The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
 There lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge* yield yea
 breathe,

NE, *no*

WORTHER, *murder*

SCALLE, *shall*

ENTHOGHTEYNGE, *thinking*

BONDEYNGE, *furious, inflamed*

SPRYNGE, *lofty*

BATTAYLES, *ships*

BURIED, *armed*

BOBBLYNCE, *the noise made by a mar
in drowning*

* Then plunged into the stream with deep despair,
 And her last sighs came bubbling up in air.

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, o1 yn the battle
 slayne

HURRA

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous
 knyghte,
 Bie cravente havyoure havethe don oure woe,
 Despendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote
 goe
 Sythence oure fourtunie havethe touned soe,
 Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,
 To somme newe place for safetie we wylle goe,
 Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe
 Sounde the loude slughoine for a quicke forloyme,
 Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner
 joyne.

DYSCOURTEOUS, *ungenerous*
 CRAVENTE *coward*
 HAVYOURE, *behaviour*
 DESPENDYNGE, *expending*.
 DRAFFS, *refuse*
 SYTHENCE, *since then*

FOURTUNIE, *fortune, or conflict*
 GADER, *collect*
 SHAPPE, *fall*.
 FORLOYNE, *retreat*
 SWYTHE, *quickly*

Throwe hamlettes wee wylle sprengē sadde dethe
 and dole,
 Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves there-
 ynne
 Goddes ! here the Saxonnēs lyche a byllowe 1olle
 I heere the anlaci detested dynne
 Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne ,
 Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
 agenne.



HAMLETTES, *villages*
 SPRENGE, *scatter*
 DOLE, *lamentation.*

|| WASCH, *wash*
 || ANLACE, *sword*
 || PENNE, *eminence*

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE

O foir a spryte al feere ¹ to telle the daie,
 The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyyngchaïtes to blede,
 Ybereynge thro the wolde oure rennomde name for
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynnhys roddie iobes byn dyghte,
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,
 *The howeis diewe awaie the geete of nyghte,

SCAL, *shall*
 ASTOUNDE, *astonish*
 RIDE, *wisdom*
 YBEREYNGE, *bearing*

RENOMDE, *renowned.*
 DYGHTe, *cloathed.*
 FYTTED, *flew*
 GFLEIE, *mantle*

* Heavens gates spontaneous open to the Powers,
 Heavens golden gates, kept by the winged Hours
 Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
 Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,
 Bar Heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away

Pope's Homer

Her sable tapistrie was iente yn twayne
 The dauncyngestreaks bedecked heaveanes playne,
 And on the dowe dyd smyle wythe shemynge eie,
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke aimouie
 steyne,
 Sheenyng upon the boine whyche stondeth bie,
 The souldyeis stood uponne the hillis syde,
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a foireste hyde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wythe buieres ;
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte,
 Hys eyne ensemeyng as a lowe of fyie ,
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous
 knyghte ,
 Itte moovethe hem, as hontenes lyoncelle ;
 In tiebled aimouie ys theyre courage dyghte ;
 Eche waiyng harte for prayse & rennome swelles :

SHEMYNGE, *glittering*
 GOTTES, *drops*
 BORNE, *burnish, rather hill*

ENIEFED, *in leaf*
 ENSEMEYNG, *appearing.*
 LOWE, *flame*

Lyche slowelie dynnyng of the croucheynge streme
 Syche dyd the moimryng sounde of the whol armie
 seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onnc to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to saie
 How Ælla loked, and loking dyd encheere,
 Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesome
 taie

To telle howe evene loke wuld banyshe feere,
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntell oi hys tyngue.
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-weie,
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and strynge,
 Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie waiuours hedde
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masteie arounde hym
 fledde.

The battelle jyned, swerdes uponne sweides dyd
 ryng ;

CROUCHEYNGE, *crooked, winding.*
 MORMRYNGE, *murmuring*
 POYNTELL, *pen*
 TYNGUE, *tongue*

|| HEAVEN-WERE, *towards heaven*
 || BRONDEOUS, *furious*
 || STRYNGE, *strong*

Ælla was chafed as lyonns madded bee ;
 Lyche fallyngestarres, hedydde the javlynn flynge ;
 Hys mightie anlance mightie menne dyd slea ;
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,
 Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
 Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
 Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne ;
 Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, my tynges ; saie nee ;
 Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee
 wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.
 Heere a stoute 'Dane uponne hys compheere felle ;
 Heere loide and hyndlette sonke uponne the playne,
 Heere sonne and fadie trembled ynto helle.
 Chief Magnus sought hys waie, and, shame to telle !
 Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte, botte Ælla's speere
 Uponne the flyyng Dacyannes schoulder felle,
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte taie,

FLEMED, *frighted*.
 DREE, *drive*
 BOWAES, *bodies*.

COMPHEERE, *companion*.
 HYNDLETTE, *peasant*.

He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes
sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danysh champyons
stonde,

Lyche bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous
myghte ys fledde ;

Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes
deadde.

After hys acte, the aimie all yspedde ,
Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnes flewe ;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes ; the foemenn
bledde ;

Fullle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe ;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, and lyche a
ravenne fledde.



GRIPPED, *grasped*.
YSPEDDE, *dispatched*

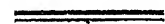
|| STRAUGHTE, *stretched*
DOUGHTIE, *valiant*.

The soldyeries followed wythe a myghtie cne,
 Ciyes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hautes
 affraie
 Swefte, as yci shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
 fle,
 Swefte as the rayne uponne an Apyllle daie,
 Pressyng behynde, che Englysche soldyeries slaie
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;
 Ælla commaundes 'here shoulde the sleetie staie,
 Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.
 The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
 Mic servant squyre '

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing hoise,
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the
 wynde.



SLEETRE, *slaughter*.

Whoe wylle outestreppe the moineynge lyghte yn
 course,
 Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
 Somme hyltten matteis doe mie presence fynde.
 Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
 Gyff ynne thys gaie thou doest mie order mynde,
 Whanne I ȳeturne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
 Flee, flee, be gon, an howeire ys a daie;
 Quicke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & bynge hymm
 heere — awaie !

CELMONDE. [*Solus.*]

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toun
 He waytethe, tulle hys woundes be bioghte to ethe.
 And shalle I from hys biowes plocke off the cioune,
 Makynge the vyctoie yn hys vyctoie blethe ?
 O no ! tulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
 Fulle soonere woulde I toirtued bee toe deathe;

GYTTelles, *mantle, cloathing*
 MERKE, *darkness,*
 HYLTTEN, *hidden.*
 GARE, *cause*

DYGHTE, *prepare*
 ETHE, *relief, easy*
 SMETHE, *smoke*

Botte—Biitha ys the pryze ; ahe ' ytte were ethe
 To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe ,
 Botte thanne rennome æterne — ytte ys botte ayre ;
 Bredde ynne the phantasie , and alleyn lyvyng there

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre
 To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe ,
 Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre ,
 And the same menes , as I scall nowe , pursue .
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe ,
 Were blodde , and morthier , masterie , and warre ;
 Thie I wyll holde to nowe , and hede ne moe
 A wounde yn rennome , yanne a boddie scarie .
 Nowe , Ælla , nowe Ime plantyng of a thoine ,
 Bie whyche thie peace , thie love , and glorie shalle be
 torne .

ETHE, *easy*.

GAYNE, *great, advantageous*

|| ÆTERNE, *eternal*

|| BATTENTLIE, *boldly, or violently*

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie ;
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere,
 Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynnesse destroie,
 Floddyng the face wythe woe, and brynie teare !

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
 Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied* reste.

PRECHE, *exhort, recommend*
 WEERE, *grief*

|| SELLYNESSE, *happiness.*
 || CHERISAUNIED, *comfortable*

* By an error of the press, Cherisaunei is printed in Kersey instead of Cherisaunce. Chatterton has copied the blunder in three places

Youre loverde from the battle wylle appere,
 Ynne honnouie, and a greater love, be dieste ;
 Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ,
 Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase youi wiere
 awaie

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O ! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge 1yve1 bec ,
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree



LOVERDE, *lord.*
 SWOTIE, *sweet,*

|| WIERE, *grief*
 || REYNYNGE, *running*

Blacke hys clyne as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the giave belowe ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quicke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
 Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O ' hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree :
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 AlHe underie the wyllowe tree.

Harke ' the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
 In the briered delle belowe ;
 Harke ' the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ,

CRYNE, *hair*
 RODE, *complexion.*
 CAIE, *cold.*

|| SWOTE, *sweet*
 || DEFTE, *neat*

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See ' the whyte moone shecnes onne hie ;
 Whyteie ys mie true loves shroude ,
 Whyteie yanne the moynynge skie.
 Whyteie yanne the evenynge cloude .

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the baren fleuis be layde,
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
 Al the celness of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.



Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fanie, lyghte youre fyies,
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes,
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
 Thos the damselle spake and dyed.

DENTE, *fasten*
 GRE, *grow*.
 OUPHANTE, *elfin*.

|| NETE, *nighte*
 || REYTES, *waterflags*.
 || LEATHALLE, *deadly*

BIRTHA

Thys syngeyng haueth whatte coulde make ytte
 please ,
 Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all
 ease,



UNCOURTLIE, *unpleasant, cruel*
 SHAPPE, *fate.*

|| BENYMMES, *bereaves.*

ÆLLA, *atte* WATCHETTE.

Cuisse onne mie taidie woundes ' brynge mee a
stede '

I wylle awaie to BIRTHA bie thys nyghte ,
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for
flyghte ,

Swepte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys, stronge
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from BIRTHA'S aimes so longe '

O ' whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode
leme myne eie !

Yee goddes, howe ys a loveries temper formed '

YEE, *grace*.

|| LEME, *enlighten*

Sometymes the samme thyng wyll bothe bane,
and blesse;

On tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thyng
warmed,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten less
"Tys BIRTHA'S loss whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-
sesse;

I wyll, I muste awaie : whie staies mie stede ?

Mie huscarles, hyther haste, prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens ! I moste awaie to BYRTHA eyne,
For yn hei lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne.

BANE, *curse.*

ENCALEDE, *frozen, cold*

ESTROUGHTED, *stretched forth*

|| HUSCARLES, *attendants*

|| COURACYERS, *horse couriers, couriers*

CELMONDE, *atte* BRYSTOWE

The worlde ys daike wythe nyghte; the wyndes
 are styлле;
 Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme,
 The upryste spiytes the sylente letten fylle,
 Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
 The foireste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;
 Nowe maie mie love be sated yn yttes treatе;
 Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng
 streme,
 At the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
 Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CFLMONDE.

Go telle to Biitha strayte, a straungerr waytethe here

UPRYSTE, *risen*
 LETTEN, *church-yard*
 OUPHANT, *elfin*

|| LEME, *light*
 || LYNCHЕ, *brink, border*
 || REYNING, *running*

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde ' yce seynctes ' I hope thou haste goodc
newes

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste ; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA

Is Ælla wellc?

CELMONDE

Hee lyves; and styлле maie use
The behylte blessinges of a future yeaie.

BIRTHA,

Whatte heavie tydynges thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

CELMONDE

Foi heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepaie.
 Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fiaie;
 In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast !

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Biirtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
 I fle; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderis
 sprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BYKEROUS, *warlike*
 AGROTED, *swelling, or bursting.*

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|| ETHE, *relieve, ease.*
 || DEFTLIE, *easily, commodiously*

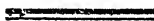
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BIRTHA

Oh ! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge :
 Sweftlie caparisons for 1ydyngge bynng ;
 I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
 O Ælla, Ælla ' dydst thou kenne the styng,
 The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
 Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gaire to bee ;
 Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as avre,
 Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode ;
 Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repaire,
 To Ælla I wyll geve you conducte goode.
 Your eyne, alyche a baulme, wyll staunche hys
 bloode,
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys haite alle
 cheere ;



LYNGE, *linger.*

LEVYN PLOOME, *feathered lightning*

|| GARE, *cause.*

|| YEV, *give*

Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ;
 You doe hys spyte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere
 Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
 Yette love wille be a toie to tourne to feere nyghtes
 smoke

BIRTHA

Albeytte unweais dyd the welkynn rende,
 Reyne alyche fallynge ryveys, dyd ferse bee,
 Erthe wythe the ayie enchafed dyd contende,
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd
 slee,
 Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee ;
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
 Owlettes, wythe sciychynge, shakeynge everyche
 tree,



LIVELYHODE, *life.*

MOKE, *dark*

TORE, *torch*

FLERE, *fire*

UNWEARS, *tempest.*

WELKYNN, *sky, or heaven*

REYNE, *rain.*

FERSE, *fierce*

ENCHAFED, *heated.*

ENSEME, *furrow, or make seams in.*

And water-nedeis wrygglynge yn eche strienc.
Yette woulde I fle, ne undei couerte staie,
Botte seke mie Ælla owte, biave Celmonde, leade the
waie.



WATER-NEDERS, *water-serpents*

A WODE.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,
 Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warie;
 Whatteveire schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,
 Spreddyng our ugsomme rennome to afaire.
 Ye Dacyannemenne, gyff Dacyannemenneyee aie,
 Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee,
 On everich bieaste yn gorie letteres scaire,
 Whatt sprytes you have, and howe those sprytes
 maie dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmaikes shore,
 Eftesoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee ne
 moeie

BEWRECKEYNGE, *revenging*UGSOMME, *terrible*RENNOME, *renown.*NETE, *nought*SUFFICYLE, *sufficient*SCAIRE, *mark*DREE, *drive*EFTESOONES, *quickly*

The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede ,
 Note qucedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a
 fiaie,
 Oure venie aimoue, and oure heaulmes dyd blede,
 The Dacyannes spytes, lyche dewe dropes, flectle
 awaic,
 Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie ,
 Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte ,
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wylle
 paie,
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynde yn
 fyghte ,
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes,
 destroie,—
 Oure aimoues—wyntei nyghte shotte oute the daie
 of joie

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
 Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyne biende,

QUEEDES, *devils*
 HEAULMES, *helmets*
 HYND-IETTES, *peasants*
 BRYNNYNGE, *hewing*

WYLFES, *wolves*
 SHOTTE, *shot*
 FHUYRIE, *fury*
 BRENDE, *burn*

Biastyng alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
 The talle chyche-spyie upon the grene shalle bende;
 Wee wyll the walles, and auntyante touriettes
 rende,

Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beeie,
 Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dheieof sende,
 Besprengynge alle abrode sadde waie and bloddie
 weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wyll fle;
 And thence wyll yssue owte onne all yatte commeth
 bie

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys meikness doe affiaie mie wommanns breaste.

BRASTYNGE, *bursting*
 AUNTYANTE, *ancient*
 PETE, *pluck up*

BESPRENGYNGE *scattering*
 WEERE, *tempest*
 MERKNESSE, *darkness.*

*Howe sable ys the spieddyng skie anayde '
 Hailie the bordelene, who lyves to reste,
 Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde ,
 The staines doe scantillie the sable brayde,
 Wyde ys the sylven lemes of comfoite wove ,
 Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte
 ariayde ?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love

BIRTHA

Saiest thou for love ? ah ! love is far awaie
 Faygne would I see once more the ioddie lemes of
 daie

HAILIE, *happy.*
 BORDELEIRE, *cottager*
 FLEMYNGE, *terrifying*
 SSANTILLIE, *scarcely, sparingly.*

BRAYDE, *embroider*
 LEMLS, *rays, beams*
 MERKER, *darken*
 TYDE, *time*

* All is hush'd and still as death ! — 'tis dreadful '
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile '
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice

Mourning Bride

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde BIRTHA calle ytte here

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE

Thys Celmonde menes,
 No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewieene;
 Nete in thys foireste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene,
 The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn
 nyghte;
 See¹ howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
 Makeynge thys bower so pleasyng to the syghte;
 Thys was for love fyiste made, and heere ytt
 stondes,
 Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves
 bondes.

¹ BEWREENE, *discover*
 NETE, *nought*.

|| TORE *torch*
 BRAUNCYNGE, *branching*.

BIRTHA

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or else mie
 thoughtes
 Perchaunce maie iobbe thie honestie so fayre

CELMONDE

Then heie, and knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
 Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere

BIRTHA

Oh heaven and carlie¹ whatte ys ytt I doe heare²
 Am I betraiste³ where ys mie Ælla, saie¹

CELMONDE

O¹ do nete nowe to Ælla sy ke love bere,
 Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA

Awaie¹

BETRASTE, *betrayed*,

|| NETE, *not*

I wylle be gone, and gioape mie passage oute,
 Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
 Ontylle thou doeste mie biendynge love amate.
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hym yn regiate.
 O ! didst thou see mie brestis triblous state,
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe !
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
 Gyff Birtha style wylle make mie haite-veynes
 blethe.

Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
 Fulle ylle I canne thie fiownes and haide dysplea-
 saunce brooke

NEDERS, *adders*
 BRENDYNGE, *burning*
 AMATE, *quench.*
 REGRATE, *favor*

HARRIE, *harrow, tear up*
 ETHE, *ease*
 HELE, *help, healing*
 BLETHE, *bleed*

BIRTHA

Thie love ys foulc; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavitie sedde
 Swythynne fle from mee, and ne further saie;
 Radher thanne heere thie love, I woulde bee dead.
 Yee seynctes, and shal I wonge mie Ælla s bedde,
 And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the
 thyng?
 Lett mee be gone—alle causes onne thie hedde!
 Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message bynge!
 Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable haite!
 Or welkyn and hei staires wyll take a maydens parte

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wyllc notte lette mie suyte avele,
 Mielove wyllc have yttes joie, altho wythc guylte,
 Youe lymbesshall bende, albeytte stryngce as stele;
 The meikye seesonne wyllc youe bloushes hylte.

DESLAVATIE, *litchery*
 WEIKYN, *heaven*
 AVELT, *avail, prevail*

|| MFRKYE, *murky, dark*
 || HYLTE, *hide*

BIRTHA

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes ! oh thatte mie blodde
was spylte !

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde yn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou
wylte.

Unto mie wysche bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder
heare.

Holpe ! holpe ! oh godde !

STREV, *strive*.
WISCHE, *wish*

|| BESTOYKERRE, *deceiver*.
|| RODER, *Roader-Vistor, traveller*.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES

HURRA.

Ah ! thatts a wommanne cries
I kenn hem ; saie who aie you, yatte be theerie ?

CELMONDE.

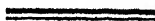
Yee hyndes, awaie ! onie bie thys sweide yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie haitis sete affiere.

BIRTHA

Save mee, oh ! save me from thys roynere heere !



SETE, *stability.*
AFIERE, *affright*

|| ROYNER, *ruiner*

HURRA

Stonde thou hie mee; nowe saie thie name and
londe;
Or swythyne schall mie sweide thie boddie taie.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous honde

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie strynge anlace maie bewyren whatte I bee.

*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynste Danes he
sleath, and faleth to Hurra*

BRONDEOUS, *furious*.
ANLACE, *sword*

|| BEWRYLN, *betray, discover*.

CELMONDE

Oh! I forslagen be' ye Danes, now kenne,
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;
 I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æteine nyghte,—
 To hei be kynde

Dieth.

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte
 Saie, who bee you ?

BIRTHA

I am gicate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA

Ah !

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harbour foule despyte,

FORSLAGEN, *slain.*
 FORSLEGE, *slay.*

|| ÆTERNE, *eternal*
 ANENSTE, *against*

Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
 Mie thanks I eue onne you wylle bestowe,
 From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of mortalwoe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe yee Dacyans, heere.
 Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
 Thowrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
 Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie,
 From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
 Forslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybiente;
 Bie his felle arme wee now are made to strae;
 The speere of Dacya he yn ynne pieces shente,
 Whanne hantoned barckes unto oure londe dyd
 comme,
 Ælla the gare dheie sed, and wysched hym bytter
 dome

LETHAL, *deadly*
 ANLACE, *sword*
 EWBRICE, *adultery*
 PYGHTE, *plucked*
 BRONDEOUS, *furious*
 FORSLAGEN, *slew*

YERFENTE, *burnt*
 SHENTE, *broke*
 HANTONED, *accustomed*
 GARE, *cause*
 WISCHED, *wished*
 DOME, *fate*

BIRTHA

Mercie ¹

HURRA.

Bee styлле.

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre ;
 Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the foiloyne;
 The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde and
 wyne ;

Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne ?
 You woulde have smethd onne Wedecestian felde,
 Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyde
 spieddyngc shielde

Whanne you, as caytysned, yn felde dyd bee,
 He oathed you to be styлле, and stiaYTE didd sette
 you free.

 FORLOYNE, *retreat.*

 DYGNE, *noble, worthy of praise.*

 SMETHD, *smoked.*

 BEHYLTE, *forbid.*

 || CLEYNE, *sound.*

 || CAYTYSNED, *captives.*

 || OATHED, *swore.*

Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave ?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countyes gaie ?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere ?
 O! scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appeie,
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
 Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne ?
 The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;
 Damoysele, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe
 mee.

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynces unto yee gyve !
 Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughtelyvynges'
 bee '
 Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
 Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe and
 sea.

FORSLEGE, *slay*.
 GARE, *cause*
 PERCASE, *perhaps*.
 MENNYS, *mens*.

BEWRYNNE, *declare*.
 LONGE-STRAUGHTE, *lengthened*.
 GUYFTE, *gift*

O Celmonde ' I maie defthe rede by thee,
 Whatte ille berydethe the enfouled kynde,
 Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cyme bewree '
 Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde '
 Soldyei ' for syke thou arte ynn noble fiaie,
 I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the
 waie.

IIURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene,
 Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
 The feynthe iode leme slowe creepeth oer the
 greene,
 Toe chase the meikyness of nyghte awaie;
 Swifte flies the howeis thatte wylle bynge oute
 the daie;



DEFTLIE, *properly*
 BETYDETTE, *awaiteth.*
 ENFOULED, *visious.*

|| CROSS-STONE, *monument.*
 || BEWREE, *declare.*
 || LEME, *ray*

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeyng giasse;
 The shepster mayden, dyghtyng he aiaie,
 Scante sees her vysage yn the wavië glasse;
 Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,
 O! Bystowes wallyd towne, damoyselle, followe mee.



GREEINGE, *growing*
 SHEPSTER MAYDEN, *shepherdess.*

|| DYGHTYNGE, *preparing*
 || SCANTE, *scarce.*

AT BRYSTOWE

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURS

ÆLLA

Tys nowe fullc moine, I thoughten, bie laste nyghte
 To have been heere ; mie stede han notte mie love,
 Thys ys mie pallace , lette mie hyndes alyghte,
 Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeynge dove.
 Staie here, mie hyndlettes , I shal goe above
 Nowe, Butha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spyte,
 Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wyll
 proove ;
 Mie ledanne boddie wyllc bec sette alyghte.
 Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,
 Yatte I on Butha's bieste maie thynke of warre ne
 moie.

HYNDES, *servants.*
 ENHELE, *heal, cure*

|| LEDANNE, *heavy*

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla !

ÆLLA.

Ah ! that semmlykeene to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.

Whatt ? where ? how ? saie, whatte of shee ?

EGWINA.

Gone—

ÆLLA.

Gone ! ye goddes !

EGWINA

Alas ' ytte ys toe true
 Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe '
 Ælla ! whatt ⁊ Ælla ' oh ' hee lyves agen '

ÆLLA

Cal mee notte Ælla, I am hymme ne moe
 Where ys shee gon awaie ⁊ ah ' speake ' how ⁊ when ⁊

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA

Caparyson a score of stedes, flie, flie '
 Where ys shee ⁊ swythyne specke, or instante thou
 shalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA

Oh ' speek.

EGWINA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heauiere rayne,
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with hei wiere,
 Her love the gae, thatte gave hei haite syke peyne—

ÆLLA.

Her love ! to whomme ?

EGWINA

To thee, her spouse, alleyne
 As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere,
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie
 wheere.

WIERE, *grief.*
 GARE, *cause*
 ALLEYN, *only, alone.*

|| HENTYLLE, *custom*
 || SEERE, *search*

ÆLLA

Thou lyest, foul hagge ' thou lyest ; thou art her ayde
To chere hei loustie, — botte noe, ytte cannotte bee.

EGWINA

Gyft thouthe appeari notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soc ; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone,
Itte moste be soc — oh ! howe ytte wracketh mee !
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronnc ;
Nowe rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste
comme,
Nete lyvyng upon eithe can now enswote mie
domme.

LOUSTIE, *lustful*
BRONDEOUS, *furious*

|| ENSWOTE, *sweeten*.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loveide¹ I am aboute the trowth to saie
 Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde 1etourne to 1este.
 As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
 To Bntha onne hys name and place addreste;
 Downe to hym camme shee, butte thereof the reste
 I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie haite flames yn yttes heste;
 I once was Ælla, nowe bee notte yttes shade
 Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
 Fallen onn mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla
 style.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle mie spryte.
 Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce
 wynde,

 LOVERDE, *lord*

 HESTE, *command*

 BENNED, *cursed, tormented.*

 || UNBURIED, *unarmed*
 || DOLCE, *soft, gentle*

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth iage Im pyghte,
 A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde
 Mie hommeu yettesomme drybblet joie maie fynde,
 To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve,
 Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys rynde,
 Itte weie a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve,
 Mie huscarles, untoe everie askei telle,
 Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle

Stabbeth hys beste.

SERVITOURE.

Ælla ys sleene, the flower of Englonde's maide'

ÆLLA.

Be styлле. stythe lette the chyches ryngie mie
 knelle.

STEEKED, *stealed*
 PYGHTE, *tortured*
 UNWEERE, *tempest*
 ENGINED, *racked*
 HOMMEUR, *honour*

DRYBBLET, *inconsiderable*
 YEVE, *give*
 RYNDE, *ruined*
 RECRANDIZE, *corruptice.*
 HUSCARLES, *servants*

Call hyther biave Coerinyke, he, as waide
 Of thys mie Bystowe castle, wyll doe welle
Knelle ryngeth.

ÆLLA EGWINA, SERVYTOURE,
 COERNYKE.

ÆLLA

Thee I ordeyne the waide, so alle maie telle.
 I have botte lyttel tym to diagge thys lyfe;
 Mie lethall tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
 Dynne yn the caies of hei I wyschd mie wyfe¹
 Botte, ah¹ shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA

Yatte shee moste bee,

ÆLLA.

Ah¹ saie notte soe, yatte woide woulde Ælla dobblic
 slee.

LETHALIE, *deadly*
 DYNNE, *sound*.

|| WYSCHD, *wished*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE,
COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah ! BIRTHA here !

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys ? whatte menes yis leathalle
kneile ?

Where ys mie Ælla ? speeke, where ? howe ys hee ?
Oh Ælla ! ait thou yanne alyve and welle !

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed ; botte doe notte lyve for thee

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla ?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.

Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA,

Ytte hathe unsprytet mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens ! mie Biitha fallethe to the grounde !
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee

HURRA.

Ælla ! I amme a Dane, botte yette a friende to thee
Thys damoysselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Stievyng fulle haide anenste a builed swayne
I sente hym myrynggeynne mie compheeries blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie wanyngge trayne.
Yis damoiselle soughte to be heic agayne,

UNSPRYTES, *un-souls*
BURLED, *armed*.

|| MYRYNGE, *wallowing*
COMPHELPEs, *companions*

The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wyllie ,
So here wæt broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE

Yee nobylle Danes ' wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe ' mie love ' oh ' she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have ; whatte faultes
coulde Ælla feare ?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne ? I cannotte blame thie feere
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste ;
I wyllie to thee bewyien the woefulle gae.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of ieste.
Wordeynge for mee to fle, att your requeste,
To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng laie ;

I wyth hym fledde; thio' a muike wode we pieste,
 Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie :
 The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh ! I die contente — *dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh ! ys mie Ælla dedde ?
 Oh ! I wyll make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde.
Birtha feyncteth.

COERNYKE.

Whatte ? Ælla deadde ! and BIRTHA dyynge toe !
 Soe falles the fayrest flouiettes of the playne.
 Who canne unplyte the wuchys heaven can doe,
 O ! who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne ?
 Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne,

MURKE, *dark.*
 UNFLYTE, *unfold.*

WURCHYS, *works.*
 SHAPPE, *fate*
 RENNOME, *renown*

For yette, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie was loste,
Thie countrymen shall reie thee on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie giave can boaste
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on eithe we lle
synge of thee.

CARNES, *stones.*

|| AMEDE, *reward*

GODDARD ;

A Tragedie,

By THOMAS ROTULEGE.

*Transcribed by Mr. Catcott from a poem in Chatterton's
hand-writing [See p 2]*

PROLOGUE,

Made be Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE



Whylomme be pensmenne moke ungentle name
 Have upon Goddwyne Eile of Kente bin layde,
 Dherebie benymmynge hymme of faie and fame;
 Unliart divinistries haveth saide,
 Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wurche;
 Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the churche.

The aucthoure of the piece whiche we enacte,
 Albeytte a cleigyon, trouth wyll wytte



WHYLOMME, *of old, formerly*
 PENSMENNE, *writers, historians.*
 MOKE, *much*
 UNGENTLE, *inglorious*
 BENYMMYNGE, *bereaving*
 FAIE, *faith*
 UNLIART, *unforgiving*

DIVINISTRES, *divines, clergymen,*
 monks
 HALLIE, *holy*
 WURCHE, *work*
 NE, *not*
 AUCTHOURE, *author*
 CLERGYON, *clerk, or clergyman*

Inne diawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn a kynge mote bee full pleased to nyghte
Attende, and maicke the partes nowe to be done:
Wee bette¹ fo¹ toe doe do champyon* anie onne

ENTYN, *even*
MOTTE, *might*.

|| CHAMPYON, *challenge*

* No instance of this verb has yet been adduced from a writer earlier than Shakespeare

GODDWYN;
A T R A G E D I E.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

HAROLDE,	bie T ROWLEIE, the Authoure.
GODDWYN,	bie JOHAN DE ISCAMME
ELWARDE,	bie SYRR THYBBOT GORGES
ALSTAN,	bie SYRR ALAN DE VERE
KYNGE EDWARDE,	bie MASTRE WILLYAM CANYNGE.

Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

Harolde !

HAROLDE

Mie loverde !

GODDWYN.

O ! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen 1yseth to ifiete the londe.

LOVERDE, *lord.*

|| IFRETE, *devour, destroy*

Theie batten onne her fleshe, her hautes bloude
dyncke,

And all ys graunted from the ioieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn, ne aledge* stonde;

Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teies of goie :

Am I betrassed, syke shulde mie bulie blonde

Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I boie

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte ful welle , gentle thou art,

Stringe, ugsomme, iou, as smethynge aimes seeme .

BATTEN, *fatten*

AGREME, *grievance*

BLYN, *cease, be still*

ALEDGE, *idly*

BETRASSED, *deceived, imposed on*

SYKE, *so*

BURLIE, *fury, anger, rage*

DEPEYNCTE, *paint, display*

SPRYTE, *soul.*

STRINGE, *strong*

UGSOMME, *terrible*

ROU, *horrid, grim*

SMETHYNGE, *smoking, bleeding.*

* Unintelligible Mr Bryant supposed it to have been written *adelege*, which he says is analogous to the Saxon adverb *delech*, and corresponds to Chatterton's interpretation

Yett efte, I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,
 And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme
 What tydynges from the kynge¹

HAROLDE.

His Normans know.
 I make noe compheere of the shemyng trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde¹ tis a syghte of myckle woe,
 To kenne these Noimannes everich rennome gayne.
 What tydyng wylthe the foulke?

HAROLDE

Stylle moimoyng atte yei shap, stylle toe the
 kynge
 There rolle thenc triobbles, lyche a soigie sea.

EFTE, *oft*
 CHEFES, *heat, rashness.*
 REDE, *council, wisdom*
 BREME, *strength, also strong*

|| COMPHEERE, *companion*
 || SHEMYNGE, *audly, glimmering*
 || FOULKE, *people*
 || SHAP, *fate, destiny*

Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a
styngē?

Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ȳghted
bee?

GODDWYN

Awayte the tyme whanne Godde wylle sende us
ayde.

HAROLDE

No, we muste stieve to ayde oureselves wyth powie.
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde¹ tis fetclic
prayde

Moste we those calke awaie the lyve-longe howie?
Thos croche oure aimes, and ne toe lyve daieygne,
Unburled, undehevre, unespyte?

Far fro mie haite be fled thyk thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ile die yn fyghte.

FETELIE, *nobly*

CALKE, *cast*

CROCHE, *cross, from crouche, a cross.*

DAREYNGE, *attempt, or endeavour*

UNBURLED, *unarmed*

UNDELIEVRE, *unactive.*

UNESPRYTE, *unspirited*

THYK, *such.*

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fy tte
 Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summeitons shall 1yse;
 Adented prowess to the gite of witte,
 Agayne the argent hoise shall daunce yn skies.
 Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope lies.
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tis for thee I blethe
 Whylste Edward to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse,
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe?
 Upponne the trone I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
 Botte oh! tweie hommage nowe to pyghte thee downe
 Thou aite all piceste, and notheynge of the kynge.
 Thou aite alle Noiman, nothyng of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte beseies thee notte a masse to synge,
 Seivynge thie leegefolcke thou aite seivynge
 Godde

ADENTED, *fastened, annexed*
 PROWESS, *might, power*
 GITE, *mantle, or robe*
 ARGENT, *white, alluding to the arms*
 of Kent, a horse saliant, argent
 FORSTRAUGHTEYNGE, *distraction.*
 WANHOPE, *despair*

BIETHE, *bleed*
 ALYSE, *allow*
 ETHE, *ease*
 TRONE, *throne*
 PYGHTE, *pluck*
 BESEIES, *becomes*
 LEAGEFOLCKE, *subject.*

HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a servycc To the skyes
 The dailie contekes of the londe ascende.
 The wyddowe, fahdielesse, and bondemennes cures
 Acheke the mokie aue and heaven astende *
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende,
 Hancelled from erthe these Normanne hyndes
 shalle bee;
 Lyche a battently low, mie sweide shalle brende;
 Lyche fallynge softe rayne dioppes, I wyll hem
 slea;
 Wee wayte too longe, oure purpose wyll defayte;
 Aboune the hyghe empyze, and rouze the cham-
 pyones stiaite

GODDWYN

Thie suster—

CONTEKES, *contentions, complaints.*

ACHEKE, *choke*

MOKIE, *dark cloudy*

ASTENDE, *astound, astonish.*

HANCEILED, *cut off, destroyed*

NORMANNE, *slaves.*

BATTENTLIE, *loud roaring.*

LOW, *flame of fire*

BRENDE, *burn, consume*

DEFAYTE, *decay, fail*

ABOUNE, *make ready*

EMPRYZE, *enterprize*

* Unauthorised

HAROLDE

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.
 Albeytte, dyd shee speeke hei foemen fayre,
 I wulde dequace hei comlie semlykeene,
 And foulde me bloddie anlace yn hei haye

GODDWYN.

Thye fham blyn,

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal mere,
 Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes and cause unkend,
 Beheste it to be lete; so twylle appeare,
 Ecie Harolde hyde hys name, his countiees fiende

ALBLYTTE, *notwithstanding*
 FOEMEN, *foes.*
 DEQUACE, *mangle, destroy*
 SEMLYKEENE, *beauty, countenance*
 ANLACE, *an ancient sword*
 FHUIR, *fury*
 BLYN, *cease*

LEATHAL, *deadly*
 MERE, *lake*
 UPRISTE, *swollen*
 HILTRENE, *hidden*
 UNKEND, *unknown*
 BEHESTL, *command*

The gule-steynct brygandyne, the adventayle.
The fee11e anlace brede shal make mie gare pievayle.

GODDWYN,

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE

Bethyncke thee whatt
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,
Here liethe Noimans coupynge hei bie lotte,
Caltysnyng eveich native plant to gie,
Whatte woulde I doe? I biondeous wulde hem slee,
Tare owte they1e sable haite bie 1yghtfulle bieme,
They1e deathe a menes untoe mie lyfe shulde bec,
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn they1 haitc-blodde
streame.

LETE, *still*

GULE-STEYNCT, *red-stained*

BRYGANDYNE, ADVENTAYLE, *parts of*
armour

BREDE, *broad*

GARE, *cause*

DRITES, *droits, rights, liberties*

COUPYNGE, *cutting, mangling*

CALTYSNYNG, *forbidding, restraining.*

GRE, *grow*

BRONDEOUS, *furious*

BREME, *strength*

Eftsoones I wyll bewyne mie iage fulle ire,
And Goddis anlace welde yn fune dyie

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kyng?

HAROLDE

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster hym oideyne,
Sette uppe som dygner than I han pyghte downe,
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kyng reygne,
Ande somme moe reded rule the untenty ffieaulme;

BEWRYNE, *declare*
ANLACE, *sword*.
MYNSTER, *monastery*
DYGNER, *more worthy*
PYGHTE, *pulled, plucked*

BRAYD, *displayed*
SUPER HALLIE, *over-righteous*
REDED, *counselled, more wise*
UNTENTYFF, *uncarefull, neglected*

Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne
 To yelde the spoiles, and alleyne weie the
 heaulme .

Botte from mee haite bee everych thoughte of
 gayne,
 Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne

HAROLDE,

Tell me the meenes, I wylle bouthe ytte stiaie,
 Bete mee to slea mieselfe, ytte shalle be done

GODDWYN

To thee I wylle swythynne the menes unplayte,
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie
 sonne

I have longe seen whatte pcynes were undeigon,
 Whatte agrames braunce out from the general tree;

ALLEYNE, *alone*
 WERE, *wear*.
 BETE, *bid, command*.
 SLEA, *slay*

SWYTHYNNE, *presently*,
 UNPLAYTE, *explain*
 AGRAMES, *grievance*.
 BRAUNCE, *branch*

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock gron
 Diented of alle yts swolynges owndes shalle bee;
 Mie remedie is goode; oure menne shall ryse,
 Eftsoons the Normans and owre agame flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes
 as brede

As the ybroched moon, when blaunch she dyghtes
 The wodeland grounde on water-mantled mede,
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the
 doughtiest blede,

Who ofte have knelte upon forslagen foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede,

MOLLOCK, *wet, moist*
 GRON, *fen, moor*
 DRENTED, *drained*
 SWOLYNGE, *swelling*
 OWNDES, *waves.*
 AGRAME, *grievance.*
 GEMOTE, *assemble*
 BREDE, *broad*

YBROCHED, *horned*
 BLAUNCH, *white*
 DYGHTEs, *decks*
 DOUGHTIEST, *mightiest, most valiant.*
 FORSLAGEN, *slain*
 ORRESTS, *oversets*
 CASTLE-STEDE, *a castle*

Who dare on kynges for to bewiecke yere woes ;
 Nowe wyll the menne of Englonde haile the dare,
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the 1yghtfulle fiare

GODDWYN

Botte fiste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
 The eiles of Meicia, Conventie and all,
 The moe wee gayne, the gaie wyll prosper beste,
 Wythe syke a number wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
 And alle attenes the spreddynge kyngedomme
 bynde
 No crouched champyone wythe an haite moe
 feygne

BIEWECKE, *revenge*
 LOVERDES, *lords*
 GARL, *cause*.
 ATTENES, *at once*,

|| CROUCHED CHAMPYONE, *one who takes*
 up the cross in order to fight against
 the Saracens.
 || FLYGNE, *willing*.

Dyd yssue owte the hallic sweide to fynde,
 Than I nowe stiev to 1yd mie londe of peyne.
 Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wyll en-
 hepe !

I'lle 1yse mie fiendes unto the bloddie pleyne ,
 I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys nowe aslepe.

When wyll the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
 That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

GODDWYN

Next evc, my sonne

HAROLDE

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme.
 Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die
 Thie geason wronges bee 1eyne ynto theyre pyne .
 Now wyll the sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
 Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,

HALLIE, *holy*

ENHEPE, *heap upon us*

GEASON, *rare, extraordinary, strange.*

REYNE, *run, shot up*

EGEDERINGE, *assembling, gathering*

Tys fulle ande biasteth on the chaper grounde;
Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Noimans flie,
And alle theye mittee menne be sleene aounde
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppiessionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele shal
calle.



BRASTETH, *bursteth*.
CHAPER, *dry, barren*
MITTEE, *mighty*.

|| SLEENE, *slain*
|| HELE, *help*.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE

QUEENE

Botte, loverde, whie so manie Normannes here^p
 Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
 These browded straungers alwaie doe appere,
 Theie parte yoi trone, and sete at your ryghte
 honde

KYNGE

Go to, goe to, you doe ne undeistonde:
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;
 Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre me gronde;
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe.

LOVERDE, *lord.*

BROWDED, *embroidered, it is conjectured
 embroidery was not used in England
 till Henry II*

TRONE, *throne*

YEAVE, *give.*

BOWKIE, *person, body*

EMBOWRE, *lodge*

QUEENE

Mancas* you have yn stoic, and to them parte ;
 Youe leege-folcke make moke dole, you have they
 worthe asteite †

KYNGE

I heste no rede of you I ken mie friendes
 Hallie dhere aie, fulle ready mee to hele
 Theyie volundes aie ystorven to self endes ;
 No denwere yn mie breste I of them fele .
 I muste to prayeis , goe yn, and you do wele ;
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie ,
 Go mine go ynne, ande viewe the azuic rele,
 Fulle welle I wote you have noc mynde toe praie

MANCAS, *marks.*

LEEGE-FOLCKE, *subject.*

MOKE, *much*

DOLE, *lamentation*

ASTERTE, *neglected, or passed by.*

HESTE, *ask.*

HELE, *help*

VOI UNDES, *wills*

YSTORVEN, *dead*

DENWERE, *doubt.*

RLE, *waves.*

* Mancas were small Saxon coins.

† Unintelligible

A TRAGEDIE

QUEENE.

I leeuve youe to doe hommage heaven-were,
To seirve you leegc-folcke toe is doeynge hommage
there.

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynge bynges
thee here?

HUGHE

There is no mancas yn mie loverides ente,
The hus dyspense unpaired doe appere,
The laste receivure ys eftsoones dispente

HEAVEN-WERE, *heaven ward, or God-ward*
HENTE, *parse, used here probably as a treasurer*
Hus, *hence*

DISPENSE, *expence*
RECEIVURE, *receipt*
EFTSOONES, *soon*
DISPENTE, *expended*

K Y N G E

Thenne guylde the Weste

HUGHE.

Mie loveide, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte Erle Harolde of the thyng,
He raysed hys honde, and smote me onne the cheke,
Saieynye, go beare thatte message to the kynge.

K Y N G E.

Arace hym of hys powere ; bie Goddis woide,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies sweide.

HUGHE.

Atte seeson fyttē, mie loveide, lette itt bee ;
Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse hys name,

MITTE, *a contraction of mighty.*
ARACE, *drvest.*

|| ENALSE, *embrace*

Inne strevvyng to slea hymme, ourselves we slea;
Syke ys the doughtyness of hys giete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I bethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of maïckes yn
Kente

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same ;
He sweeres he wyll notte swelle the Normans ent.

KYNGE.

Ah traytoure ' botte mie rage I wyll commaunde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the
launde.

Thou kenneste howe these Englysche eile doe bere
Such stedness in the yll and evylle thyng,

DOUGHTYNESS, *mightiness*.
REDE, *counsel*.

|| ENT, *purse*
|| STEDNESS, *firmness, steadfastness*

Botte atte the goode there hover yn denwere,
Onknowlachynge gif theicunto to clynge.

HUGHE

Onwordie syke a marvelle of a kynge '
O Edwarde, thou descivest pure leege;
To thee here shulden al theine mancas bynge;
This nodde should save menne, and this glomb
forslege.

I amme no curriedowe, I lacke no wite,
I speke whatte bee the trowth, and whatte all see is
ryghte.

KYNGE

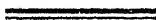
Thou arte a hallie manne, I doe thee pryze.

DENWERE, *doubt, suspense*
ONANOWLACHYNGE, *not knowing.*
ONWORDIE, *unworthy*
MARVEILE, *wonder.*
LEEGE, *homage, obeysance.*
HEIE, *they*

GLOMB, *frown.*
FORSLEGE, *kill*
CURRIEDOWE, *flatterer*
WITE, *reward.*
HALLIE, *holy.*

Comme, comme, and here and hele mee ynn mie
praises.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise,
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie heyies.
Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
There alleyn have sy ke love as to acquyie yei bredde.



HELE, *help*
ALISE, *allow*

|| HAMLETTES, *manors*.
ALLEYN, *alone*

CHORUS,

To GODDWYN, a TRAGEDIE

Whan Freedom, dieste yn blodde-steyned veste.
 To evene knyghte hei waie-songe sunge,
 Uponne hei hedde wylde wedes weie spredde;
 A gorie anlace bye hei honge
 She daunced onne the heathe,
 She heaide the voice of deathe,
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys haite of sylver hue,
 In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;
 She heaide onflemed the shiekyng voice of woc,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
 She shooke the builed speere,
 On hie she jeste her sheelde,

ANLACE, *sword*
 ASSAYLED, *endeavoured*
 ACALE, *freeze*
 ONFLEMED, *undismayed*

BUILED, *armed, pointed*
 JESTE, *hoisted on high, raised*
 FOEMEN, *foes, enemies*
 FLIZZE, *fly*

Her foemen all appeire,
 And flizze alonge the feelde.
 Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
 Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
 Chaftes with hys yionne feete and soundes to war.
 She syttes upon a rocke,
 She bendes befoie hys speere,
 She 1yses from the shocke,
 Wieldyng her owne yn ayre.
 Haide as the thonder dothe she diue ytte on,
 Wytte scillye wymped gies ytte to hys crowne,
 Hys longe shaipe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys
 gon,
 He falles, and fallynge 1olleth thousandes down

HEAFOD, *head.*

STRAUGHT, *stretched*

ALYCHE, *like*

TWAIE, *two*

BRENDEYNGE, *flaming.*

GRONFYRES, *meteors*

CHAFTES, *beats, stamps.*

SCILLYE, *closely*

WYMPED, *mantled, covered*

GIES, *guides*

BURLD, *armed*

ARIST, *arose.*

Wai, goaie-faced-war, bie envie build aist,
 Hys feeie heaulme noddynge to the aye,
 Tenne bloddie arowes ynne hys sticynynge fyste—

x - * † ‡ §



H I A U L M E, *helme*

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

BIE T ROWLEIE

BOOKE III

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr Barrett, who received it from Chatterton

Whanne Scythyanne, salvage as the wolves there
chacde,

Peyncted in honowe foimes bie natue dyghte,
Heckled yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the moineynge iouzed the wolfe to
fyghte,

Sweete as descendeynge lemes of ioddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveynge seas.

BOOKE III *I will endeavour to get the
remainder of these poems (Chatterton)*
HORROWE, *unseemly, disagreeable.*
DYGHTE, *dressed*

HECKLED, *wrapped*
LEMES, *rays*
HULSTRED, *hidden, secret*
LAVEYNCE, *washing.*

Geid the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets
twighte,

And 1anne yn thoughte alonge the azuie mees,
Whose eyne dyd fecine shene, like blue-hay red defs,
That dreene hange upon Doves emblaunched clefs

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azuie icles
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appeie;
An uncouth denwere to theire bosomme steles
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the fioste of feie.
The headed javlyn lisseth here and there;
There stonde, theire ionne, there lokc wyth egcr
eyne,
The shyppes sayle, boleynge wythe the kyndelic
ayle,
Ronnet to harbour from the beatynge byne;

GERD, *broke, rent*
DRYBBLETS, *small pieces.*
TWIGHTE, *pulled, rent.*
MEES, *meadows*
DEFS, *vapours, meteors.*
EMBLAUNCHED, *whitened*
RELES, *ridges, rising waves.*

UNCOUTHE, DENWERE, *unknown tre-
mour*
KNOPPED, *fastened, charmed, congealed,
rather, nipped*
LISSETH, *boundeth*
BOLEYNGE, *swelling*

Theire dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stionde
 A builed Tiojan lepes, wythe Moiglaen sweerde yn
 honde.

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres, whose
 sweides

Glested lyke gledeynge staries yn fiostie nete,
 Hayleynge theyie captayne in chirkyng woides
 Kyng of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
 The giete kyng Brutus thanne theie dyd hym
 giete,

Piepaied for battle, maicschalled the fyghte,
 Theie ured the waile, the natyves fledde, as flete
 As fleaynge cloudes that swymme befoie thesyghte;
 Tyll tyied wythe battles, for to ceese the fraie,
 Theie uncted Brutus kyng, and gave the Tiojanns
 swaie

BURLED, *armed*
 COMPHEERES, *companions*
 GLEDEYNGE, *lived*.

|| CHIRKYNGE, *a confused noise*
 UNCTED, *anointed*.

Twayne of twelve yeais han lemed up the myndes,
 Leggende the salvage unthwes of theine breste,
 Improved in mysteik wanne, and lymmed theyre
 kyndes,

Whenne Biute from Brutons sonke to æterne_reste
 Eftsoons the gentle Locyne was possest
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente,
 Halceld the bykious Huns, who dyd infeste
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
 As hys broade sweide on Hombenes heade was
 honge,

He touned toe ryver wyde, and ioaynge rolled
 alonge

He wedded Gendolyne of roical sede,
 Upon whose countenance ioddle healthe was sprecde
 Bloushing, alyche the scarlette of hei wede,
 She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde

LEMED, *enlightened*
 LEGGENDE, *alloyed*
 UNTHWES, *virgine barbarity*
 MYSTERK, *mystic*
 LYMMED, *polished*

PARAMENTE, *a princely robe*
 HALCELD, *defeated*
 BYKIOUS, *warring*
 ALYCHE, *like*
 WEDE, *garment*

Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde,
 Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
 Unnumbered beauties weire upon hei shedde,
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
 The mornynge tynge, the rose, the lillie flouie,
 In ever ionneyng face on hei dyd peyncte theyre
 powere.

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned hei love;
 There lyved soft momentes to a swotie age,
 Eft wandinge yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre dispoite engage,
 There dydde they tell the meene lovynge fage,
 Croppe the pyniosen flouie to decke theyre
 headde,
 The feeine Gendolyne yn woman iage
 Gemoted warruous to bewieck hei bedde,
 There rose, ynne battle was greete Locryne sleene,
 The fane Elstrida fledde from the enchaſed queene.

AMETTEN, *met with*
 SWOTIE, *sweet*
 EFT, *oft*
 FACE, *a tale*

GEMOTED, *assembled*.
 BEWIECK, *revenge*
 ENCHAſED, *heated, enraged*

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
 Whose boddeynge moineyng shewed a fayre clare,
 Hei fadie Locynne, once an haille manne.
 Wyth the fayre dawteire dydde she haste awaie.
 To where the Western mittee pyles of claie
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere
 There dyd Elstida and Sabryna staie;
 The fyiste tyckde out a whyle yn wanyoun-
 gratch and gear,
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn
 regiate.

The queene Gendolync sente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleynge
 skies,
 To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte,
 Eke everychone who shulde hei ele emprize

BODDLYNGE, *budding*
 MITTEE, *mightie*.
 GRATCH, *apparel*
 REGRATE, *esteem, favour*

EMMERTLEYNGE, *glittering*
 PYGHTE, *settled*
 ELE, *help*
 EMPRIZE, *adventure*

Swefte as the ioaicynge wyndes the gyaunte flies,
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn
 nyghte,
 Stepte over cytties, on meint acies lies,
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of moineynge lighte,
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye,
 He thoIowe warriours gratch fayre Elstind did espie

He toie a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a funne, mote the erthe astounde,
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne fle
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleyng crie;
 Onne Vyncente and Sabyna felle the mount,
 To lyve æternalle dyd theise eftsoones die,
 ThoIowe the sandie grave boiled up the pouple
 founte,

On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieynge the iounynge couse of meint a limmed
 rylle

MEINT, *many*.

HEREHAUGHTES, *heralds, harbingers*

Gye, *guide*

HARRIED, *tost*

ASTOUNDE, *astonish*

LIMMED, *glassy, reflecting*

The goddes, who kenne the actyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton dyd make the mountaine bie the meghte
 Forth from Sabyna ian a iylene cleere,
 Roalyng and rolleyng on yn couise bysmare,
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
 Eche syde the iylene rysyng heavenwere,
 Sabynas floode was helde ynne Elstyds bones
 So are there cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Seveines stieembe bie Vyncentes rocke's
 ywrynde

The bawsyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped,
 Whanne, as he stiod alonge the shakcyng lce,
 The roddie levynne glesteird on hys headde
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures sprede;
 He wythde aounde yn deaie dernie payne,

LEGGEN, *lesion, allay*
 HOUTON, *hollow*
 BYSMARE, *bewildered, curious,*
 HEAVENWERE, *heaven-ward,*
 YWRYNDE, *h.d., covered*

BAWSYN, *huge, bulky*
 YSPED, *dispatched*
 RODDIE LEVYNNE, *red lightning.*
 DERNIE, *cruel*

Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes were
fed,
He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne
Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
hyghte

LEMES, *flames, rays*

AN EXCELENTE BALADE

*Of CHARITIE.**As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEIE 1464.*

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton

In Virgyne the sweltne sun gan shene,
 And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
 The apple rodde from its palie greene,
 And the mole peare did bende the leafy sprae;
 The peepe chelandri sunge the lyvelong daie;

THOMAS ROWLEY, the author, was
 born at Norton Mal reward, in Somers-
 setshire, educated at the Convent of
 St Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at
 Westbury in Gloucestershire

VIRGYNE, the sign of Virgo
 MEES, meads
 RODDIE, reddened, ripened
 MOLE, soft
 CHELANDRI, pied goldfinch

'Twas nowe the pryde, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte
aumere

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deaddc still the aue, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in dreai ariare
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande diewe,
Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatheid up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,

DIGHTE, *drest, arrayed*
DEPTE, *neat, ornamented*
AUMERE, *a loose robe or mantle*
WELKEN, *the sky, the atmosphere*
ARIST, *arose*
HILTRIN, *hiding, shrouding*
ATTENES, *at once*
FETYVE, *beauteous*

SEYNCTE GODWINE'S COVENT It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Balled of Charity. The Abbott of St Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.

A hapless pilgum moneynge dyd abide,
 Poire in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
 Longe bietful of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer' flee:
 He had no housen there, ne anie covent ne

Look in his glommed face, his spighte there scanne,
 Howe woe-be-gone, howe withered, forwynd,
 deade'

Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshiewed
 manne!

Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoune bedde,
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gie on thie hedde,

UNGENTLE, *beggarly*

WERDE, *dress*

BRETIUM, *filled with,*

ALMER, *beggar*

GLOMMED, *clouded, defected* A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words, and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts *Glum-*

mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light, and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*

FORWIND, *dry, sapless*

CHURCH-GIEBE HOUSE, *the grave*

ASSHREWID, *accused, unfortunate*

KISTE, *coffin*

DORTOURE, *dormitory, a sleeping-room*

* Unauthorised, and contrary to analogy

Is Charitie and Love amonge highe elves;
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storme is ripe; the bigge drops falle,
 The forswat meadowes smethe, and drench the
 raine,

The coming ghastrness do the cattle pall,
 And the full flockes are drivynge oer the plaine,
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe,
 The welkin opes, the yellow leynne flies,
 And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies

Liste' now the thunder's rattling clymmynge
 sound

Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, down'd,

AMINGE, *among*
 FORSWAT, *sun-burnt*.

SMETHE, *smoke*
 DRENCH, *drink*

GHASTRNESS, *ghastliness*

PALL, a contraction from *appall*, to
 fright

FLOTT, *fly*

LEYNNNE, *lightning*

SMOTHE, *streams, or vapours*

LOWINGS, *flames*

CLYMMYGE, *noise*

CHEVES, *moves*

EMBOLLEN, *swelled, strengthened*

Still on the gallard^{*} care of tenour hanges
 The windes are up, the lofty elmen swanges,
 Agayn the levynne and the thunder poudes,
 And the full cloudes are biaste attenes in stonen
 showers.

Spuncynge his palfie oere the watie plaine,
 The Abbote of Scyncte Godwynes convente came,
 His chapournette was dented with the reine,
 And his pencte gyidle met with mickle shame;
 He aynewaarde tolde his bederoll at the same;
 The stoime encresen, and he diew aside,
 With the mist almes craver neere to the holme to
 bide

GALLIARD, *frighted*

BRASTE, *burst*

CHAPOURNETTE, *a small round hat,
 not unlike the shapournette in heraldry,
 formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and
 Lawyers*

PLNCTE, *painted,*

HE AYNWARDE TOIDE HIS BEDEROLI,
*he told his biads backwards, a figu-
 rative expression to signify cursing*

MIST, *poor, needy*

* Gallied is still used in this sense in the country around Bristol.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
 His autiemete was edged with golden twynne,
 And his shoone pyke a lovers mighte have binne;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne
 The trammels of the palfiye pleasde his sighte,
 For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte

COPE, *cloak*

AUTREMETTE, *a loose white robe, worn
 by Priests*

SHOONE PYKE, *picked shoe*

HORSE-MILLANARE, *I believe this trade
 is still in being, though but seldom em-
 ployed*

* Mr Steevens has left a curious note upon this word

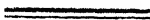
One morning, while Mr Tyrwhitt and I were at Bristol, in 1776, we had not proceeded far from our lodging, before he found he had left on his table a memorandum book which it was necessary he should have about him. He therefore returned to fetch it, while I stood still in the very place we parted at, looking on the objects about me. By this spot, as I was subsequently assured, the young Chatterton would naturally pass to the Charity School on St Augustine's Back, where he was educated. But whether this circumstance be correctly stated or not, is immaterial to the general tendency of the following remark. On the spot however where I was standing, our retentive observer had picked up an idea which afterwards found its way into his "Excellente Balade of Charitie, as wroten bie the gode Prieste Thomas Rowleie 1464.

"For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte"

The considerate reader must obviously have stared on being informed that such a term, and such a trade had been extant in 1464, but his wonder

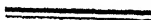
An almes, su pieste ¹ the droppynge pilgrim saide,
 O ¹ let me waite within your covente doir,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loud tempeste of the aie is oer,
 Helpless and ould am I alas ¹ and poor,
 No house, ne friend, ne monie in my pouche,
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche

Valet, icipyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne,
 This is no season almes and prayeis to give,
 Mie porter never lets a faitour in,
 None touch mie lynge who not in honou live



CROUCH, *crucifix*

|| FAITOUR, *a beggar or vagabond*



would have ceased, had he been convinced as I am, that, in a public part of Bristol, full in sight of every passer by, was a Sadler's shop, over which was inscribed A or B (no matter which) HORSE-MILLINER. On the outside of one of the windows of the same operator, stood (and I suppose yet stands) a wooden horse dressed out with ribbons, to explain the nature of *horse-millinary*. We have here perhaps the history of this modern image, which was impressed by Chatterton into his description of an "Abbot of Seyncte Godwynes Convente"

And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
 styve,
 And shettyng on the grounde his glorie laie,
 The Abbatte spunde his stecde, and eftsoones ioadde
 a waie

Oncemoe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen ;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;
 His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene,
 A Limitoure he was of order seene,
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hec,
 Where the poie almei laie binethe the holmen tice

An almes, su priest¹ the droppynge pilgrim sayde
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
 And did thereoute a groate of sylver take.

SHETTYNGE, shoot'ng
 GRAPPE, gazing
 REYNEYNGL, raining

JAPE, a short riple, worn by Friars
 of an inferior class, and secular
 priests
 LIMITOURE a licensed begging friar

The mistei pilgum dyd for halline shake
 Heie take this silvei, it maie cathe thie caie,
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we
 baie.

But ah ! unhailie pilgum, leine of me,
 Scathe anie give a rentiolle to then Lorde
 Heie take my semecope, thou aite baie I see,
 Tis thyne, the Seynctes will give me mie rewaide
 He left the pilgum, and his waie aboide
 Vyrgynne and hallic Seyncte, who sitte yn glouie,
 Oi give the mittee will, or give the godc man powei

HALLINE, *joy*
 EATHE, *ease*
 NETE, *nought*
 UNHAILIE, *unhappy*
 SCATHE, *scarce*

|| SEMECOP, *a short under-cloak*
 ABORDI, *went on*
 GIOURI, *glory*
 MITTLE, *mighty, rich*

Battle of Hastings.

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing

It should be observed, that the Poem marked No 1, was given to Mr Barrett by Chatterton with the following title " Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465 —The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with" Being afterwards prest by Mr Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend, but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr Barrett the poem marked No 2, as far as ver 550 incl with the following title, " Battl of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for H Canynge Esq." The lines from ver 531 incl were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem

BATTLE of HASTINGS.

(No. 1.)

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a nobil eile and valious knyghte
 In fyghtyng for Kynge Harold noble fell,
 Al sleyne in Hastyns feeld in bloudie fyghte.
 O sea' our teeming donoie han thy floude,
 Han anie fructuous entendement,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wylliam's knyghts han hither went ;
 Whose cowaite arrows manie eiles sleyne,
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

TEEMING, *prolific*
 FRUCTUOUS, *useful*

|| ENTENDEMENTE, *meaning*.
 || BRUED, *embrued*

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynic.
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone
 Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
 From out of heaynge quicklie now departe;
 Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie waie
 Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden haite
 Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geaie,
 And scond your mansion if grymm war come there

Soone as the eilie maten belle was tolde,
 And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
 Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
 Prepar'd for fyghte in champion ariale.
 As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte.
 Aie yoked be the necke within a spaire,

WOTE, *know*
 GEARE, *apparel*
 SCOND, *abscond from*

MATEN, *morning*
 SPARRE, *enclosure*

There rend the eithe, and travellys affiyghte,
 Lackynge to gage the spoitive bloudie waie,
 Soe lacked Hairoldes menne to come to blowes,
 The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Hairold tunynge to hys leegemen spake,
 My menne men, be not cast downe in mynde;
 Youi onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
 Before yon sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde.
 Youi lovyng wife, who eist dyd ind the londe
 Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
 Wyll falle into the Normanne robbei's honde,
 Unlesse with honde and haite you plaie the manne.
 Cheer up youie haites, chase sorrowe farie awaie,
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to
 daie.

And thenne Duke Wylliam to his knyghtes did saie;
 My menne menne, be bravelie everiche,

GAGE, *engage in.*
 LEEGEMEN, *subjects.*
 LODE, *praise.*

|| DONDE HIS WELKE, *finished his course.*
 || LURDANES, *Lord Dane.*
 || EVERICHE, *every one.*

Gif I do gayn the honoie of the daie,
 Ech one of you I wyll make myckle riche
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
 Lordshippes and honoies echone shall possesse,
 Be this the woide to daie, God and my Ryghte,
 Ne doubte but God will ouie tme cause blesse
 The clacions then sounded shaipe and shille,
 Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille

And biave Kyng Harolde had nowe donde his saie;
 He thiewe wythe myghte amayne hys shoite hoise-
 spear,

The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
 His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde,
 The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
 The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,
 And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
 So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
 It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

SAIE, *military cloak*
 AMAYNE, *main force*.
 CRISTEDE, *crested*.

|| ABOUNDE, *benefit*.
 GOUSHYNGE, *gushing*

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
 Come ayde thy ficend, and shewe Duke Wylliams
 payne,

Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte,
 Thy coloyng excells a synger strayne.

Duke Wylliam sawe his fieende sleyn piteouslie,
 His lovyngc fieende whome he muche honoied,
 For he han lovd hym from puenilitie,
 And there togethei bothe han bin ybied :

O' in Duke Wylliam's harte it raysde a flame,
 To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a biasen crosse-bowe in his honde.
 And diewe it haide with all hys myghte amein,
 Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
 Han by his soundyngc arrowe-lede* bene sleyn

ARROWE-LEDE, *arrow-head*

* One commentator supposes that this means the path of the arrow, from the Saxon *lade*, iter profectiv Dean Milles, that it may mean an arrow headed with lead, or that it is misspelled for arrow-hede. Either of these latter conjectures is probable

Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,
 Bye comlie forme knowlached from the 1est ,
 But nowe his destind howie dyd aryve,
 The allowe hyt upon his his milkwhite breste
 So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
 Blown in the moynynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his boddie goie,
 That in his tender guttes it entered,
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
 And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
 Biave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
 Was smeerd all over withe the gone duste,
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme coise,
 That Alured coulde not hymself aluste *
 The standyng Noimans diew theyr bowe echone,
 And bioght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

KANOWLACHED, *known*
 THILK, *such*
 VERITEE, *truth*.

FLAITEN, *terrific*
 ALUSTE, *disengage*

* Mr Bryant and Mr. Tyrwhitt agree that this word has been put by a mistake of Chatterton's for *ajuste*.

The Noimans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,
 The Englysh nete but short hoise-spears could welde,
 The Englysh manie dethe-sure daites did kille,
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stioke,
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
 Therie sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of
 they came

Duke Wylliam diewe agen hys arrowe styngge,
 An arrowe withe a sylver-hede diewe he;
 The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
 And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee
 At this brave Tosslyn thiewe his short hoise-speare;
 Duke Wylliam stooped to avoyde the blowe,
 The yone weapon hummed in his eare,
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe

HENDIE, *hand to hand*
 HEDE, *regarded*

|| PROWE, *for head.*

Upon his helme soe furious was the strokc.
It splete his beaver, and the ryvets broke

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde
Then Doullie myghte his bowestynge diewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde.
But Harolde's asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the scabard toke

And nowe the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeared the knyghtes full brave.
They lifted up theine bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.

SPLATE, *split*
ASENGLAVE *lance*

|| VENGE, *revenge*.

* This word is not known, it occurs again in this poem, l 423. Chatterton has used it in *The Unknown Knight*

So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,
 White foynng hygh to roynge combat runne;
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
 Buiste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
 And when then myghte in buistynge waves is fled,
 Like cowards, stele alonge then ozy bede.

Yonge Egeliede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
 Affynd unto the kyng of Dynefaillie,
 At echone tylte and touney he was seene,
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie waillie,
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
 Agemste the biest of Sieui de Bonoboe;
 He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, hys haite was woe.
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren twaine,
 Whom he wythe cheyshment did deaile love;

WEIRS, *torrents*
 AFFYND, *related*

|| LEFFED, *left*

In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and waie hei crymson glove,
And thence unto the place where he was boine,
Togethei with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie retuine,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe,
And now with soviayn Wylliam he came.
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge, Egeliædus set
Agaynst du Baillie of the mounten head,
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his couiser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak that longe
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge;
And view the buies belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan thiowne downe by mightie thunder
stoke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

PERDIE, *certainly*

Then Egelied dyd in a declynie
 Hys launce upreie wyth all hys myghte ameine,
 And strok Fitzport upon the dextei eye,
 And at his pole the speai came out agayne
 Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arowe fledde
 Wyth mickle myght sent from de Triacy's bowe,
 And at hys syde the arowe entered,
 And out the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;
 In purple strekes it dyd his aimer staine,
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

But Egelied, befoie he sunken downe,
 With all his myghte amein his speai besped,
 It hytte Bertiammil Manne upon the crowne,
 And bothe togethei quicklie sunken dede
 So have I scen a rocke o'er otheis hange,
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
 But when he falls with heaven-peercyng bange
 That he the sleeve unavels all thene fate,
 And broken cunn the beech thys lesson speak,
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake

DECLYNIE, *stooping, declination*
 POLE, *crown of his head*

|| BESPED, *dispatched*
 || SLEFVE, *clue*

Howel ap Jevah came from Matival,
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call
 And in the battel he much goode han done;
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near.
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard,*
 And with a targyt and a tyghtyng spear,
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward.
 True as a shadow to a substant thyngc,
 So true he guarded Harold hys good kyngc

But when Egheled tumbled to the grounde,
 He from Kyngc Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
 And stooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
 Hys Haite and levei came out on the launce

SUBSTANT, *substantial*

|| THILK, *such*.

* The author of the Examination printed at Sherborne remarks thus upon this passage Howel is called in the above lines "yeoman of the body guard" Now that office was unknown in the days of Turgot, and did not subsist even in 145, at which time the poem is said to have been translated King Henry 7 was the first that set up the band of pensioners. The yeomen of the Guard were instituted afterwards.

And then retieted for to guaide hys kynge,
 On dented launce he boie the haite awaie,
 An arrowe came from Auffioie Guel's styngge,
 Into hys heele betwyxt hys yion stae,
 The grey-goose* pynion, that thereon was sett,
 Eftsoons wyth smokyng cymson bloud was wett

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
 Without adoe he turned once agayne,
 And hytt de Guel thilk a blowe, God wote,
 Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
 This Auffioie was a manne of mickle pryde,
 Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face,
 His chaunce in war he ne before han tyde,
 But lyv d in love and Rosaline's embiace,
 And like a useless weede amonge the hare
 Amonge the sleme warriours Guel laie

DENTED, *bruised*
 ADOE, *delay*

|| MAUGRE, *notwithstanding*
 LADDEN, *lay*

* The grey goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart's blood was wet

Kyngc Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
 And ferslie 1yd into the bloudie fyghte,
 Eile Ethelwolf, and Gooduick, and Alfie,
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
 Effied the famous, and Eile Ethelwaide,
 Kyngc Harolde's leegemen, eilies hie and true,
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guaide,
 The reste of eilies, fyghtyngc othei wheres,
 Stained with Noiman bloude theue fyghtyngc
 speres.

As when some 1yver with the season raynes
 White fomyngc hie doth bieke the brydges oft,
 Oerturnes the hamelet and all contens,
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
 So Harold 1anne upon his Noimanne foes,
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
 And delte among them thilke a stoir of blowes,
 Full manie a Noimanne fell by hym dede wounde,
 So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,
 Then soules will wander to Kyngc Offa's dyke.

FERSLIE, *fervently*
 LEEGEMEN, *subjects*

|| ERIES, *earls*
 OUPHANT, *elfin*

Fitz Salnauville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwaide his life dyd yelde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stioke with thilke a
 myghte,
The Noiman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnauville beheld hys son he ded,
Against Eile Edelwaide his bowe-strynge diewe,
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head:
He dy d before the poignant arrowe flew
 So was the hope of all the issue gone,
 And in one battle fell the sire and son

De Aubignee 10d feicely thio' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnauville laie,
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie
Die then thou shalt, Eile Ethelwaide he said,
I am a cunnyng eile, and that can tell,
Then drewe hys sweide, and ghastric cut hys hede,
And on his ficend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
 Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne, great God fore-
 fend,
 It be the fate of no such trusty frende'

Then Egwin S^{ie}ur Pⁱkeny dyd attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souten flie,
But Egwin cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the groundc and soon dyd dic.
His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone Eile Cuthbert s dented fyghtyng spear
Stucke in his haite, and stayd his speed, God wote.

He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman s syde,
Myngle then stiemes of pouiple bloude, and dy'd

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's haite eftsoones dyd flee,
Who dying sayd, ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine,
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
It's fallen boddie tells you how it stooode.

When Edelwaïd perceevd Eile Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Noïmanne ciewe,
 As wolfs when hungried on the cattel fle,
 So Edelwaïd amaine upon him flewe
 With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde,
 And was demasing howe to take his life,
 When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe,
 Base trecheious Noïmannes, if such actes you doe,
 The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you

The eile felte de Torcie's treacheious knyfe
 Han made his cymson bloude and spyrts floe;
 And knowlachyng he soon must quyrt this lyfe,
 Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
 He held hys trustie sweid against his breste,
 And down he fell, and peier'd him to the haite,
 And both together then did take then reste,
 Then soules from coïpses unaknell'd depart,
 And both together soughte the unknown shoie,
 Where we shall goe, where manie's gon befoie.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
 And hie alofe his tempei'd sweide dyd welde,
 Cut offe his ayme, and made the bloude to fle,
 His prooffe steel armouie did him littel sheelde,
 And not contente he splete his hede in twaine,
 And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde.
 Mean while the othei eihes on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warie han learnt with caie
 But manie knyghtes were women in men's gear

Hennewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stooode;
 Where Druids*, auncient preests dyd ryghtes ordaine
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude,

ALOFE, aloft

|| SARIM's, *Salisbury's*

* Mr Warton argues that this opinion concerning Stonehenge did not exist in the days of Turgot "The construction of this stupendous pile *by the Druids, as a place of worship*, was a discovery reserved for the sagacity of a wiser age, and the laborious discussion of modern antiquaries" Dean Milles controverts this in a long note without effect It only appears that he and the Poet, with the same ignorance, confound the Celtic and Teutonic Divinities

Where auncient Baſil dyd then verſes ſynge,
Of Cæſar conquer'd and his mighty hoſte,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wieck'd all his ſhyppyng on the Britiſh coaſte,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity

To make it more renom'd than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonneſſes ſteynd the place wyth Brittiſh gore,
Where nete but bloud of ſacrifices felle
Tho' Chryſtians, ſtylle they thoghte mouche of the
pile,
And here theie mett when cauſes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Iſle
Dyd by the trechene of Hengiſt bleede,
O Hengiſt ! han thie cauſe bin good and true,
Thou wouldeſt ſuch murtherous acts as theſe
eſchew

The erlie was a manne of hic degrec,
And han that dare full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hic degrec
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede,
Who eftsoons goied hym with his tylting launce,
And at his hoises feet he tumbled dede
His partying spuit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd pouiple
bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degrec,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,
Enthoghte to staire a diving rivers couise;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

The Sierc Chatillion, yonger of that name
Advaunced next befoie the erlie's syghte,
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte
Chatillion his trustie swerd foith diewe,
The erlc drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche othei vengouslie they flewe,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scornd to yeelde, and botlie abhor'de to flie,
Resolv d to vanquishe, or resolv d to die

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
That splytte eftsoons his cr sted helm in twayne,
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his bieste, his haite was plern to see;
He tumbled at the hoises feet a'soe,
And in dethe panges he seez'd the recei's knee :

Faste as the ivy ounde the oke doth clymbe,
 So faste he dying gryp'd the racer's^{*} lyambe

The racer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
 And toste the cilic fair off to the grounde,
 The cilic's squie then a sweide did sticke
 Into his haite, a dedlie ghastlie wounde,
 And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
 Upon Chatillon's soulless corse of claie,
 A puddie strieme of bloude flow'd oute amene;
 Stretch d out at length besmer'd with goie he laie,
 As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
 To live a second time upon the main

The erlie nowe an horse and bever han,
 And nowe agayne apperied on the feeld,
 And many a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
 To his dethe-doyng sweid his life did yeeld,
 When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett fle,
 Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne,

^{*}This is a modern word Dean Milles justifies it from the antiquity and universality of horse races

It miss'd, butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.

Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Harewald perceeved, and full of ire
He on the Sire de Broque with furie came;
Quod he, thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thiuste,
And drew thereout a steemie diene lode;
Quod he, these offals are for ever curst,
Shall seve the coughs, and looke, and dawes for foode.
Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee thiowde,
Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with cymson
bloude

Fitz Broque, who saw his fater killen he,
Ah me! sayde he, what woeful syghte I see!

^STEEMIE, *steeming*
DREERIE, *dreadful*

|| COUGHES, *choughs, or raven*

But now I muste do somethyng more than sighe;
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he
 Beneth the eilie's navil came the date,
 Fitz Broque on foote han diawne it from the bowe,
 And upwards went into the eilie's haite,
 And out the cymson stieme of bloude gan flowe
 As fromm a hatch, diawne with a vehement geir,
 White rushe the burstyng waves, and roar along
 the weir

The eile with one honde grasp'd the recei's mayne,
 And with the other he his launce besped;
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede,
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,
 But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde infaine,
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne,
 The noble eilie than, withote a gione,
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

HATCH, *pen, or lock.*
 GEIR, *turn, or twist.*

|| BESPED, *dispatched.*
 OPTICS, *eyes*

Biave Alued from binethe his noble hoise
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
 And now eletten on another hoise,
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
 The cowait Noiman knyghtes before hym fledde,
 And from a distaunce sent then allowes keene;
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
 As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.

Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
 Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon 'du Chatelet he feiselie sett,
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
 The lollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
 Advaucynge, as a mastie at a bull,
 He iann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
 From Paitares bowe, a wight unmercifull,
 Within his owne he felt a ciuel daite;

SMORE, *besmeared*
 ELETEN, *alighted*.
 SLEIEN, *slain*

WIGHTE, *person*
 VILLEN, *vassal, peasant*

Close by the Noiman champyons he han sleime,
 He fell, and mixd his bloude with theis upon the
 pleine

Eile Ethelbert then hove, with elme just,
 A launce, that stroke fartaie upon the thighe,
 And pran'd him downe unto the gone duste;
 Cruel, quod he, thou cuellie shalt die
 With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
 He scitch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
 And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
 And after it a cymson streme of bloude.

In agonie and peine he there did lie,
 While life and dethe strove for masteine

He gryped hard the bloudie murthering launce,
 And in a groue he left this mortel lyfe
 Behynde the eilie Fiscampe did advaunce,
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;

Hove, *heaved*
 Cymse, *inclination*

|| SCRITCH'D, *shrieked*
 BETHOGHTE, *thinking*

But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftsoons his trustie sweide he forthwyth diewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and boddie's bloude at one gate flewe.

Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black theine caithlie name, if not then soule

When lo ' an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge,
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge
What he the first mischaunce received han,
With hoisemans haste he from the aimie rodde,
And did repare unto the cunnyngc manne,
Who sange a chaime, that dyd it mickle goode,
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To blesse his labou, and to heal the same

Then diewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on,

YCLEPD, *called*
SECK, *suck*

|| HERBIES, *herbs*

And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck :
And then did say ; go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harolde to defend,
And metten by Wallens cruel daite ;
His sheelde of wolf-skinne did him not attend
The arrow peiced into his noble haite,
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine, so fell the warrour dede

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his countie gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gone,
As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne
As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes byghte.
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures fle far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen,
*For what he be that ouphant faeries styke,
Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke



* This couplet has occurred before, line 229 of this poem.

So from the face of Meivyn Tewdoi brave
 The Noimans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste,
 And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowait haste.
 His garb sufficient weic to meve affiyghte;
 A wolf skin guded round his myddle was,
 A bear skin, from Norwegians wan in syghte,
 Was tytend round his shoulder by the claws.
 *So Hercules, 'tis sunge much like to him,
 Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.

AGHASTF. *terrified*

|| TYTEND, *tightened*

* And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 A hoary hide of some wild beast, whom he
 In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
 And reft the spoil his ornament to be,

Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,
 Made all that him so horrible did see
 Think him Alcides in a lion's skin,
 When the Nemean conquest he did win

Spenser. Muspotmas

Upon his thyghes and harte-sweete legges he wore
 A hugie goat skyn, all of one giete peice,
 A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore,
 His gauntletts were the skynn of haite of giece.
 They fledde, he followed close upon their heels,
 Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne,
 And Sire de Sancelotte his vengeance feels,
 He peirc'd his backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne
 His bloude went downe the swerde unto his ayme,
 In springing rivulet, alive and warme.

His sweide was shoite, and broade, and myckle keene,
 And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt waie.
 The Normann's haite in partes two cutt cleane,
 He clos'd his cyne, and clos'd his eyne for aie
 Then with his sweide he sett on Fitz du Valle,
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte,
 With thilk a fuie on hym he dyd falle,
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte,
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,
 To dyve an oke into unfallow'd grounde,

And with the sweide, that in his neck yet stoke,
 The Noīman fell unto the bloudie groundē,
 And with the fall ap Tewdoīe's sweide he broke,
 And bloude afieshe came tūckling from the woundē
 As whan the hyndes, befoīe a mountayne wolfe,
 Fle from his paws, and angrie vysage gīym,
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
 They daie hym to his bearde, and battone hym,
 And cause he fīyghted them so muche befoīe,
 Lyke cowait hyndes, they battone hym the moīe

So, whān they sawe ap Tewdoīe was bereft
 Of his keen sweide, thatt wīoghte thilke gīeat
 dismaie

They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
 And full a score engaged in the fiare.
 Meivyn ap Tewdoīe, ragyng as a beai,
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque,
 And wing'd his hedde with such a vehement gīer,
 His visage was turned round unto his backe

GOLPHE, *pit*
 BATTONE, *beat him*

|| GIER, *twist*

Backe to his haite icty'd the useless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to use no more

Then on the mightie Sieie Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the thiote
Then manie Noimann knyghtes then arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Meivyn's haite, God wote
In dying pangs he gryp'd his thiote more stronge,
And from then sockets started out his eyes,
And from his moathe came out his blameless tonge.
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.

As some rude rocke torne from his bed of clāie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdoie
laie

And now Eile Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Meivyn from the Normannes to assist,
A myghtie Sieie, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew that dyd them littel list.



Erle Egward points his launce at Chatelet,
And Ethelbert at Wallenis set his,
And Egward dyd the Siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a mischaunce dyd miss
 Fea laide Wallenis flatt upon the striande,
 He ne deserved a death from erles hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward dyd ypass.
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass
As cōwait Wallenis laie on the grounde,
The dleadēd weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the squier thilke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen loide he tumbled dead
 Oh shame to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,
 A captyve villeyne than a lord more brave !

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,

And hit Wallerie on the dexter check,
Peec'd to his blaine, and cut his tongue in two
There, knyghte, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

BATTLE of HASTINGS.

(No. 2.)



Oh Truth ' immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too lyttle known to wyters of these daies,
 Teach me, fayre Sancte ' thy passynge worthe to
 pryze,

To blame a fiend and give a foeman prayse
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,
 Leadyng a traine of staines of feeble lyghte,
 With look adigne the wolde belowe surueies,
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;
 Wyth aimour dyd, with human goie ydeyd,



She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands cuise
and pryde.

With ale and veinage drunk his souldiers lay ,
Here was an hynde, anie an eilie spiedde ,
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie '
This even in dunke, to-morrow with the dead '
Thio' evnre troope disorder rec'd her hedde ;
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme ,
Sad dome was thenes, who lefte this easie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne of comeng dethe afiaide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and
prayed *

VERNAGE, *a sort of wine*
HYNDE, *peasant,*

|| HEIDEIGNES, *dancer*

* The Englishmen spent the whole night in drinking, singing and dauncing, not sleeping one winke on the other side the Normans gave themselves to acknowledging their sinnes, and to prayer all the night, and in the morning they communicated the Lord's body

Stowe

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode aounde,
 Goe, Gythe and Eilward, take bills half a score
 And search how faire oure focman's campe dothe
 bound,

Youself have rede, I nede to saie ne more.
 My brother best belov'd of anie oie,
 My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
 Tell them to raunge the battle to the gioie,
 And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
 He saide, the loieaul brodcis lefte the place,
 Success and cheefulness depicte on ech face.

.

Slowelie biave Gythe and Eilward dyd advaunce,
 And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,
 When the dyie clatterynge of the shielde and launce
 Made them to be by Hughe Fitzhugh espyd
 He lyfted up his voice, and loudlie cryd,
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell,

WITES, *people*
 REDE, *wisdom*

|| ORE, *other*
 || DEPICTED, *painted*

Gyithe diew hys sweide, and cutte hys builed
 hyde,
 The proto-slenc manne of the fiede he telle;
 Out sticend the bloude, and ran in smokinge
 cuiles,
 Reflected bic the moone seemd rubies mixt with
 peales

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,
 Rousd from their priers by the flotting crie,
 Thoughe Gyithe and Ailwardus percev'd the same,
 Not once theire stode abashd, or thoghte to fle
 He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytoine,
 That makes a vallis wheresoe'er it lie,
 Fierce as a ryver buistynge from the borne,

PROTO SLENE, *first slain*
 FLOTING, *undulating*

|| CLEVIS, *clift*
 || BORNE, *brook*

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stone-
 mell carrying the same awaie J Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line

So fiercelie Gythe hitte Fitz du Goe a blowe,
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone
 lowe.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name,
 Let none ediaw his arcublaste bowe.
 Gythe cas'd his weppone, as he heaude the same,
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyngc floe
 The sue wente onne, ye menne, what mean ye so
 Thus unprovokd to couite a bloudie fyghte?
 Quod Gythe, oure meanyng we ne caie to showe,
 Noi dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
 Heie single onlie these to all thie ciewe
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can
 doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
 Noi joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
 In peace and mercy is a chrystians pryde:
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.

ARCUBLASTER, *cross-bow*
 CAS'D, *sheathed*

|| VENGYNGE, *revenging*
 || DISTRAUGHT, *distracted*

And now the news was to Duke William brought,
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were,
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte.
 And Gythe and Eilwardus enioi'd goode cheere
 Quod Willyam, thus shall Willyam be founde
 A fiend to eueie manne that treads on Englysh
 ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
 And sawe bothe men and eilies on the grounde;
 They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte
 theyr last,
 And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
 He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd;

CATIES, *delicacies*
 ENTHOUGHTE, *thought of*

|| ASTOWND, *astonished*

* He sent out before them that should spy, and view the number and force of the enemies, which when they were perceived to be among the Dukes tents, Duke William caused them to be led about the tents, and then made them good cheere, commanding them to be sent home to their Lord safe without harme.

Stowe

Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth
 rage;
 When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes
 dyd sound,
 Rowse from youi sleepe, detratours of the age!
 Was it for thys the stoute Noiwegian bledde?
 Awake, ye huscailes, now, or waken wyth the dead.

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
 In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
 Heais doublyng echoe wind the wolfins ioie,
 That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
 He tremblyng for his sheep diues dreeme awaie,
 Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde
 Wyth fleeting sturdes he hastens to the fiaie,
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad,
 With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
 And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the skies.

WANNE, *pale*
 DETRATOURS, *traitors*.
 HUSCARLES, *servants*
 SHEPSTER, *shepherd*
 JINTLE, *gentle*

WIND, *sound*
 BURLED, *armed*
 ADRADDE, *affrighted*
 COISTRELL LAD, *servant*
 TALBOTS, *dogs*

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine,
 There thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line,
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and
 byllspear shine,
 Thowote the campe a wild confusionne spreadde,
 Eche biacd hys amlace sikei ne desygne,
 The crested helmet noddod on the hedde,
 Some caught a slughoine, and an onsett wounde,
 Kyng Hærold heaide the charge, and wondied at
 the sounde.

Thus Leofwine, O Women cas'd in stele;
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn secl
 Throughe the black armour dyd the anlace fele.
 And rybbes of solid blasse were made to bleede?
 Whilst yet the worlde was wondhyng at the
 deede

WALSOME, *loathsome*
 TRECHIT, *treachery*
 ARLACE, *accompaniments for the arms*

SIKER, *sure*
 SLUGHORNE, *military trumpets*
 ONSETT, *charge*

You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in
 hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede
 O shame! oh dyie dishonoure to the lande!
 He sayde, and shame on everie visage spiedde,
 Ne sawe the eilies face, but addawd hung their head

Thus he, rowze yce, and foime the boddie tyghte
 The Kentysh menne in fronte, for stienght
 renownd,
 Next the Bystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
 And last the numerous ciewe shall presse the
 grounde
 I and my king be wyth the Kenteis founde,
 Bythme and Alfwold hedde the Bystowe bande,
 And Bettrams sonne, the manne of glorious
 wounde,
 Lead in the rear the menged of the lande,
 And let the Londoners and Susseis plie
 Be Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyits anie

REDE, *counsel*

ADDAWD, *awakened*

MENGED, *mixed troops*

|| MEMUINE, *attendants*
 || ANIE, *annoy*

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
 If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
 With twa redubbed fhun the alans run,
 So stynd the valiante Saxons evenich one,
 Soone linked man to man the champyones stooode,
 To 'tone for then bewiate so soone twas done,
 And lyfted bylls enseem d an yion woode,
 Here glorious Alfwold towr d above the wites,
 And seem'd to biave the fun of twa ten thousand
 fights

Thus Leofwine, today will Englandes dome
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state,
 This sunnes aunture be felt for ycars to come;
 Then biavelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
 Thinke of biave Ælfidus, yclept the griete,
 From porte to porte the red-hand Dane he chasd,

BELENT, *at a stop*
 TWA, *twice*
 FHUIR, *fury*
 ALANS, *hounds*

BEWRATE, *treashery*
 WITES, *men, people*
 AUNTURE, *adventure*,
 YCLEPT, *called*

The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's could mate,
 Who made of peopled realms a barren waste;
 Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
 Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.

Meanwhile dyd Gythe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
 And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare
 Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
 And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
 Gythe waxen hotte, fhuu in his eyne did glare;
 And thus he saide, oh brother, fiend, and kynge,
 Have I deserved this fiemed speche to heare?
 Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng
 When Tostus sent me golde and sylver stowe,
 I scold hys present vile, and scold'd hys treason
 more.

Forgive me, Gythe, the brave Kynge Harolde
 cyd,

LYONCELS, *young lions*
 MAGYSTRIE, *mastery*
 BESTED, *contended*
 ASKAUNTE, *obliquely*

FAY, *faith*
 FREMED, *strange*
 HALLIDOME, *holy church*

Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
 I think of Tostus, once my joye and pryde
 Girthe saide, with looke adigne, my lord, I doe
 But what oure foemen are, quod Gythe, I'll
 shewe;
 Bie Gods hie hallidome they preestes are
 Do not, quod Harolde, Gunthe, mystell them so
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre
 *Quod Gunthe, why will ye then provoke theyr
 hate?
 Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie giete

ADIGNE, *noble*

|| MYSTELL, *miscall*

* Harold asked them what tydings they brought, and they with long commen-
 dation extolled the clemencie of the Duke, and in good sadnesse declared that
 all the host almost did seeme to be Priests — The King laughing at them folly
 said, they bee no Priests, but men of warre, valiant in armes and stout of
 courage Girthe his brother took the word out of his mouth and said, for as
 much as the Normans bee of such great force, me thinketh it were not wisely
 done of you to joyne battle with them

Stowe

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
 And stretchd his aîmie owte a goodlie 1owe.
 First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
 Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,
 Brave champyones, eche well leined in the bowe,
 Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
 Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
 Or waited squier lyke at the hoises syde.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
 Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
 That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
 Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
 Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
 He saide, the Monke departyd out of hande,
 And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear,
 Who said; tell thou the Duke, at his likand
 If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.

ARCUBLASTRIES, *cross-bowmen*
 FLO, *arrow*
 ASENGLAVE, *lances.*

|| LOVERDS, *lords.*
 || LIKAND, *choise*

*He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,
And with his brothers iouzd each manne to bloudie
fyghte.

A standaide made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes
†An amygd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard ych, endazzlyng mortal eyes,
Was boine neare Harold at the Kenters heade,
Who chaigd hys biodeis for the giete empyze
That staite the best for battle should be spiedde

BIGHES, *jewels.*
MOTTE, *motto*

|| EMPYZE, *undertaking*
|| HIS, *command*

* And with the same indiscreetness he drave away a Monke that was Duke William's ambassador. The Monke broughte three offers, to wit, that either Harold should, upon certain conditions, give over the kingdome, or to be King under Duke William, or if Harold would denie this, he offered to stande to the judgement of the Sec Apostolic

Stowe.

† The King himself stood afoote by the standard, which was made after the shape and fashion of a man fighting, wrought by sumptuous art, with gold and precious stones.

Stowe.

To evy erle and knyghte the woide is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted
heaven

As when the eithe, torne by convulsyons dyie,
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human syghte,
The wairing foice of water, au, and fyie,
Blast from the regions of eteinal nyghte,
Thro the darke caveins seeke the reaulmes of
lyght,
Some loftie mountayne, by its fury toine,
Dreadfully moves, and causes gicte afflyght;
Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the bounne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty foice,
Whole woods and forests nod, and yvers change
theyr course

So did the men of wai at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light,
Above a wood, yfoim'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayie most straunge to syght



Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
 Ne neede of slughornes to enowse theyr minde ;
 Eche shootyng speire yreaden for the tyghte,
 Moore feerce than fallyng rocks, more swefte than
 wynd,
 With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyie,
 One single boddie all there marchd, theyr eyen on fyre,

And now the greie-eyd morne with vylets diest,
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
 Fled with her rosie radiance to the West .
 Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
 Of the bright sunne awaytyng spirits leedes
 The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jemie gledes,
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
 And stopt his charyng steedes, and hid his lyghtsome
 raye.



SLUGHORNES, *war trumpets*
 YREADEN, *made ready.*

|| JERNIE, *journey*
 GLEDES, *glides.*

Kyng Harolde hie in ayie majestic raysd
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare ;
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
 Then fuyouse sent it whistlynge thro the ayie.
 It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beei ,
 In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;
 Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
 Peercyng quite thro, befoie it dyd allaie ;
 He tumbled, scitchyng wyth hys hoiuid payne ;
 His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam saw, and soundyng Rowlandes songe
 He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
 Makyng bothe endes to meet with myghte full
 stronge,
 From out of mortals syght shot up the floe ,
 Then swyfte as fallynge staires to earthe belowe
 It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;
 Quite thro the silver-borduid crosse did goe,

MANCHYN, *sleeve*
 PAIZDE, *poised*
 ALLAIE, *stop*

|| SCRITGHYNG, *shrieking*
 || CUSHES, *armour for the thighs*
 || FLOE, *arrow*

Not loste its force, but stuck into the felde,
 The Normannes, like theyr sovyn, dyd prepaie,
 And shotte ten thousande floes uprysinge in the aie †

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes then waie
 In housholde armies thro the flanced skie,
 Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
 If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
 Soon as the muddie natyon there espie,
 Inne one blacke cloude there to the erth descende,
 Ferce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie,
 In vayne do needes the speckled folk defend.
 So pione to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
 And peered thro biasse, and sente manie to heaven
 or helle

FFANCHFD, *arched*

† Duke William commanded his men that some of them should shoote directly forward, and other some upward, by reason whereof, the arrowes shot upward destroyed the Englishmen as they stooped, and the arrowes shot directly aforehand, wounded them that stood uprigh

Elan Adelfied, of the stowe of Leigh,
 Felte a dñe anowe buinyng in his bieste,
 Before he dyd, he sent hys spear awaie,
 Thenne sunk to glorie and eteinal ieste
 Nevylle, a Noimanne of alle Noimannes beste,
 Thow the jointe cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
 As he on hoisebacke for the fyghte addressd,
 And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the
 steele,

He sente the avengynge floe into the ayie,
 And tuind hys hoises hedde, and did to leeches re-
 paye

And now the javelyns, baibd with deathhis wynges,
 Huild from the Englysh handes by force adeine,
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of tenor synges,
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eteine
 Huild by such stiength along the ayie there buine,
 Not to be quenched butte ynn Noimannes bloude;

Whereere there came they wcie of lyfe forloin,
 And alwaies followed by a purple floude,
 Like cloudes the Noimanne arrowes did descend,
 Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end

Noi, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande,
 Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aine,
 The foice of none but thyne and Harolds hande
 Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer,
 Itte whyzzd a ghasstlie dynne in Normannes ear,
 Then thundrynge dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
 Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
 He closd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte,
 Ah! what awayld the lyons on his cieste!
 His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was
 prest.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
 And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,

PHEON, *spear*
 GLYTTEd, *gilded*.
 LETHAL, *deadly*.

GEER, *turn*
 GREAVE, *a part of armour*

Descendyng like a shafte of thundeꝛ fleete,
 Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
 Onne Algaïs sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,
 There thioȝhe dyd peerse, and stycke into his
 gione,

In gyppe torments on the feelde he laie,
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
 Distort with payne he laie upon the boine,
 Lyke stude elms by stormes in uncothe wythynges
 toine.

Allick his brotheꝛ, when he this percev'd,
 He drewe his sweide, his lefte hande helde a speere,
 Towards the duke he tuꝛnd his piauncyng steede,
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a praye;
 Then sent his lethal javlyn in the aye,
 On Hue de Beaumont's backe the javelyn came,
 Thio his redde amour to hys haite it tare,
 He felle and thondꝛed on the place of fame,

ASSAIE, *make an attempt.*
 DISTORT, *distorted, writhing*

|| BORNE, *bornist or armour*
 UNCOUETH, *strange*

Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Sieui de Roe
And braste his sylver helme so fuyous was the blowe

But Willyam, who had scen hys prowesse great,
And feered muche how faire his blonde might goe,
Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe
As alic hoistes hys aime for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,
The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite thowe his aime into his syde ypaste,
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng stanic at nyghte,
He gypd his sweide, and felle upon the place of
fyghte.

O Alfwolde, saie, howe shalle I synge of thee
Or telle howe manie dyd benethe thee falle,
Not Haroldes self more Noimanne knyghtes did
slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;

BRASTE, *broke, burst*
BRONDE, *fury*

|| ARBLASTER, *cross-bow*
FLOE, *arrow*

How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
 Lyke thee, then leader, eche Bystowyanne
 foughte,
 Lyke thee then blaze must be canonical,
 Foie thee, like thee, that daie bewiecke youghte.
 Did thutle Normannes fall upon the grounde,
 Full half a score from thee and there receive then
 fatale wounde

Fust Fytz Chivelloys felt thie dreiful force;
 Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
 Eftsoones throwe that thie dryvynge speare did
 peece,
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle,
 Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle,
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde,
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle,
 In scarlet was his cuishe of sylvei dyde

BEWRECKE, *reveng*.
 NETE, *nought*
 ASSAYLE, *attempt*

|| HYGRA, *boie of the Severn*
 || ADVENTAYLE, *armor*
 || CUISHE, *armor for the thigh*

Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's
 1ysyng ray

Next Fescampe felle, O Chrieste, how harde his
 fate
 To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge.
 His spite was made of malice deslavate,
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie songe.
 The broch'd keene javlyn huld from honde so
 stronge
 As thine came thundyngc on his crysted beave,
 Ah! neete awayld the brass or iron thonge,
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave,
 Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng biaine,
 As witheld okes or clmes are hewne from off the
 playne.

GLEEM, *pointed*.
 LECKFDST, *cowardiest*.
 DESLAVATE, *disloyal*

BROCH'D, *pointed*
 CRYSTED, *crested*.
 BEAVE, *beaver*

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere,
 Couldste thou not kenne, most skylld After-la-
 goure,

How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
 When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
 From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
 Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloud bear,
 It gve thee death and everlastyng fame,
 Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde ayme,
 As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds haime

LORE, *learning*
 KENNE, *know*

|| HABERGEON, *coat of mail*,
 || BEHIGHT, *name*

* The word *Astrologer* used sometimes to be expressed *Asterlagour*, and so it seems to have occurred in this line Chatterton was so ignorant as to read it *Afterlagour*, and has absolutely disjointed the constituent parts, and taken it for a proper name, the name of a Norman of some consequence. He accordingly forgets the real person spoken of, and addresses this After-la-gour as a person of science—"most skylld after-la-gour." He thought it was analogous to Delacoure, Delamere, and other compounded French names. So puerile are the mistakes of the person who is supposed to have been the author of these excellent poems

Bryant

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the ground,
 Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,
 His soule and bloude came oushyunge from the
 wounde,

He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest
 It can ne be I should behight the rest,
 That by the myghtie ayme of Alfwold felle,
 Paste bie a penne to be counte on expreste,
 Howe manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle,
 As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns
 hand,

So laie the Noirmannes slain by Alfwold on the strand

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
 Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
 Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;
 The shepster swaynes in vayne they1 lees lement,
 So foughte the Bystowe menne; ne one crevent,

KEN'T *know it.*
 BESPRENGE, *spread.*

|| LEES, *sheep-pasture*
 || CREVENT, *coward*

Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Noimans all the playne besprent,
And like theyr leadeis every man did slee,
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
The Brystowe menne styll iagd, for Alfwold was not
dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encleasd the slayne;
'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
On telle how manie Noimannes preste the playne;
But of the eiles, whom record nete hath slayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve
agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate,
So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie styyve to be

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever buind with sacred fyre,
And een onn erthe he myghte be calld dyvine,

To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes 1esygne,
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte,
 His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
 Made him in gemot wyse, and great in fyghte,
 Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
 His friends he lets to lyve, and all his foemen bleedes

He married was to Kenewalchae faue,
 The fynest dame the sun or moon adave,
 She was the mightie Adciredus heyre,
 Who was aheadie hastyng to the grave,
 As the blue Bruton, 1ysinge from the wave,
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
 And 1ounde aboute the 1ysynge wateis lave,
 And then longe hayre arounde then bodie flies.
 Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Briittaines isle,
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,

ADINGL, *worthy*
 GEMOT, *counsel*

|| ADAVE, *arise upon*. M unauthorized
 || LAVE, *wash*

Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasaunce on hei lippes combine,
 Her lippes moie iedde than summer evenynge
 skyne,
 O! Phoebus 1ysinge in a frostie moine,
 Her breste moie white than snow in feeldes that
 lyene,
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
 Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspinge in the
 delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the shelle,
 Biowne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
 So biowne the crokyde 1ynges, that featlie fell
 Ouer the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
 G1eie as the morne before the ruddie flame
 Of Phebus charyotte 1ollynge thro the skie;
 G1eie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
 So g1eie appeard her feetly sparklyng eye;

SKYNE, *sky*.

LYENE, *lies*

NEW-BRASTE, *newly burst*

|| CROKYDE, *curling, crooked*.

|| FEATLIF, *genteely*.

Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doom-day
 book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stooode
 Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kyunge,
 Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
 Where saintes and soules departed masses synge,
 Such awe from hei sweete looke forthe issuyng
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
 Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,
 So sweet the wordes that from hei lippes did falle,
 None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
 Hei wordies did displaie hei great entendement

Tapie as candles layde at Cuthberts shynne,
 Tapie as elmes that Goodricks abbie shrove;
 Tapie as silver chalices for wine,
 So Tapie was hei aimes and shape ygrove

THRASLARAKS, *thrushes*
 ENTENDEMENT, *understanding*

|| SHROVE, *shrouded.*
 || YGROVE, *formed*

As skylful mynemenne by the stones above
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
 The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
 Thus was she outwaïd foim'd; the sun hei mind
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all hei chaïms
 1efin'd.

What blazous then, what gloïe shall he clayme,
 What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
 That lefte the bosome of so fayie a dame
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to seive his loide the kynge?
 To his fayre shine goode subjects oughte to bïnge
 The aïmes, the helmets, all the spoyles of waïre,
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynges,
 And travelling merchants spiedde hys name to faïie;
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
 And nowc among his foes dethe-doyngge blowes he
 delte

MYNEMENNE, *miners*.
 YLACH'D, *confined*

|| BIZOURS, *praises*
 || DOUGHTIE, *powerful*

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
 He rageth soie, and doth about hym slee,
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
 And alle the giasse with clotted gore doth stee,
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuouslie,
 And breaks the bankes that would its force re-
 stayne,
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
 Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course main-
 tayne;
 As when a manne doth in a corne-fielde mowe,
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
 Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng slayne
 Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne,
 He cut hym with his sweide athur the breaste;
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armour stayne,

STREE, *strew, or scatter.*
 LEASE, *lose*

|| ATHUR, *across*

He clos'd his eyen in æternal restē,
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeste boine awaie,
 Stretchd in the aimes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thio the ayie he sent his javlyn feece,
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
 Thiove the vaste oibe the shaipe pheone did peerce,
 Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its mighte.
 But soon another wingd its aerie flyghte,
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe,
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
 Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyng from the
 blowe.

Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
 So fell the mightie sue and mingled with the slaine.

IIue de Longeville, a foice doughtie meire,
 Advauuncyd forwaide to provoke the daite,
 When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted
 speere
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.

He diewe his bowe, nor was of dothe astate,
 Then fell down biethlesse to encrease the coise,
 But as he diewe hys bowe devoid of aite,
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse,
 Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe,
 Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde
 doth goe

Nor does he hede his masties known commands,
 Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
 And thiowes hys mastic far off to the grounde.
 Neai Adhelms feete the Noirmanne laie astounde,
 Bespiengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
 He peered his sweide, and out upon the feelde
 The Noirmannes bowels steemd, a deadlie syghte!
 He opd and closd his eyen in everlastyng nyghte.

ASTATE, *afraid*
 HATCHMENTS, *caparisons*.
 ASTOUNDꝰ, *stunned*

|| BESPREND, *scattered*,
 || ENSOOND, *in a swoon*,
 || STEEMD, *icked*

Caveid, a Scot, who for the Noimannes foughte,
 A mann well skilld in swaide and soundynge
 styngge,
 Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
 For daiynge with bolde woide hys loaule kynge,
 He at Ealc Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
 An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
 Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
 Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
 So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
 Thro some tall spyie the shaftes in a torn clevis fle.

Then Addhelm build a croched javlyn stronge,
 With mighte that none but such grete championes
 know;
 Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
 Ande hytte the Scot most fencie on the powe,
 His helmet biasted at the thondring blowe,
 Into his brian the tiemblyn javlyn steck,

ENSTROTE, *to be punished.*

ASKAUNTE, *slanting*

CLEVIS, *clift*

PROW, *forehead*

BIASTED, *beast*

STECK, *struck.*

From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
 And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck,
 Down fell the wairiour on the lethal strand,
 Lyke some tall vessel wicckt upon the tragick sande.

CONTINUED

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in
 greie,
 Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble
 heade,
 The hungrie traveller upon his waie
 Sees a huge deserte alle arounde hym spredde,
 The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
 The curlynge foice of smoke he sees in vayne,
 Tis to far distaunte, and his onlie bedde
 Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
 Whylste rattlynge thonder foirey oer his hedde,
 And raines come down to wette hys haide uncouthlie
 bedde

DERNE, *dreary, melancholy*
 SCANTLIE, *scarcely*

|| IWIMPLED, *covered*.
 || FORREY, *destroy*.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
 Placd on eche other in a dreare aiaie,
 It ne could be the woike of human handes,
 It ne was reared up bie menne of claie
 Heie did the Brutons adoration paye
 To the false god whom they did Tauian name,
 Dightyngc hys altane with greete fyies in Maie,
 Roastyngc theyr vycualle ound aboute the flame,
 'Twas heie that Hengyst did the Bytons slee,
 As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neeie on a loftie hylle a cite standes,
 That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
 And kynglie looks aounde on lower landes,
 And the longe biowne playne that before itte lies.
 Herewaide, boine of parentes brave and wyse,
 Within thys vyлле fyiste adrewe the ayre,
 A blessinge to the erthe sente from the skies,
 In anie kyngdom nee could fynde his pheer ;
 Now 1ybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
 And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte

DIGHTYNGE, *dressing*

SCHAFTED, *adorned with turrets*

|| PHEER, *equal*

So when deine Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande
 Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
 The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
 Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze,
 Alle the whole felde a carnage-houise he sees,
 And sowles unknelled hover d oer the bloude;
 From place to place on either hand he sees,
 And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronDED floude,
 Dethe honge upon his arme, he sleed so maynt,
 'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

Byghte sonne in haste han drove hys fiene wayne
 A three howies course alonge the whited skyen,
 Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
 And longed greetlie to plonce in the byne.
 For as hys beemes and fai-stretchynge cyne
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
 The wolsomme vapours ounde hys lockes did
 twyne,

LYMED, *smooth*
 BESPRENGED, *scattered*.
 BLATAUNTE, *noisy*
 BRONDED, *furious*
 MAYNT, *many*.

POINTEL, *pen*
 SKYEN, *sky*
 SWARTHLESS, *without souls, lifeless*
 PLONCE, *plunge*

And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen ;
 Then to haide actyon he hys wayne dyd iowse,
 In hyssynge occan to make glaiu hys biowes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Noiman
 knyghte.

That bee. wai token in a shielde so fyne,
 Shoulde onward goe, and daie to closei fyghte
 The Saxonne wanyoi, that dyd so entwinc,
 Lyke the neshe byon and the eglantine,
 Onie Cornysh wiastleis at a Hocktyde game.
 The Normannes, all emachialld in a lyne,
 To the ourt aniae of the thight Saxonnes came ,
 There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a paine
 Dyd know that Saxonnes wcie the sonnes of waie.

Oh Tugotte, wheresoeer thie spyte dothe haunte,
 Whithet wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,

WOISOMME, *loathsome*
 SEMMLIKEEN, *countenance.*
 GLAIR, *clear*
 NESHE, *tender*
 BYON, *wild-vine*

EGIANTINE, *sweetbrier*
 OURT, *open*
 THIGHT, *closed, consolidated*
 WHAITED, *astonished.*

Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte laike
 chaunte,
 Oire wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie glide.
 Or rowle in feiselie wythe feise Severnes tyde,
 Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleeme
 Wyth such greeete thoughtes as dyd with thee
 abyde,
 Thou sonne, of whom I oft have caught a beeme,
 Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
 That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wite

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
 Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys speire,
 Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
 And groves of bylles did glitter in the aye
 Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere,
 Campynon famous for his statue lughe,
 Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyte of leir,
 In cloude daie he icechd into the skie;

SWOTIE, *sweet*
 MOKYNGE, *mocking, bubbling*
 ENLEME, *enlighten*

|| DRYBBLETTE, *small portion*
 || BROCHED, *pointed*
 || LERE, *leather*.

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And diewe hys steele Moiglaien sworde so stronge.

Thyxe ounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace
wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stoke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner bieme;
Alonge the felde it made an hound cleembe,
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in
twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie sweide dyd steeme,
And then dyd dive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte taies trees and dyves ynto the
grounde

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stoke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;

ANLACE, *sword*
AGLEEME, *shine*
BREME, *furious*

|| CLEEMBE, *sound*
|| COUPEYNGE *cutting*

e playne the broken brasse bespente
 yis bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde,
 yd backe, and dyd not there abyde,
 aught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
 downe the Noimannes, did then raukes
 ide,
 himselfe lefte them unto the foe;
 aunes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
 e provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes
 ne.

; who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
 ge the rede of generaul so wyse,
 fwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
 the armie ayenwarde he lues,
 as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
 ele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm
 oude,
 nters, ten Bistowans for th' emprise
 wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,

cattered
backward.
3, elephants.

|| REDE, *advice.*
 || TAKEL, *arrow.*

Who aynewaide went, whylste evenic Noimanne
 knyghte
 Dyd blush to see then champion put to flyghte.

As paimctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
 When yt is cale and blustynge wyndes do blowe,
 Enteis hys boidelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
 And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
 He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
 Thiove the quyck toient of the bollen ave,
 Thiove Seveine rollynge oer the sandes belowe
 Hè skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle foi hys eyne
 In peccies hee the mortheing theef doth chyne.

So Alfwould he dyd to Campynon haste,
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Noimannes eyne,
 Hce fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,

CALE, *cold*
 BORDELIE, *cottage*
 BELTRYNTS, *sprinkles*
 BOLLEN AVF, *swelling wave*
 ALOFE, *aloft*

|| BLENTS, *mixes with*
 || STYNTS, *stops*
 || CHYNE, *divide*
 || AWHAP'D, *astonished*

To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclýne
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
 And said, Campynon, is it thee I see ?
 Thee ? who dydst actes of glorie so bewyen,
 Now poolic come to hyde thyselfe bie mee ?
 Awaie ! thou dogge, and acte a warrours parte,
 Or with mie sweide I ll perce thee to the harte

Betweene Eile Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
 blonde
 Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde
 bee,
 Seezed a huge sweide Moiglaen yn his honde,
 Mottyinge a praiser to the Vyigyne
 So hunted deere the dryvyng houndes will slee,
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape,
 And feeiful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
 Theyie ynfante hunters doe theie ofte aw hape;
 Thus stode Campynon, giete but heitlesse
 knyghte,
 When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
 Meanewhyle hys menne on evenie syde dyd slee,
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
 Campynon's swerde in builie-brande dyd deee;
 Bêwopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee,
 Hys Biystowe menne came in hym for to save;
 Eftsoons upgotten from the giounde was hee,
 And dyd agayne the touring Noïman brave;
 Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a dreat arraie,
 Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys pieie.

Upön the Noïmannes brazen adventayle
 The thondyng bill of mightie Alfwould came,
 It made a dentful biuse, and then dyd fayle,
 Fromme rattlyng weepens shotte a spaiklyng
 flame;
 Eftsoons agayne the thondyng bill ycame,
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyits of laie;

DYGHTE, *prepare*
 BUIIE-BRAND, *armed fury*
 DREE, *drive*
 BEWOPEN, *stupefied*

ADVENTAYLE, *armor*
 DENTFUL, *indentend*
 LARE, *leather*,

A tyde of purple goie came wyth the same,
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it taie,
 Campy non felle, as when some cittie-walle
 Inne dolefulle terrouis on its mynours falle

Hie felle, and dyd the Noiman iankes dyvyde.
 * So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
 Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde.
 Slowlie he falls and on the grounde doth lie,
 Pressynge all downe that is with hym anighe,
 And stoppynge weaie travellers on the waie,
 So straught upon the playne the Noiman hie

* * * * *

Bled, gion'd and dyed. the Noimanne knyghtes
 astound

To see the bawsin champion preste upon the grounde



STRAUGHT, *stretched out.*

|| BAWSIN, *huge.*



* As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
 Groans to the oft-heaved axe with many a wound,
 Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground.

Pope's Homer.

As when the hygia of the Seveine ioais,
 And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedeceteis shore,
 And sweepes the black sande ounde its horie p owe;
 So biemie Alfwoulde thio the wanie dyd goe,
 Hys Kenteis and Bystowans slew ech syde,
 Betieinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
 And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
 Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they
 went,
 And ounde aboute them swarthless coise besprente

A famous Noimanne who yclepd Aubene,
 Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handeswoide fyghte,
 That dare yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
 For he in sothen was a manne of myghte,
 Fyiste dyd his sweide on Adelgai alyghte,
 As he on horsebock was, and pceisd hys gryne.

HYGRA, *bois*
 UGSOM, *terrible*
 CLEEMBE, *noise*
 PROWE, *brow*
 BREMIE, *furious*
 BETREINTED, *sprinkled*

SWARTHLESS, *lifeless*
 BESPRENTE, *scattered*
 YCLEPD, *called*
 SOTHEN, *truth*
 GRYNE, *grove*

Then upwaid wente in everlastynge nyghte
 Hee closd hys rollyng and dymssyghted cyne
 Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam d Adelhed,
 Bie vaiious causes sunken to the dead.

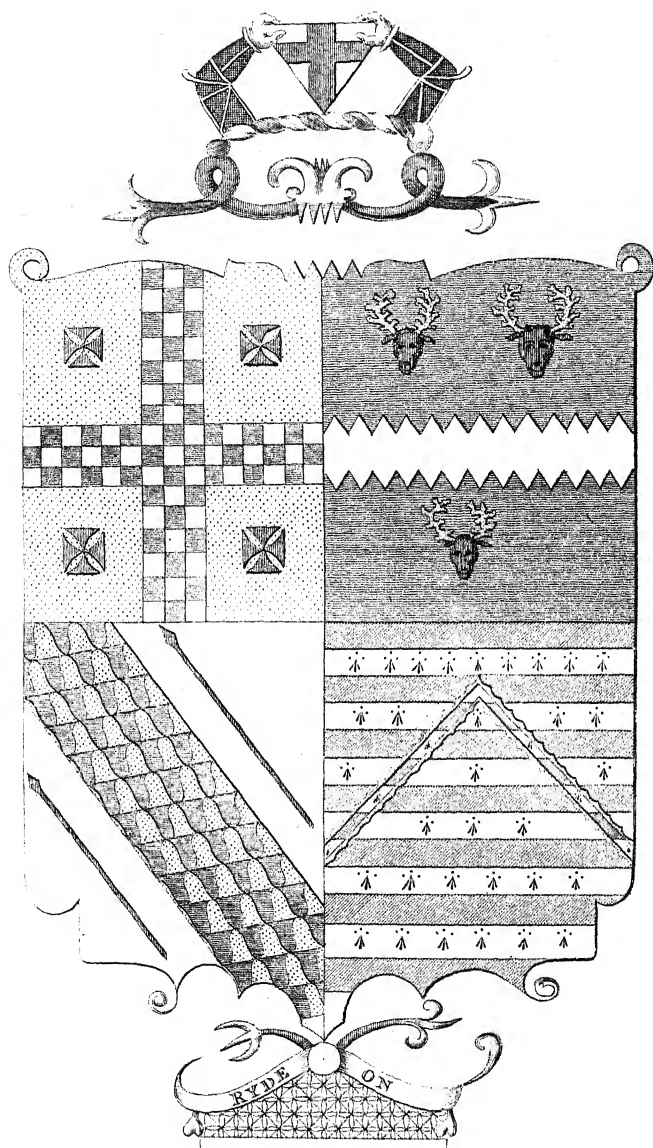
But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
 To whom compar'd hee was a man of stie,
 And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
 At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could diee;
 But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie
 Aslaunte his sweide did go ynto the grounde,
 Then Alfwould hym attack'd most furyouslie,
 Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
 Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
 And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

* * * * *

STEE, *straw*
 DREE, *drive*.
 BISMARLIE, *curiously*.

ASLAUNTE, *slanting*
 GABERDYNE, *cloak*
 UPRYNE, *lift up*

THE DE BERGHAM ARMS.



ACCOUNT
OF THE
Family of the De Bergham,

FROM THE
NORMAN CONQUEST
TO THIS TIME

Collected from original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of
March and Garters' Records by

THOMAS CHITTERTON.

In the first place Chatterton commences the work with an erroneous assertion, No such person as "Simon de Levnete Lyze, alias Senhz," came to England with William the conqueror, as appears from an examination of the list of Names, still extant. And in affirming that this Senhz was created Earl of Northampton, by William, after the execution of the former Earl of that name, it is contrary to express and acknowledged Fact*.

Another fundamental Argument against the authenticity of the Manuscript, is this. Altho' Chatterton has ascribed so great respectability and antiquity to the Family of De Burgham, including a succession of Knights, Barionets and Poets, yet no such name is on record as being entitled to *any* Coat of Arms, and which could not have been the case if the De Burghams had been so ancient and honourable a Family †

Not are the authorities which Chatterton, cites in support of his assertions entitled to greater credit. We

* Alwyne, whose lands lay in Warwickshire, in the Reign of Edward the Confessor, had Issue, Turkil, or Turchill, who was the reputed Earl of Warwick, at the time of the Conquest. This Turkil, by his second Wife, had Issue, Osbert de Arden, who was seated at Compton-Wyniate, in the County of Warwick, and took the Sir-name of Compton, from whom the Earls of Northampton descended.

† Before the Revolution, Commissioners, from the Herold's College, proceeded, at stated times, to every County in the Kingdom, and summoned before them all Persons, who had risen in opulence since their last visit, to take out their COAT OF ARMS. The expense was not inconsiderable, and whoever refused the proposed honour, was obliged, under a penalty, to write his Name in the SURVEY BOOK, at the top of which appeared, in legible Characters, "We the undersigned, renounce all claims to the title of Gentlemen!"

have heard of *Oral* tradition, but *Oral Deeds, Writings* and *Tournament Rolls*, are a new and inadmissible species of evidence. And although with many Readers the authority of Review may still be deemed legitimate, yet the *Records* of MARCH and GARTER, so often referred to, are absolute non-entities, these titles being applied to *officers* only in different departments of Heraldry, and not to *particular Writings*.

With respect to the emblazonments, which so scrupulously follow the introduction of every new Name, Chatterton, equally exposes himself to detection. The Coats of Arms ascribed to different Individuals throughout the Work, are for the most part, the direct reverse of those which the respective Families have ever borne, independently of which, some are imperfectly defined, and others extravagantly complex. It may be remarked also, that for a long series of real arms, he is too sparing in his embellishments. The Cross, so familiar to the Bearings of the middle ages, he has seldom introduced, as well as Saltires, Effigies, and Ordinaries, with artificial and Chimerical Figures. and he has made little other use of Celestials, than the occasional introduction of an Estole.

These omissions, in the opinion of a Heraldist, without any other evidence, would be a strong presumptive argument against the authenticity of the MS.

There are two Lancashire Families of the Name of Chatterton, but neither of them is entitled to arms, resembling in any respect that ascribed to "RADCLIFF DE CHATTERTON." (A most significant and appropriate Name!) The first being, Gules, a Cross Potent Cross'd, Or, and the second, Argent, a Cheveron, Gules, between three Tent Hooks.

Every Reader will remark the great difference between the Emblazonment given to the Family of Chatterton in the De Burgham MS. and that which Chatterton assigns to himself in his WILL.† The former is pompous in the extreme, while the latter is distinguished for its simplicity. There appears however a mistake in it, twice repeated. It begins, "Vest a Fess," which has no meaning, Vest not being an Heraldic term. It should doubtless be read in both instances, "Fess Vert." An error which Chatterton's transcriber might very naturally make.

The same inconsistency also will be found in the Escutcheon given to De Burgham in the MS, and the engraving annexed, (which is taken from a Drawing, curiously painted by Chatterton, on a Piece of Parchment about eight inches square, and which he presented to Mr. Burgham, as a correct copy of his Arms!)

These mistakes and inadvertancies may fairly be attributed to the haste with which the MS. was probably written, designed merely to answer some temporary purpose, and I mention them only to infer that no person would have been exposed to such errors who primarily respected fact, and strictly adhered to authorities.

It appears very evident that Chatterton had paid particular attention to the subject of Heraldry, both from the present publication, as well as from his letter to Ralph Bigland Esq. and some other parts of his Works, but there are few Readers who will not smile when they find the beardless Bard of Bristol gravely telling his Relation Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, that he traces his descent from Fitz-Stephen, Grandson of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness, in the eleventh Century !*

† Vol. 3.

* Vide Letters, Vol. 3.

With respect to the Authorities which Chatterton gives for his Emblazonments, they will be found to consist merely of a number of names, well known in Heraldry, and, as might be supposed, without any *particular reference*, amongst which frequently appear, March ! Garter ! and Rowley !

In order to ascertain, in a general way, what portion of Truth was contained in the Pedigree of De Buigham, I have examined several of the works referred to in the margin of the MS and find, except in one instance, the information pretended to be derived from them wholly ungrounded

This one exception refers to Sir William Molcneux, who is mentioned at nearly the the end of the Manuscript, as having died at Canterbury, on his return from the wars in Spain, in the Year 1372, and at which place he was buried with a latin Inscription This information and inscription are accurately taken from WEAVER'S FUNERAL MONUMENTS, page 234, and to which Chatterton directs the Reader. But there is collateral evidence that Chatterton was acquainted with this Work, as he refers to it in his account of the Christmas Games, page 87, Vol 3, of the present Edition

Several Epitaphs and Paragraphs in old French and Latin will appear in different parts of the following Pedigree, but it should be remarked that Chatterton did not understand what he had thus written, as he uniformly applied for an explanation to Barrett, the Historian of Bristol, and the translations which are given, are accurately printed from *Barrett's hand-writing*, which invariably follows the Latin and French in the original MS

The Pedigree of the De Buigham Family, will probably illustrate the character of Chatterton, more than any

thing which has yet been published. The preceding remarks it may be presumed will excite reasonable suspicions, and if subsequent inquiries should prove that the whole is a fabrication, it will exhibit Chatterton, to the advocates of Rowley, in a new light, it will demonstrate him to have indulged a peculiar taste for subjects connected with antiquities, it will prove him to have possessed a sound judgment in selecting *names* and incidents, adapted to his purpose, and will exhibit a mind capable of forming a great and intricate plan, on the most slender materials, supported alone by nice arrangement and specious falsehood.

The ingenuity also which Chatterton will have discovered in adopting and applying quotations, from languages which he did not understand, will be very observable, and shew that he not only possessed no ordinary share of perseverance, but a power of assembling the *plausible*, and it may be added, a love, a very PASSION for *imposing on the credulity of others*.

Should this Pedigree be proved to be wholly unfounded, the authenticity of the "Romaunte of the Cnyghre,"* ascribed to JOHN DE BURGHAM, will hardly be contended for, and if Chatterton was equal to these varied and complicated Fogenies, who shall deny him the capability of producing ROWLEY? This is a suggestion which will arise in every unbiassed mind, and impartiality must conclude that they will then be manifestly links of the same chain, distinguished only by their respective magnitudes.

The publication of the following Pedigree, in the opinion of the author of these remarks, will throw a *conclusive* weight in the Anti-Rowleians' scale. With this accession of strength, they may assume a bolder tone, and with undoubting confidence affirm, that Chatterton must henceforth be regarded as the absolute and unqualified AUTHOR of ROWLEY.*

In identifying the Priest of the 15th Century with the Bard of the 18th, as far as intellect extends, Chatterton must ever be considered as an almost miraculous Being, on whom was showered "The Pomp and Prodigality of Heaven!" Independently of his creative faculty, he is to be recognized as one who seemed intuitively to possess what others imperfectly acquire by labour. All difficulties va-

•

* There is a conclusion to be drawn from a line in Chatterton's Will, which I do not recollect to have seen noticed. He says,

"For had I never known the Antique Lore"

What does he mean by "Antique Lore?" certainly not transcribing. A School-Boy might have done this. Without doubt he meant that earnest attention to obsolete Language, which was made the foundation of Rowley!

The following is another suspicious circumstance. The Glossary to all Rowley's Poems, was furnished BY CHATTERTON. It is strange that Chatterton should be denied the Power of using Words, the meaning of which he so well understood.

An argument also of great importance is to be deduced from the beginning of one of Chatterton's Letters, to Horace Walpole. He says, "As I am *now* fully convinced that Rowley's Papers are Genuine"—If Chatterton had ever possessed the Originals of Rowley, it is impossible that he should have doubted concerning their Authenticity, and as the expression "*Now* convinced" implies that he had *before* doubted, the inference is very plain that he never possessed the originals.

nished before him, and every branch of knowledge became familiar to which he momentarily directed his luminous attention

When we consider the wonderful acquirements of Chatterton, in his short life, the maturity of his understanding, the brilliancy of his fancy, and the accuracy of his taste, the mind indulges in a melancholy but luxurious anticipation of what *another* seventeen years might have produced ! But, as it is, he has reared to himself an immortal Cenotaph, and it is high time for the public, with a decisive hand, to pluck the borrowed plumes from a fictitious ROWLEY, and to place them on the brow of a real CHATTERTON. His fame should no longer be divided, but the present generation should boast the honorable distinction of having produced, perhaps, the greatest Genius that ever appeared in the "Tide of Times."

J C

Account of the De BERGHAM Family.

*Printed, with respect to the references, in the exact form in
which Catterton wrote it*

* Heylin
Newbery
Creeche

† Roll of
Battle Abbey,
7th in order

‡ M^r Par

§ Ex
Stem
fam de
Lee

(1) SIMON de Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz, married Matilda, Daughter of (2) Waltheof, a Earl of Northumberland, Northampton and Huntingdon† He came into England, with Wm. the Conqueror‡, who after the execution of Waltheof, for high Treason, created him Earl of Northampton in the year of Christ, M.LXXV by Deed by him granted, it appears he was possessed of Buigham Castle, in Northumberland He had three Sons, Simon, (3) Nigell de Lea,§ who married Hawisia de Asheton, by whom he had a Son, (4) Noimannus, Father of Nigelle de

Reigat
Anus
March
1460

(1) Per Pale indented, Or and Gules (2) Argent a Lyon Rampt Azure a Chief Gules. (3) Bendy Or and Azure, a Pale Counter-changed (4) A Cheveron between three Gauntlets.

|| Ex
Stemma fam
Sir Johan de
Lereches

* Mss
R Thoresby,
F R S

† Collins,

‡ Ashmole's
order of the
Garter
Page 609

|| Collins
Thoresby

§ Mon-
Angl
Vol 1

* Visit
de Cant

Seagar
Norris
Camden
Guillim
Garter
March
1460

Asheton, (5) Knight, who married || Hester de
Haroldstan (6) Com Pem whose Son, Harie
de Oime, married (7) Sywarda de Castleton,
from whom descended (8) Sir Thomas de Ash-
ton, † Knight Lord of Ashton, whose successor
was, Sir Robert de Asheton, his Son and Hen,
a Person of great note for he was Vice Cham-
berlain to Edward 3d, and by that title was in
Commission with others for obtaining a Peace
with Charles, King of France ‡ He resided in
the West, || was Warden of the Cinque Ports,
and Admiral of the narrow Seas, also Justice of
Ireland in 43 of Ed 3d, and constituted Treas-
urer of England in 47 Ed 3d, about which
time being in that office, he was appointed, §
with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,
King of Castile, and Leon. Sir Roger de
Beaucamp and others of the greatest quality.
Giantes^r in Trust of divers manors, rents
and reversions purchased in Kent by the

(5) Sable on Fess Argent, an Esteole Gules (6) 4th, 1st
Or a Chief indented Azure. 2d Argent a Lyon Rampant
Gules debrused with a fiette parted per Pale, Or a Sable,
3dly Lozengis Argent and Gules; 4thly, Barrie Bendy Or
and Sable. (7) Or a Fess Vert.

King, to enfeoff therewith the Abbey of St. Mary le Grace, near the Tower of London. He was afterwards constituted Constable of Dover Castle,† and was in such esteem and favour with that King, that he appointed him one of the Executors of his last Will and Testament. He was continued in favour in the succeeding Reign, and in the 4th of Richard 2d, was warden of the Cinque Ports ‡. He died the 8th Richard the 2d. His Son (8) Thomas de Asheton, Father of John Asheton, being then a Knight, served in Parliament 12th Richard 2d as one of the Knights for Lancashire ||. This Sir John was drowned at Northam, leaving Issue by his Lady, the Daughter of (9) Sir Robert Standish, of Standish, two Sons, 1st, John, and Nicholas, Knight of (10) St John of Jerusalem in Bristol §. John de Asheton, the eldest Son, succeeded to the Lordship of Ashton and

† Thoresby

‡ Cotton's
Records|| Pryme
Brief
Register§ Rowley's
MSS

(6) (*Omitted in the MS*) (9) Ermine a Pile Sable
(10) Per Cheveron in Chief three Estoils in Base a Lyon Rampant, t w.

* Collins
Norm Mil
in Coll. Thos
Tekyll

† Pryme

Ex
Her
Boonor
Garter
Ap

Ex Org
Penos 7
Ashton

‡ Thoresby

Rougo
Dragon

at the Coronation of Henry 4th, was made Knight of the Bath, served in Parliament 12 and 13 Henry 4, 1 and 2 Henry 5, for the County of Lancaster,† and was made Captain and Bailiff of Constance in France as a reward for his services, as appears by several deeds, and the following extracts from the Tournament Books of Qauaster Herald “Syr R de. Shellie ⁽¹¹⁾agenst Syr T de Ashtoune the which Syr Johan dyd possesse ande houlde Constaunce yn Fraunce as mede for hys valounos Ach me ts.” He had two Wives. from his second mariage descended the Ashton’s of Middleton, and by his first Wife, ⁽¹²⁾Isabelle Daughter of Sir Ralph Elande, of Bughouse in Com Ebor who was buried at Wakefield in that County, as the following Inscription testifies He had 4 Sons and 8 Daughters The Inscription is as follows ‡

(11) Or Semie de Shells Sable. (12) Argent Seven Lozenges Varye 3.3 1

Hic jacet Ossa, Dom Isabelae
 Asheton mipei Uxoris Johis Ashton,
 Militis and Matei Willi Minfield,
 Militis obiit tertio Maii 1488

By which it appears* she had been the
 Wife of Alan de Mirfield ⁽¹³⁾ Knight Her
 4 Sons and eight Daugh by Sir John Ashe-
 ton, were these, Viz. 1 LUCIA, married
 1st. to ⁽¹⁴⁾ Sir Richard Bylon, 2d to Sir
 Baitin Entwiste, ⁽¹⁵⁾ and 3d. to Sir Ralph
 Shuley, ⁽¹⁶⁾ Knights 2 MARY, Wife of
⁽¹⁷⁾ Thomas Langley, 3d CATHARINE, of
⁽¹⁸⁾ John Duckenfield Esqrs. 4th. ELIZA-

* Collins.

Ex 2
Rich 3dHalstead's
Geneal

(13) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Passant' (14) Parted
 per Bend sinister Cienelled Or and Sable (15) 6thly
 1st Or Six Lyoncells Rampant Gules 2d Or three Eagles
 heads erased Sable beaked Gules 3d Gules 4th Sable
 a Sheveron Or Trefoil slipped proper for Difference 5th
 Gironny of 8 Argent and Gules 6th as 1st (16) Or
 two bars Sable (17) Argent on a Fess Gules three Grey-
 Hounds courant of the field (18) Azure a Buck Trippant
 Argent wreathed Vert attured Or

Garter
 Norroy
 Suthroy
 Vol
 Clarent
 Garter
 March
 1460

Ex Coll	BLTH, 1st. of (19) Sir Ralph Harrington, 2d of (20) Sir Richard de Hamerton, Knights.
Ex Coll Rad	ANN, of (22) Thomas Buch MARGARET, of Edmund Talbot (23) JOAN, of Ranulph de Dutton and JANE, of John Rochley, of Rochley in Com Ebor Esqis The Sons were
Thoresby	1st THOMAS, 2d (26) ROBERT, 3d (27) LAU- RLNCE, and 4th (28) JOHN; whereof Thomas de Asheton, the Eldest succeeded to the In- heritance, and with (29) Sir Edmund de Tiaf- ford, Knight, had a Patent from Hen 6 in the 24th year of his Reign, for the use of Alchymy and converting other metals.
Ex stemua familia Sir Jerv de Ashton	
Nom Mil Bibl Cotton	Per Autem sive Scientiam Philosophiae operari E E Metalla imperfecta de suo

By the Art and Science of Philosophy &c to transmute
Metals Imperfect out of their proper kind, and then to

Garter	(19) Sable a Frett Or (20) Vert three Garbs Or
March	(22) Argent a Cross reguled Sable. (23) Sable three Talbots Or. (24) Or a Chevor between three Gadflies (25) Azure seven rows three, two, two proper of York (26) Argent an Estoile Sable. (27) A Rose slipped for differ- ence (28) A Flour de Lye for difference (29) Gules three Cheverons Or

proprio genere, transiere and tunc ea per dictum Artem sive scientiam in aurum sive argentum perfectum transubstantiare ad omnimodas probationes and examinationes, sicut aliquod Aurum sive Argentum in aliqua minera crescens expectandum and induendum

This THOMAS left issue four Sons 1st John 2d (1) Edward Ashton, of Chatterton in Com Lanc in the right of his Wife, the Daughter and Heir of (2) RADCLIFF

Dugdale's
Baron
Cotton wids
Rot fin
9 H 6

transmute them into Gold perfect or Silver, according to all kinds of proofs and examinations, so that some Gold or Silver, growing into some Metal, be expected and harden'd by it

N B This and the succeeding translations are in Barrett's hand Writing, in the MS

(1) Argent three Estoiles Sable (2) 12thly 1st Or a Fess Vert 2d Gules two bends one Or the other Argent 3d Or a Pheon Azure 4th Ermine a Lyon Rampt Gules 5th Or a Pale Gules 6th Argent a Cross vairy Sable and Or. 7th Argent two bars Argent a border Engrailed sable, 8th Gules a Saltire Argent, 9th Barry of 6 Argent and Azure 10th Or three Lyons passant Sable, 11th Gules a Fess Checky Or & Az 12, Or an Annulet 9 6 7 difference

Garter
March
1460

Ex Coll	DE CHATTERTON of Chatterton, the Hen
Rob Dodsw	General of many Families. 3d. (5) Geoffrey
in Bibl	Ashton of Shipley, in right of his Wife,
Bodl	Hen of Shipley 4th (6) Nicholas, who
Clause de	married Mary, Daughter of (7) Lord Brook,
cod Am	was called to the degree of a Seigeant at
Fin lev	Law (6) 21. Hen 6, and the fist in the
Stow's Chron	call, also in the 23d year of the same King's
Nom	Reign, constituted one of the Justices of
Equit	the bench John the eldest Brother was
in B C	concerned in the Wais between the houses
	of Yoik and Lancaster, and taking part with
	Henry, was with him in the fatal Battle of
	Northampton, 10 July 1460, and with eight
	more before the Engagement received the
* Nom Mil egused Ri In Coll Tho- Tekyl Pred	honour of Knighthood * He left Issue, Sir
	Thomas Asheton, of Asheton, who was
	knighted at Rippon, 7 Hen. 7, and dying
Ashmole	about 8 Hen. 8, without Heirs Male, his
Creeche	Estate devolved upon his Daughters and Co-
	heirs, who were married into the Families of

(N B. No Emblazonments given to No's. 5, 6, 7, and 6
in the Text.)

1st Houghton, ⁽¹⁾ of Houghton Tower Ashton, of Barton in Com Lanc and 2 Booth ⁽²⁾ of Dunham-Massey in Com Cest

Having ended the direct Male Line of the Ashtons, we will slightly pass over the Ashtons of Middleton — Sir Ralph, Son of Sir John Ashton, married Margaret Barton, ⁽³⁾ was afterwards Knight Marshall of England, Sheriff of York, Knt of Banneret, Vice Constable of England. He had Daughters inter-

* Awarded so
by Ed 4 also
Lieutenant
of the Tower

+ 13 & 14 Ed 4
Cw by R D
D of Gloucester
in the field
11 and 2

(1) 12thly 1, Sable three bars Argent 2d Or two Bulls Passant Gules 3d Azure a Cross Argent 4th Ermine a Fess Azure 5th Argent a Munch Sable 6th Or a Fess Vert 7th Gyronny of 10 Or and Sable 8th Argent Sem 7 de Crosses Patee S 9th Gules 6 Garbs 321 Or 10th Argent three Lyons Couchant Gules 11th Argent Billette Sable, 12th Argent three Bais wavy Azure between 9 Flower de Luces Gules

Camden

Seiger

Garter

March

(2) 4th 1st Or three Boars' heads couped azure 2d Argent 12 Bais gemells Azure 3d, Ermine a Lyon Rampant Sable 4th Barry of 6 Argent and Gules on a Chief Azure three Besants, (3) Gules

March

Garter

1460

§ The Deed by which he was made Vice Constable runs thus

Ordinavimus vos hac Vice Constabularium Nostrum Anglie ac Commissionarium nostrum and ad audiendum

Ashmole
Seiger
Camden
Tower
Records

Collins married with the (4) Talbots, (5) Hasfield,
 Ashmole 6) Cowton, (7) Woodthorp, whose family and
 March issue quartered, (8) Hopwood, (9) Laurence,
 (10) Radcliff, (11) Holt, (12) Holland.

Collins Richard Asheton, was Knighted by Henry
 the 8th In a window in Middleton Church
 is this memorial for him

Wey Fu Oiate pro bono slatii Richardi Asheton,

& examinandum ac procedendum contra quascunq personas
 de Cummunesce nostra regie Majestatis suspectas——

We ordain you, by this, our Vice Constable of England,
 and our Commissioner to hear, examine, and proceed
 against all Persons suspected of the Crime of Disloyalty
 to us

(4) Or three Talbots' heads erased Azure (5) Per Per-
 fess 1st. Argent a Lyon saliant purple langued Gules
 Garter vulned in the breast with an arrow Azure barbed Vert
 March 2d Or three Bais Sable (6) Gules a Bend Or (7)
 1460 Argent a Cat-a-mountain Gules (8) Sable a Lyon
 Camden Passant regardant Or on a Chief Gules a Leopard's
 Seagar Face Argent (9) Or Cheveron between three Nags
 Garter courant Azure in the dexter Canton an Inescutcheon argent
 March charged with a Cinquefoil Vert (10) Per Fess Argent
 and Gules (11) Ermine a Cross Or (12) Argent a
 Border Gules.

eorum qui hanc fenestram fieri fecerunt
quorum arma Imagines supra Ostendun-
tur, Anno Dom. MCCCCCX.

per Femmed ⁽¹³⁾Crew and ⁽¹⁴⁾Foulshurst From
him the quarters were, ⁽¹⁵⁾Stickland,
⁽¹⁶⁾Southworth, ⁽¹⁷⁾Gerard, ⁽¹⁸⁾Wood, ⁽¹⁹⁾Ew-
wood, ⁽²⁰⁾Davenport, ⁽²¹⁾Bellingham, ⁽²²⁾Hough-
ton

Ashmole

Collins

The third Son of Simon de Senlize, Earl
of Northampton, was ⁽²³⁾Hugh Fitz Simon,*
who held lands in the County of Chester, by
doing† homage to Hugh ⁽²⁴⁾Lupus, Earl of
Chester He married ⁽²⁵⁾Agnes de Apple-

* Creene

† Annals of
Chester
Saxon
Chron

(13) Azure three Hippotames naissant Or (14) 3 Oak
leaves slipped between a Cheveron (15) Emine a Chief
Or Gules (16) Argent a Cross engrailed Sable between
Four Lozenges Vert (17) Or three Bucks Azure between
a Fess Gules (18) Argent an Oak Tree Vert (19) Per
Cheveron, 1st Argent, Three Ferimoules Sable 2d Gules
three Palets Or (20) Gules on a Bend Or a Spear Sable
(21) Argent three Bugle Horns Sable, garnished Or (22)
Sable three Bars Argent (23) Argent Per Fess Sable
(24) Or a Wolf's head erased Gules (25) Quarterly Or
and Gules

March

Rowley

Garter

Garter

March

Rowley

‡ Ex Stem
de Wyndh

|| Oral

§ Heylin

Bacon

Fam

doieconibe,† but he died without issue He was Witness|| to a Deed, granted by Hugh Lupus to the Monks of Chester 13 Will Con He was buried at Appledorecomb, with this Inscription—Hugo fil Com Northam He lies on his back, in a martial habit, having his shield—parted per Bend indented His Wife Agnes was buried by him, though without any Monument

* Leland

Collins,

Annals of

Richd 1

Stowe

Leland

Baker

Garter

Simon, eldest Son of the said Simon de St. Lys, Earl of Northampton, had a Son, Alan, surnamed de Bellingham, from the place of his birth - This Alan, lived in the reign of William Rufus, from whom descended Eudo de Bellingham, Sheriff of Westmoreland, 8 & 9 R 1, before that Sheriffdom was made hereditary Henry de Bellingham, knighted by Lord Clifford, 39 Hen 6, at Wakefield, who was Father to Sir Roger Bellingham, made Knight Banneret, and the present Bellingham Knight, Baronets, and quartering — ⁽¹⁾ Bourished, ⁽²⁾ Tunstall,

(1) Argent a Bull passant Gules hooped Or (2) Or between a Fess Daucetty Sable two Cat-a-Mountains' Ermine.

(3) Dolioll, (4) Loybourne, (5) Heton, (6) Thorn-
bough, (7) Beck, (8) Cuisen.

This Simon de Senliz, notwithstanding the
assertions of some Authors to the contrary,
was Earl of Northampton in 1105, after his
Father's death, he had three Sons, Simon,
likewise Earl, John de (9) Tougecestie, and
Galfid de (10) Cawcote John married Tho-
masine de (11) Romaia, of the Blood of the
Earls of Lincoln, from which marriage de-
scended the (11 2d) Egstons, a Knightly Family
Galfid became a Priest at Durham, Simon
third Earl of that name, Grandson of the
last Earl, had two Sons, John de (12) Beine

Leland

Newbery

Rowley

Gaiter

March

Annals of
Wm 1 &
Wm RufusOriginal
Records
in the
Tower

(3) Or a Chief Azure (4) Argent a Chevron
between three Lizards Vert. (5) Per Bend 1st Argent
three Bars waved Sable 2d Or a Wolf Salant Azure
(6) Or three Ogresses (7) Per Fess counterchanged Ar-
gent and Azure three Lyons Rampant (8) Gules three
Capons Argent (9) Or a Bear's head couped Gules muzz-
led Argent (10) Argent three Leopards Passant Sable
spotted Or (11) Gules 7 Marcls and Semie of Crosslets
Or (11 2d) Or a Chief Gules (12) Falt, Per Pale
Gules and Azure a Cross Engrailed Sable

Rowley

Gaiter

Rowley

March

Seager

Oral Rec in Bibl Cott & Bodl	and Simon de Senlize From John descended the Lords, Bernies, who quartered, ⁽¹⁾ Wil chingham, ² Walcot, ⁽³⁾ Guntons, ⁽⁴⁾ Reed- hum, ⁽⁵⁾ Hervingham, ⁽⁶⁾ Appleton, and ⁽⁷⁾ Coke Simon was succeeded in the Earldom by his youngest Son, Simon de Senliz last of the name, Earl of Northampton, who assumed the Coronet MCLXXXIII He had a Son by his first Wife ⁽⁸⁾ Eva, who died in his In- fancy, and after married ⁽⁹⁾ Melicentia de Boion or Bohun, who had a Son and Daugh- ter by her former Husband but Simon
Heylin Newbery Annals of the Time	
Account of Earl of Essex	

Garter	(1) Argent a Castle triple towered Gate opened Sa- ble Portcullis down Or.
March	(2) Argent A Cross Quartered Or and Sable
Rowley	(3) 4thly 1st Or a Lyon Rampant Gules 2d Gules three Pallets surmounted of a Bend Arg with in a border engrailed Or, 3d Azure three Ciccents Sable 4th Or a Fess Vert
Acquittain	(4) Or three Reeds Vert between a Fess Crenelled Sable
Seager	(5) Or two Lyoncel's combatant Sable
Camden	(6) Argent a Fess Sable between three Apples shipped all proper
Flower	(7) Argent on a Bend Gutte de Sange a Man's head erased of the Field between three Fortuexes
Garter	(8) Gules between a Cheveron three Crosses partd Argent.
Sealer	(9) Azure a Bend Argent between two Cottizes and six Lyons rampant Or
Rowley	

Dying her issue did not succeed him. Alan de Buigham, Lord of ⁽¹⁰⁾Buigham, or Buigh Castle in Westm third Son of the said Simon, third Earl of Northampton, married Godieda Fitz Piers, (1159) who quartered ⁽¹¹⁾Mandeville, Earl of Essex By her he had one Son, ⁽¹²⁾Alan de Buigham, to whom he gave the Lordship of Lyford, which his Father by the following Grant had given him

Annals of
the Earls of
Northampton

Oral Ch-
from Hen
2d to Sir
Ino de
Burgham

Simon de Sancto Lizio omnibus hominibus
&c amicis suis tam Francigenis quam Angli-
cis, salutem Sciatis me dedisse &c hac
pcesenti Charta confirmasse Alano dicto de

Oral
now
in the
Cottonian
Library

(10) Or a Cross Checky Argent and Azure (11) Per Pale
1st quarterly Or and Gules a Border Varry 2d, quar-
terly Or and Gules (12) Or a Cross Azure

Simon de Saint Lyze, to all men and his Friends, as well
French as English, sendeth health — Know ye that I
have given, and by this Charter confirmed to Alan called of
Burgham, my Son, for his homage and service, all my land

Bugham filii meo pro homagio &c Servites
 suo termino meam de Lyf orde cum omnibus
 pertinentiis &c libertatis suis, sibi &c Here-
 dibus ejus tenendum de me &c Heredibus
 meis libere &c quiete, honorifica hereditarie—
 sicut illum ego inter alia recepi ac temie de
 Donatione &c munificentia Wilhelmi Illus-
 trissimi Regis Anglor pro serviliis quæ pater
 meus in Conquestu per servitium dimidæ
 Partis Feodi duus milit pro omni servitio
 seculari Ego vero Prædictus Simon de Sancto
 Lyzio Heredes mei prædictam terram præ-

of Lyford, with their appurtenances and liberties, to him
 and to his Heirs, to be held of me and my Heirs, freely,
 quietly, honorably, and by Inheritance—as I held it among
 other things of a Gift and Munificence of Wm most il-
 lustrious King of England, for the services which my Fa-
 ther did for him at the conquest, by the service of a moiety
 of two Knight's fees for all secular Service. I the foresaid
 Simon de Saint Lyz, and my Heirs, against all men and

* Barrett in translating this Grant, has altered, in the
 MS the word *filii*, to *filio*, and also corrected the latin in
 several other places. But the Editor thought it the most
 proper to print verbatim as *Chatterton* wrote it

dicto alano &c. Hæredisus ejus contra omnes
homines & femines warianticeabimus. Hic
Testibus Gardino filio Griemaldo de Brix-
worth, filio Herwito, filio. Philiberto. Willi-
elmo Johannis le stronge Ranulphe de
Chateau &c midtis aliis.

Alen, Son of Alan de Bingham, married
Audie de ⁽¹⁾Buigh, (1181) by whom he
had one Son and three Daughters, Audia
married to ⁽²⁾Gauuin Fitz Gauuin Knight,
Claire, to Sir ⁽³⁾Hugole de Spencer, and
Walburv, to ⁽⁴⁾Su Tybbott Poynyngs, Knight
Su Johan de Bingham, married ⁽⁵⁾Radegunda
de Morton, (1220) and had a Son Su Alan
de Bingham Knight, who married ⁽⁶⁾Eva de

Annals
of the Earls
of Northamp

Ex fam-
Fitz Warren's
Spencer's
Poyning's
Oral
Deeds

women These being Witnesses—Gawin the Son, Grim-
bale de Brixworth Fitz Herwin, Fitz Philibert, William,
John the Strong, Ralph de Chateau and many others

(1) Gules 7 Lozenges Vary 3 3 1 (2) Argent three
Cinquemoils Vert on an Inescutcheon Gules a Lyon Rampant
Or (3) Quarterly Argent and Gules over all on a Bend
Sable an Escallop Or. (4) Argent a Bull passant Sable
(5) Or an Eagle displayed Sable vulned in the breast with
an Arrow, Gules feathered Argent (6) Or a Rowell Sable

Garter

March

Rowley

ACCOUNT OF THE

Ex fam	Rougguile (1260) and had three Sons	Su
Tho Rowle	John, Alan, and Guayn, or Wainn, and	
Sai and	four Daughters, married 1st Joan, to Su	
Thorpe and	(7) John de Thoipe, Margene, to ⁽⁸⁾ Su Lodo-	
Aulstone	vicke ⁽⁸⁾ Aulston, Ellmoue, to ⁽⁹⁾ Hugh Fitz	
Fitz Hugh	Hugh, and Emma to ⁽¹⁰⁾ Edwaide de Ashbie	
Deed of		
Gift		
	<hr/>	
Garter	(7) Per fess 1st Barry of 10 Argent and Azure, 2d Sable	
March	three Lyons Rampant Or (8) Argent Or a Chief Gules	
	three Plates. (9) Argent a Wolf's head erased Sable.	
Rowley	(10) Per Chevron 1st Or Six Eaglets displayed Vert,	
	2d Gules 10 Besants 4, 3, 2, 1	

[Thus far is written in a Book resembling a Boy's Copy-Book. A second Book of the same size begins with this Title, "Continuation of the Account of the Family of the De Bughams, from the Norman Conquest to this time, by Thomas Chatterton" As the account is only brought down to the reign of Charles the 2d. it is evident that Chatterton did not fulfil what he had originally intended.]

CONTINUATION of the ACCOUNT
OF THE
FAMILY of the De BERGHAMS.

Sir John de ⁽¹⁾Buigham, Eldest Son of Sir Alan, is called by Joseph a Brisiworthe, the Floure of Chivelue. He spent his whole life in Tilting, tho' he was foiled by ⁽²⁾Sir Simon de Burton, at Bristol. He married Agnes ⁽³⁾Despencei. As this name comes from Despencei, a Steward, many Families must of course (*have*) had one of the name That the word became hereditary before the same was neglected for the Word Steward is doubtful. Let us examine the

Oral Deeds
Writings
Rowley

Oral Turna
Record.

Camden's
Remains

Wood

Herne

Rowley

(1) Or Four Crosses Patee purpure between a Checky Cross Argent and azure (2) Quarterly 1st Or a Crescent Azure. 2d Gules three Barry Wavy Argent. 3d Azure three Talbot's heads erased between a Fess Or 4th Argent an Elm proper. (3) 6thly 1st Quarterly Argent and Gules over all a Bend Sable. 2d. Azure three Boars passant Or 3d Argent a Lyon Couchant Sable 4th Gules Gutte de Or 5th. England depressed with a Bend 6th Argent three Formoulxes Sable

Acquitaine
1293

Camden
Rowley
Garter
March
1460.

Mon Angl		Genealogies of Families that go further than
Newbery		that period. ⁽⁴⁾ Robert de Molins, surnamed
Stowe		De Spencer from his Office, is the first that
Madox		occurs in our Records. He sat among the
Oral Deeds		Barons assembled in council with William
Rec Bath		the Conqueror at London, in the 17th Year
		of his reign 1082. He was a Witness to the
Register de Wigorn		Deed, for the removal of the Secular Canons
In Bibl		from Dunham, and to the Grant of Bath
Cotton.		to John Bick ⁿ . of Bath. He seized the
Dooms Bk		Lordship of Elmeleigh from the Monks of
		Worcester as forfeit to the King. He held
		by office 14 Lordships, by grant to him
		and his Heirs 22. He married ⁽⁵⁾ Joane de
		Pigitonne.

Gevase de Virgorn.		⁽¹⁾ Hugh de Bellace, was surnamed De
		Spencer, as Steward to King Hen. 1st. He
		was succeeded in his Office by ⁽²⁾ William de

Garter March		(4) Azure a Cross Moline Argent (5) Or A
		Lyon Rampant Gules Chained and Collar'd Argent
Acquitaine.		(1) Or a Flower de Luce, 'Sable (2) Per Fess,
		1st. a Lyon Rampant and Chief Gules. 2d. Per Cross
		Ermine Argent and Sable.

Flaroborough, who possessed the Manors of Flawborough, Woxhill and Elyngdown for Thurston le ⁽³⁾ Abbandon In the Reign of Hen 3d. the title Despencher being laid aside for that of Steward, the name of Despencher then became Hereditary. Hugh Despencher was one of the Nobles who took arms in defence of their ancient privileges, in the name of Hen: 3d. and was chosen one of the 12 Arbitrators on the side of the People In the 44 Hen 3 he was made Chief Justiciary of England. 48 Hen. 3 he appeared again in arms at Northampton and Lewes, at the latter of which places he took Prisoner Marmaduke de ⁽⁴⁾ Twenge and ⁽⁵⁾ Alan de Eive, afterwards Governor of Oieford Castle

Collins

Par

Stowe

Tower Records

Brady

M Westm

M Par

His of
Hen 3

Pal Hen 3d

Brady

Clarencieux
on the ancient
Nobility

(3) 4thly 1st Or three Lioncelles Rampant counter-changed, Per Pale Argent and Azure 2d Gules ten Nails, 4 3 2 1 Argent. 3d Argent three Bulls Passant Azure Hued Or. 4th Gules a Cross Jerusalem Or. (4) Quarterly, 1st. Lozengy Or and Gules a Chief Azure 2d Or Lyon Gules 3d Argent three Roses Proper. 4th. as 1st (5) Sable three Lozenges between a Fess Murrey

Seager
Norris
Garter
March
Acquittaine
Camden
Guillem
Porney
Blewgrave
Camden
Seager

	in Com: Suff Castle of the De vies in Wilts.
Matthew Westm	Bernard Castle in Com Dun Oxford and
M Par	Nottingham on account of the Baions He
Garter	was one of the 6 Procurators commissioned to
	treat in the Presents of the King of France,
	and the Legate of the Apostolic See He
Brady	was one of the three Barons who had the
Dugdale	care of the King He married Alice, Daugh-
Mon Angl	ter of ⁽¹⁾ Phillip Basset of Wicomb Com
	Bucks, Widow of ⁽²⁾ Bigod, Earl of Norfolk.

Camden	(1) 3d. 1st. Argent three Bars Sable. 2d. Party Per
Acquitane	Pale Or and Azure a Bend Vary 3d Or a Cross
Garter	Gules (2) 36th 1st Per Pale Or and Vert a Lyon
March	Rampant Gules 2d England a Label of 5 Points Argent
Blewmantle	3d Pale Or and Gules a Cheveron Counterchanged. 4th
Norroy	Ermine a Fess Gules. 5th, Gules a Cheveron between
Seager	three Crosses Patee Argent. 6th. Argent between two
Camden	Bars Sable Charged with three Besants a Lyon Passant
Norns	Chief three Buck's heads caboshed of the 2d. 7th. Azure
Flower	Semy Crosses Patee Argent and three Snakes conjoined in
Guilim	Triangles 8th Per Pale indented Argent and Azure.
Pomey	9th. Sable a Manch Argent within a Border Or an Orle of
Upton	Swords in Saltier Gules. 10th. Sable on a Cross envecked
	between four Eagles displayed Or five Wolves Passant of
	the first 11th Or three Cat-a-Mountains Sable 12th.
	Quarterly Ermine and Gules three Roundleys counter-
	changed. 13th. Or an Eagle Displayed Vert membered

He was slain at the Battle of Evesham 49
 Hen 7 3. The Story of his Son Hugh De-
 spencer, Earl of Winchester, and Hugh De-
 spencer his Grandson, Earl of Gloucester,
 are sufficiently known. This Family Quar-

Stowe

Stowe

Smollet

Brady

and beaked Gules. 14th. Quarterly Or and Gules a
 Border vary 15th. Azure a Bend Argent double cotized
 between 6 Lyons Rampant Or 16th Quarterly Argent
 and Gules a Fess Azure in the 2d, and 3d, a Fess Or
 17th. Gules four Lozengys in Fess Or. 18th. Gules three
 Lyons Passant gardent Argent incensed Azure. 19th
 Gules three Men's Legs armed proper Sable, conjoined in
 Fess at the upper part of the thigh flexed in Triangles
 garnished and Spurred Or. 20th Azure on a Bend Or
 a Chapeau Sable. 21st Or three Piles Gules 22d Vairo
 Or and Gules on a Border Azure Eight Horseshoes Argent
 23d Argent on a Fess Azure Three Lozenges 24th Barry
 Nebule of 6 Argent and Sable on a Chief Or a Buck's head
 caboshed of the 2d. 25th. Quarterly Or and Gules an
 Escarbunle Pomies and Flourette Sable 26th Gules three
 rests Or 27th Or three Cheverons Gules. 28th Argent
 a Lyon Rampant Sable 29th Argent three Lozenges in
 Fess Gules. 30th. Or on a Pale Azure three Elower de
 Lys of the first 31st Or and Gules a Saltier counter-
 changed. 32d. Sable Six Lyons Rampant Argent. 33d.
 Gules Two Wings inverted and conjoined Or. 34th Ar-
 gent a Bend Sable. 35th Or a Fess Gules a File of 12
 points Argent 36th. As 1st.

Leigh

Rowley

Acquitaine

Garter

March

Norroy

Charencieux

Blew—

Mantle

Rouge

Cross

Vert

Dragon

Ex Coll	tered Wentworth, ⁽¹⁾ Edmond of Lingley ⁽²⁾
Ger Hollis	Duke of York, Son of Edward 3d ⁽³⁾ Leau-
Ex Coll	champ Earl of Worcester, ⁽⁴⁾ Beauchamp
Rad	Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Warwick,
Thoresby	Another Family of the Despencers, descend-
Wood	ed from Hugh Despencer, of Great Marlow,
Collins	whose Son Geofly founded a Monastery at
Camden	Marlow in Com: Bud. and gave the Church
Heylin	of Bointon to Bridlington Priory. This
Collins	Family quartered, ⁽¹⁾ Bohun, ⁽²⁾ Geives, ⁽³⁾ El-
Dugdale	lendon, ⁽⁴⁾ Seocolcombe, ⁽⁸⁾ Pollard, ⁽⁹⁾ Bade-
Madox	
Leland	

Rouge (1) Sable a Cheveron Between 3 Leopards' Faces Or.
 Dragon (2) France and England a Label of difference (3) Gules
 Acquitaine a Fess between Six Cross Crosslet (4) Iltr.

March (1) Azure on a Bend between two Cotises and Six Lyons
 Norroy Rampt Or three Mulletts Sable (2) Sable a Lyon Passant
 Camden Or between three Cushions Ermine (3) 4thly 1st Or
 Flower three Nags Courant Sable bitted Argent. 2d. Sable 9 Plates
 Norris between a Fess Or 3d Azure Three Cherubs in Chief Or.
 Seager 4th Vary Or and Gules a Lyon Azure on a Bend Argent.
 Bath (4) Or three Leopards Passant Gules and Chief Argent.
 Bl Man (8) Ermine a Talbot's head erased Or between two
 Jekyll Swords in Bend Gules. (9) 4thly. 1st Sable four Plates
 between a Cross Argent 2dly. Barry of 10 Or and Azure
 a Bend Gules 3d Argent on a Bend Or three Cinquefoils
 Vert between three Bucks trippant Gules. 4th. Or a Wolf's
 head erased Gules.

bie,⁽¹⁰⁾ Lincoln, ⁽¹¹⁾ Worsted, ⁽¹²⁾ Brown, ⁽¹³⁾ Wallop, ⁽¹⁴⁾ Temple, ⁽¹⁵⁾ Cope, ⁽¹⁶⁾ Ashby, ⁽¹⁷⁾ Poultney, ⁽¹⁸⁾ Graunt, ⁽¹⁹⁾ Rading, ⁽²⁰⁾ Knightly, ⁽²¹⁾ Stielly.

Ex fam
Scolcombe
Brown
Graunt & 1c
Collins's MS

This Sir John de Beigham, founded a Monastery at Lyford Green He had two Sons, Henry and John, also three Daughters. Agnes, married to ⁽¹⁾ Sir Robert Cleydon Knight, Emilia, to ⁽²⁾ Sir Evelyn de Biog; and Elinou, to Sir Urban ⁽³⁾ Waldon, Knights. Henry after his Father's death,

Dugdale
Men
Angl
Nom
Mil
Lomp
Collins

(10) Barry of 6 Or and Gules a Chief Argent
(11) Ermine Pale Sable between two Lyons Rampant endorsed Argent (12) Argent on a Fess Sable a Lyon Passant. (13) Gules three Escallops Or (14) Or a Chief Gules (15) Argent on a Cheveron three Flower-de-Lys Or between as many Roses slipped all proper (16) Argent a Bend Gules (17) Or Semie de Trefoyls slipped proper (18) Sable a Lyon Passant Argent (19) Or Two Squirrels addorsed. (20) Barry q 10 Argent and Sable on a Canton Gules a Spur Or. (21) Sable Semis de Escallops Argent

Thoresby
Holles
Norroy
Camden
Acquitaine
March
Orle

(1) Sable three open Helmes Or (2) Gules a Sword Sable Pommelled Or (3) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Ermine between a Cheveron Gules

Acquitaine
Rowley
MSS
Bib
Cotton

Pryn
Rowley

was Knighted and married Ester; the Relict of Sir Richard ⁽⁴⁾ Burdet, and Daughter of Sir Robert de ⁽⁵⁾ Snittenfield Knights ⁽⁶⁾ John was a Monk of the Cistercian Order in Bristol, as appears by the following Testimonial Letter.

Oral

Universis Sanctæ Matris Ecclesia filius ad quos præsentēs lillere pervenarint Cancellarius Oxoniæ, Cœtusque Magistrorum ejusdem unanimis, salutem in Domino Sempiternam Quia juxta sententiam scritalis accensa luccina non est modis supponenda, set super candelabrum exigenda ut omnibus qui in domo

Call
&
Mulen

(4) Or a Hawke Gules jessed Argent. (5) Argent a Sword in Pale Azure. (6) Or a Cross Cheeky Argent and Azure

To all Sons of Holy Mother Church to whom these Presents shall come The Chancellor of Oxford and Society of Masters there being of one mind send health in the Lord, because according to the Word of Truth, a lighted Candle should not be put under a Bushel but be put upright on a Candlestick, that it may shine forth to all who are conversant in the house of the Lord. We are the more devoutly willing that the purity of Manners, the brightness of Knowledge

domine conversantui clarius duceseat. Morum
venustatem, scientiæ claritatem, ac odori-
feram famæ Suavitatem eorum qui inter nos
profecerunt efficacius ad communem fidelium
noticiam so forventius cupimus pervenire
quo suæ conversacionis maturitas, et laboris
assidue ad Dei laudem prosequorum salu-
tem Ecclesiæque Sanctoe profectum osiden-
cius tendere dinoscumter Vobis itaque patefa-
cimus per piæcences quod carissimus Socios
noster et confrater. Magister Johannes de
Burgham Monachus Ecclesiæ Beatæ Mariæ
de Bristol. ordinis cisterciensis in dicta
universitatē nostra facultatis Theologica

and the sweetness of the good name of those who have
most effectually profited amongst us, should come to the
common notice of all the faithful, the more evidently the
maturity of their judgment, and assiduity of their employ,
to the praise of God and Salvation of their Neighbours, and
the promotion of Holy Church are known to tend We
make manifest to you by these presents, that our dear asso-
ciate and Brother, Master John de Burgham Monk of the
Church of the blessed Mary of Bristol, of the Cistercian
Order, hath been well and honestly and peaceably conversant

studio insistendo bene honeste ac pacifice
 conuersatus actibus Scolasticis sufficienter
 probatus ac magistorum depositione landa-
 bili solempniori approbatus ad præ-eminenci-
 am Magistralem in dicta fecultate honori-
 ficauit exaltari et post. Velud Lucerna a
 Luce vera diuinitis illustrata, præclarior
 doctrinæ radiis auditores illuminans, forme
 sua lectura landabiliter continuando procedit
 prout per noticiam propriam una cum fama
 celebri referente, plenam recipimus verita-
 tem Unde ne calumpniantium inuidia seu
 insidiantium excogitata malicia tantæ profec-
 tionis & honestatis lux splendida penat quin

in our said University, in the Study of Divinity sufficiently
 proved in Scholastic Arts, and solemnly approved by the
 laudible Deposition of the Master's, and has deserved to be
 honourably exalted in the faculty of the preeminence of a
 Mastership, and afterwards as a Lamp divinely illuminated
 by the true light, enlightening his hearers by the Rays of
 his excellent doctrine, he hath proceeded in continuing very
 laudibly the form of his reading, as by common report
 and his own celebrated character, We have received full
 and true Intelligence Whence, lest, by the Envy of Calum-
 niators, and malice forethought of the Envious, the splend

Pocius cedat aliis in lumen & exemplum ac
 latius diffundatui ad sui recommendationem
 & testimonium omnium premissorum eidem
 magistro Johanno de Bingham Ordinis præ-
 libati Consocio & Confratui nostre has Lite-
 ras Testimoniales Sigillo communi Univer-
 sitatis nostra fecimus consignare Datas
 Oxoniæ in vigilia Omnium Sanctorum Anno
 Domini Millesimo trescentesimo tricesimo*.

light of such proficiency and honesty should perish but
 rather serve to others for a light and example, and spread
 far and wide to the recommendation of himself and testimony
 of all the promises, we have caused these letters, Testimo-
 nials to be sealed with the common Seal of our University
 to the said Master John de Bingham, Fellow of the Order
 aforesaid, and our Co Brother Given at Oxford, at the
 Vigil of all Saints in the Year of our Lord 1330.

* From the inaccuracy of the latin, it appears probable that Chat-
 terton copied it from some badly-written MS.

Bale
Leland
Rowley
Bale
Leland
Madox
Rowley

This John, was one of the greatest Ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several Books, and translated some part of the Iliad, under the Title Romance of Troy which possibly may be the Book alluded to in the following French Memoire.

“ Un Lyvie ke paile de quartee principal gestes & de Charles · Le Romaunce Titus & Vespasian Le Romaunce de Aygres. Le Romaunce de Marchaunce: Le Romaunce de Edmund & Agoland: Le Ribaud par Monsieur Iscannus. Le Romaunce de Tibbot de Arable. Le Romaunce de Troys*.”

* A Book which speaks of the four principal actions of Charles The Romance of Titus Vespasian: The Romance of Aygres · The Romance of Merchandise The Romance of Edmund and Agoland. The Ribaud, by Mr. Iscamen: The Romance of Tybbot de Arable The Romance of Troy, &c.

To give you an idea of the Poetry of the age, take the following Piece, wrote by him (John de Burgham) about 1320

[Here follow, in the MS the Poem of the ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHT, printed in Vol 2; page 171, and the same Poem modernised by T C. printed in the same Volume, page 174.]

Sir John de Burgham, Son of Sir Henry de Burgam, (1361) married Ela ⁽¹⁾ Calvesham, Daughter of Sir Roger de Calvesham, and Alva Becket This Sir John, together with five Lords and 11 Knights, is Witness to a Deed, from Ralph Nevil Lord of Raby, Earl Marshall and Earl of Westmoreland to Eliel priory By his Wife Ela he had two Sons, John, and William But she dying he married a Second, ⁽²⁾ Agnes Osborne. by whom he had three

Dugdalc
Holles
Thoresby
Oral
Halstead's
fam
de
Mord

-
- (1) Argent three Pheons between a Cheveron Sable
(2) Or a Fess Argent and Bend Gules

Acquitam
March

Powell's
 Mss
 Visitation
 de Com
 Northam
 Ree
 Bibl
 Cotton
 Eidswicke
 Rad. Inson
 Chauncey
 Fines
 Ed

Daughters Hestei, married to Limpoldus de
 (3) Burgh Elinour to Sir John de (4) Valvasour.
 Knight, and Ema to Sir William v Blackstoke
 Knight John his eldest Son, afterwards a
 Knight, married (6) Eva Bardolf, Daughter of
 Lord Bardolf William his youngest Son, sur-
 named De Pakington from the place of his
 birth, married (7) Ann de Felton, Daughter of
 Sir Thomas son of Sir Thomas Felton, Chief
 Justice of Chester This William is mentioned
 with others in the following Fine

Camden
 Norroy
 Flower

(3) Quarterly, 1st Or three Mascull's vary Argent and
 Azure 2d Gules a Lyon passant Or 3d Sable a Chief
 and Border Argent. 4th Azure three Mural Crowns
 Argent (4) Argent a Castle tripple towered Sable (5)
 Or three branches slipped and Raguled Sable. (6) Argent
 6 Rou idles counterchanged Per Pale Gules and Sable (7)
 Gules two Lyons Passant Emme Crowned Or

“ Philippus de Ingoldsbie Richardus de Oseford-Johannes Vincent Rogerus Eyre, Guil. Burgham de Pakington, et Symon filius Willielmi Brorgensis Rowelleigh fecerunt homagium Dno Regi de Villa Rowelleigh custodienda ad opus Regis & colligenda firmas & alias proventus in eadem villa cum omnibus exilibus Teste rege apud Northampton.”*

He was Secretary and Treasurer to the Black Prince in Gascoigne and wrote a Chronicle in French, from the 9th of King John to 1380. Some extracts from the Chronicle have been printed at Oxford, in Leland's Collectanea. This William had a Grant for Life from King

Collins
Thoresby
Dugdale
and
Leland.

* Philip de Ingoldsbie, Richard of Oseford, John Vincent, Rogor Eyre, William Burgham, of Pakington, and Simon the Son of William a Burgess, of Rowelleigh, have done homage to our Lord the King, for the Vill of Rowelleigh, and keeping it to the use of the King, and for collecting the Firms and other Prophets with all the Rents Witness the King at Northampton.

Pal	Rich 2d, for the Government of the Hospital
Reg	of St Leonard's at Derby. From him de-
Ric 2	scended Sir John Pakington, Chirographer
Collins	of the Court of Common Pleas, Henry 7, Sir
Thoresby	John Pakington, 25 Eliz and the present Pa-
Hollis	kingtons, Barts. They quarter, (1) Kivildocke,
Halstead	(2) De Valentine, of (4) Ypres, (5) Cleydon,
Camden	(6) Tiploft, (7) Dudley, (8) Scrope, (9) Bolloigne,
Collins	(10) Sweetoun, (11) Shockbrought, (12) Aulse,

Acquitaine	(1) Sable in Chief three Mulletts Or. (2) Or 6 Garbs
March	three two and one Gules. (3) Quarterly, 1st Lozengy
Flower	Or and Sable on a Bordar Gules 8 Plates. 2d Or two
Norroy	Wolves counter saliant Sable 3d. Or three Bars Wavy
Seager	counterchanged Per Pale Argent and Azure in Chief a
Camden	Lyon gardant passant Or. 4th Gules a Spear in Bend
March	Or between four Scorpions reversed Or (4) Barry of 10
	Argent and Azure an Oile of Martlets Or (5) Per
	Fess, 1st, Or a Lyon Passant Gules languid Azure. 2d.
	Ermine, a Cross Sable. (6) Argent a Saltier engrailed
	Gules (7) Sable three Bucks' heads caboshed Or.
	(8) Sable a Bend Or (9) Argent a Cheveron between
	three Bulls' heads couped Gules. (10) Ermine a Fess
	Or (11) Per Cheveron Argent and Azure three Tor-
	teauxes in Chief. (12) Gules a Lyon Rampant Or lan-
	guid Azure.

(13) Evevel,	(14) Washbourne,	(15) Tycheborne,	Thoresby
(16) Scudamore,	(17) Littleton,	(18) Blount,	Holles
(19) Coibet,	(20) Nove,	(21) Audley,	Tekyll
(22) Baldwin,	(23) Bacon,	(24) Soames,	Seager
(25) Constable,	(26) Covently,	(27) Eyre,	Collins
(28) Godfrey,	(29) Bertram,	(30) Umfravill,	Camden
(31) Bius,	(32) Calthorp,	(33) Hengiave,	
(34) Hantley,	(35) Molineux*.	Sir	

(13) Gules a Wyverne Or.	(14) Or three Torteauxes	Camden
(15) Argent two Lyons Passant Azure.	(16) Gules three	
— Or	(17) Argent three Pallets varyy Or and Sable on a Chief of the 2d a Talbot's head erased Azure.	Seager
(18) Barry Nobuly Argent and Azure	(19) Or a Raven Close Sable	March
(20) Gules three Ducal Crowns in Pale Or	(21) Argent Semies of Crosses Patee Gules	Bath
(22) Per Fess 1st Or two Swords in Saltier Gules	Pommilled Argent 2d Ermine two Bars Azure	Acquaintance
(23) Gules on a Chief Argent two Mulletts Sable.	(24) Argent three Pallets Wavy Azure	March
(25) Quarterly Gulcs and Vane over all a Bend Or	(26) Argent a Boar incensed Azure	Camden
(27) Azure three Besants in Chief	(28) Argent a Cheveion Or between three Apples Vert	
(29) Argent a Goat Sahant Gules Wreathed about the Neck & Horns Vert,	(30) Argent a Barulet Gules between 10 Billets Or	
(31) Gules a Cross Patee fitched Argent	(32) Or a Cheveron Gules	
(33) Argent a Lyon Rampant Sable	(34) Barry Or and Sable	
(35) Azure a Cross Molux Or		

* Sir William Molineux, a Person of inimitable Valour, served under the Black Prince at the battle of Navarret in

Collins
Hollis
Dugdale

Henry, Son of the last Sir John De Burgham,
was born 1395. He was Cofferer to Henry
5, as appears by his Monument

Norkan
Church

“Oiate pio Anima Johanni Burgham
M - - - - Cofferarii Hospiti Excel-
lentissimi Regis Henric quint qui obi- - - -
cia uxor ejus 1451, quorum ani mabus, pio-
pitictur Deus” *

Spain, and was there made a Knight Banncret Anno Dom
1369 Returning homewards he died at Canterbury and
was there buried with this Epitaph

Miles honorificus Molineus subiacet inhis Tertius
Edvardus delexit hunc ut amicu Fortia qui gessit,
Gallos, Navarosq repressit Hic cum recessit morte
feriente decessit Anno Milleno trecento Sephuageno
Atque hic junje duo sic pent omnis Homo

Molineux, an honourable Knight, lies here within
Edward the 3d, as a Friend, loved him He did valiant Acts
subdued the Gauls and Navars, when he returned. Death
striking him, he died, in the Year One thousand three Hun-
dred and seventy two — Thus Man Perishes

* Pray for the soul of John de Burgham, Chief Cofferer
of the Alms—or the Almoner to the most excellent King
Henry the 5th who died - - - - -
- - - - - Alincia his Wife died 1451, on whose Souls
God have mercy !

He married Alicia, Daughter of Sir Henry	Collins
Constable, Knight He accompanied King	Tellill
Henry in all his Wars in France, and was	Bath
made Knight Banneret, and had the Manor	Chauncey
of Leyhforde granted him as a Reward for	Ramson
his faithful services He had one Son and	Willis
five Daughters Alice, married first to (1)	Records
Graso de Brailsford Esquire, then to Sir Si-	Bale
mon de (2) Tozeill Knight Agnes, to	Rowley
(3) Sir Geofrie de Dorcombe Elinoure to Sir	Hollis
Alan de (4) Cobb of Bristol, Merchant, com-	
monly called the Chapman, from his Profes-	
sion Emelina to Sir Beitiam (5) Blagdon	
Knight, and Thomasine, 1st to Anthony	
(6) Lossiff Esq. 2d to Sir Thybbot (7) Wa-	Chronicles
terland, Knight Sir John the Son took	Hollis
arms on the part of the Yorkists, and	

(1) Argent a Cross Sable between 4 Egresses, (2) On	Norroy
three Barrs Sable in Chief a Wolf Passant (3) P F Or	Clare ci
and Vert a Stag at Gaze Counterchanged of the one and the	
other (4) Argent on a Fess Gules three Lyon's between	Gurhim
as many Hounds courant (5) Or three hearts (6)	
Barry of 8 Argent and Azure (7) Sable three Hinds tripp-	
ant Argent.	

Dugdale	was slain at the Battle of Saint Alban's,
Ex fam	leaving behind him two Sons, John and
de la	Henry, by his Wife Radegunda, Daugh-
Zouche	ter of Su William de ⁽⁸⁾ Zouch, afterwards
Willis	Wife of Su Jeann de ⁽⁹⁾ Hovlefwle, Su
Willis	John de Burgham (last mentioned) and his
Nom	Brother Henry, went over to Richmond with
Equit	the party of Lord Stanley, at the Battle of
in	Bosworth Su John married Elinoure de ⁽¹⁰⁾
Bibl	Cotton. and Henry was a Sergeant at Law
	till the Reign of Henry the 8th, Su John
	had three Sons, John, William and Thomas,
Cotton's	and three Daughters, Elinour, married to Su
Philpot's	Joseph ⁽¹¹⁾ Young, Knight and Banneret.
Chron	Catherine, to Edward ⁽¹²⁾ Pedington, Esq.
	and Ann, to Lammel ⁽¹³⁾ Jacques, Esq John

Porney	(8) Argent Six Bars gemels Gules	(9) Sable
Macklean	on Chevron Or two Estoils Gules between three fig-	
Camden	leaves Argents	(10) Argent Six Pellets 3 2 1
Norroy	Quarterly 1st Varry Or and Sable 2 Gules on a Fess Or	(11)
Seager	Three Torte mixes between as many Long Bows	(12) Ar-
	gent on a Chief indented Gules an Eagle displayed Or vul-	
	ned with an Arrow Azure Lined of the Field	(13) Or a
	Cross Sable	

Burgham, Esq. was a particular Favourite of Cardinal Wolsey, and was employed by him in many affairs of consequence. He was the first of his Family who settled in the West. He sold his Estates in Westmoreland & Northamptonshire to purchase others in Gloucestershire. He refused the honor of Knighthood which the Cardinal offered to procure for him. He married Ann ⁽¹⁾ Noel, by her he had two Sons, John who died in his infancy, and William. He deceased in 3 Mary, and was buried in St Leonard's, Eastcheap, Garter King at Arms attending his interment, having this Epitaph.

Philpot

Dugdale

Philpot

All you yatte passe bie

Weaver's

Wit a paternostic and Ave

Fun

Ypraise for the soulghys of John Burgham

M

And Anne hys Wife, 1556.

William Burgham served under Sir Francis Drake, in the memorable year 1588. He justed at the Tournament held in honour of the Queen's accession, and appeared with a

Baldington

Baldington

Howe's

Pap

Qu Eliza

Camden
Dugdale
Collins
Hollis

Pryne's
Register

than equal to any in the lists, tho' his magnificence on the occasion greatly diminished his fortune, to compensate for which Queen Elizabeth made him Keeper of three Forests in Gloucestershire. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Houndsgate² and relict of Sir Evelyn Leigh who quartered (4) Ridware, (5) Eadswick, (6) Hanbury, (7) Hous, (8) Westley, (9) Catesby, (10) Guildford, (11) Monson, (12) Aremene, (13) Allin, (14) Appledor,

Norroy
March
Norroy
March
Acquitaine
Bath
Acquitaine
Garter
March
Bath
Norroy
Clarincoeur

(1) 6thly 1st Argent a Fret Or on a Canton Gules a Rose Argent 2d Gules three Estoles Or 3d Sable on a Bend Argent three Escallops between two Lyons Rampant Or 4, Emme a Cross Loony Argent and Azure on a Canton Gules nowed Or 5th, Gules a Min Tiger affrontee Argent 6th, Argent a Lyon Salient Azure between three Swords Gules pommeled Or (2) Or on a Chevron Azure two Crescents between three Hounds Sahant of the Field (3) Quarterly Emme and Or over all on a Bend Vert a Rowel Argent (3) Argent on a Cross Sable 5 Estors Or between four Lyons Rampant regardant Gules Vulned in the Shoulder with a beveled Spear Azure (4) Argent on a Bend Sable three Garbs Or (5) Or on a Fess Cuces . Dolphin Neant. (6) Mascilly Or and Gules (7) Or a Bend Lozengé (8) Gules on a Bend Or a Sword of the Field (9) Sable an Inescotcheon within a border engtailed Argent (10) Or a Lyon Passant Gules (11) Azure three Giberdmes Or (12) Ermine. (13) Sable in Chief two Boar's heads couped Or. (14) Argent a Fess

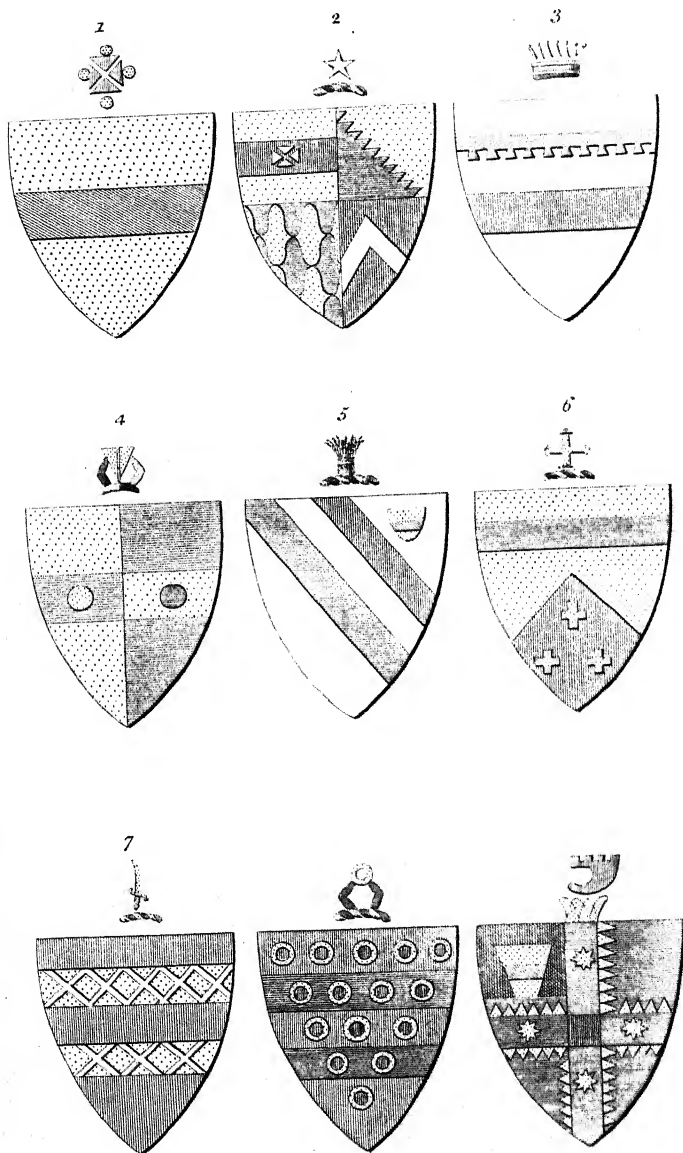
(17) Arnold, and others. By her he had one Son, William, and deceased 3 James 1st William his Son married Elizabeth Evans,⁽¹⁶⁾ by whom he had one Son, William, and one Daughter married to Henry Wenham.⁽¹⁷⁾ He deceased 13 Charles the 1st. William his Son, married Mary Walworth,⁽¹⁸⁾ by whom he had one Son, John, who lived in the reign of Charles the 2d, and James the 2d.

Sequestra-
tion
Book.

(15) *Or 3 Mascles Gules. (16) Or a Lyon Rampant Azure Collared and Chained Argent (17) Argent A Bull passant Gules attired Or. (18) Argent a Cross Sable between four Toiteauxes.

Rouge Cross
Blew-
Mantle
Porney
Gulim

CHATTERTON'S ARMS.



DESCRIPTION
OF
CHATTERTON'S ARMS.

From Chatterton's hand-writing preserved in the British Museum. Referring to the affixed Plate according to the Numbers.

- No. 1. Descended from Sire de Chasteautonne, of the House of Rollo, the 1st Duke of Normandy, and Eveligina, of Ghent. Elall, Dreighton and Syesston, principal Seats of the Chattertons, in Lancashire. Went to Sir Rich. Molineaux, Knight and Banneret, on the Demise of Sir Thomas Chatterton, Knight and Banneret of Elall 13 Henery 4th
- No, 2. Syi Syward de Chattertonne, of Daycheloe. 3d of Wilham the 1st, (Collins) Took this Difference, at the Fortuny of Roene.
- No. 3. Saer Baron de Quinsie, Earl of Winchester, 1207. Half brother to Syr Nigell de Chatterton, of Dreton.

No. 4. Syr Waleian Chatterton, surnamed De Ghent.
4th Henry 1st.

No. 5 Eudo de Elall, took by assumption an Inscotcheon of Chatterton—13th Henry 1st.

No. 6 Vevyan Chatterton, Prior of Elall Priory of Assumption.

No. 7 Gualter Baron Fortibus, Cousin to Sir Nigel de Chatterton of Dreton. 2d of Henry 2d.

No. 8. Geofry de Placetis, half brother to Syr Thomas Chatterton, of Elhall, 9th of Stephen.

No. 9. Engcbiam, Baron Chasteau Revignic, a Norman Lord, Chatterton by assumption.

OBSERVATIONS
ON
CHATTERTON'S ARMS.

THE preceding PLATE is copied from nine distinct Escutcheons, painted by Chatterton, as his Family Arms, and which are now preserved in the British Museum. It is possible that these Arms might have been intended as the first materials for tracing his pedigree on the same plan as he had executed Mr. Bugum's

Few persons in the lower walks of life are able to ascertain their descent for more than a hundred years, and when it is considered that Chatterton's ancestors had been Sextons of Redcliff Church for nearly one hundred and fifty years, we cannot but admire his modesty in ascribing his origin to ROLLO, the first Duke of Normandy, whom the GREAT ALFRED repelled in the ninth century from the shores of Britain, and obliged to seek for an establishment on the coast of France.

Chatterton, in thus fictitiously dignifying his family, by connecting it with Princes and Nobles, was doubtless influenced by some motive, and probably a motive that bore an affinity to that which prompted him to undertake other forgeries, but the nature of which, at this time, we are unable to ascertain. It is however reasonable to believe, that this display of his family honours was designed to answer some

immediate purpose, in which detection was not to be calculated upon, or otherwise he would more scrupulously have guarded against the incongruity of making these latter aims so essentially different from those given in the De Burgum's Pedigree, the one consisting of nine quarterings, the other of twelve, but without the most distant resemblance, except in the first quartering of, *On Fess Vert*, which he has uniformly represented to be his Family Arms,* but for which there appears no authority.†

Chatterton seems to have found no difficulty in discovering the precise Arms of any particular person, even so far back as the seventh century, being able, at any time, to determine a point which would puzzle all the heralds in Europe.‡

It happens unfortunately, that those who discredit Chatterton's Heraldic statements have, in many respects, to prove the negative side of the question, to which only presumptive evidence can be adduced, amounting in the whole to little short of demonstration, yet not so as to prevent tenacious persons from starting some objections, which, though of little weight, may yet be answered with difficulty. The generality of readers will deem the following observations unnecessary, to whom it will almost appear ludicrous that a formal argument should be ad-

* In his Will, Vol 3, page 453 In his Letter to Mr Stephens, Vol 3, page 413 In De Burgum's Pedigree, Vol 2, page 469, and in the first escutcheon of the annexed Plate.

† See Vol 2, page 457, at the bottom

‡ "Camden remarks, that the change of appellation so customary upon accession of feudal property, throws continual obstructions in the progress of a genealogist, and that the consequent confusion of names renders accuracy of deduction hardly to be attained with respect to the earlier times."

vanced against the reality of these fanciful Arms ; there are still, however, many zealous contenders for the truth of Rowley as well as for the veracity of Chatterton, to whom it is remarked, that the Escutcheons in the annexed Plate are internally objectionable, if not absolutely inconsistent with themselves.

It has been the usual practice of Heraldry, for the same family to bear the same Arms, with certain established *Differences*, and the exceptions which have arisen to this rule consist chiefly of additions, whilst the colour of the Field has commonly remained the same,—the various quarterings to which Families are entitled, arising principally from marriages and intermarriages, but here are the Mails of the same Family, who commonly retain, either wholly or in part, their paternal Arms, all possessed of different Escutcheons, and from the appearance of which the beholder would naturally conclude that they belonged to totally distinct Families, between whom, a couple of Inescutcheons form but a shallow union

A hope is entertained, that it will neither appear irrelevant nor misplaced, by stating one or two arguments, in opposition to Rowley, arising chiefly from the additional evidence now first presented to the Public.

Whoever closely examines the Life and Writings of Chatterton, will remark that he seemed to be strikingly influenced by one particular disposition of mind, and that was, through an excess of ingenuity, in a literary sense, *to impose on the credulity of others*. This predominant quality elucidates his character, and is deserving of minute regard by all who attempt to decide on the Rowleyan controversy.

I A New Bridge is just completed over the Avon at

Bristol.—Chatterton sends to the printer a description of the passing over the *Old Bridge*, for the first time, in the thirteenth century,* on which occasion two songs are sung by two saints,† of whom nobody ever heard, and in language precisely the same as Rowley's, although he lived two hundred years after the event was said to have taken place †

II M^r. Burgum is a man attached to Heraldic honours—Chatterton gives him his Pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, and allies him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom † ‡

III M^r. Burgum is one of the first persons who expresses an opinion of the authenticity and excellence of Rowley's Poems. Chatterton, pleased with this first blossom of credulity, and from which he presaged an abundant harvest, with an elated and grateful heart, presents him with the "Romaunt of the Cnyghte," a Poem, written by "JOHN DE BERGHAM," one of *his own* ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before,§ and the more effectually to exclude suspicion, he accompanies it with the same Poem, modernized by himself † ||

* Vol 3, page 66 A bridge was built over the Avon at Bristol, in 1247.

† Vol 2, pages 152 and 151

‡ Vol 2 page 153.

§ Vol 2, pages 171 and 173

|| The Eclogue of "Elinoure and Juga," was first published in the Town and Country Magazine for May, 1769, soon after which there appeared in the same work, a *Modernization* of this Eclogue on which circumstance Dean Milles thus reasons—"If Chatterton had been the author of the Eclogue of Elinoure and juga, it is highly improbable that he should at the same time have penned an imitation of it in modern poetry, exerting his best abilities un-

IV. Chatterton wishes to obtain the good opinion of his relation, M^r Stephens, of Salisbury, and, from something which it is possible his keen observation had remarked in M^r. Stephens, he deems it the most effectual way, by informing him that he is descended from Fitz-Stephen,* grandson of the venerable Od, Earl of Blois, and Lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095†

der a feigned name, and then attempting to rival himself under another signature, which equally concealed him from the public. This imitation was not subscribed with Chatterton's usual initials, D B but professed to be written by W S A aged 16. The short interval between the publication of these two Pieces, the style of Poetry so much resembling Chatterton's other impositions, and the age of the author so accurately pointed out, determine this second Eclogue to be Chatterton's. It was probably written sometime before it was sent to the printer, especially as the original had been at least a twelve months in his possession. The simplicity of Rowley's ideas, the purity, ease, and fluency of his language, might have encouraged this attempt, in which he has so far succeeded, as not only to equal the original, but there wants no better proof of his inferiority to Rowley in point of poetic expression, than to compare the concluding lines of his imitation with those of the original Eclogue "‡. Fair and conclusive reasoning, and to which one only objection can be framed, and that is, that it is not founded on *fact*. The reader will smile on being informed that this imitation, instead of being the production of Chatterton, was written by a WILMINSTER SCHOLAR † who has since realized the promise of early talent, and for many years past conferred credit on the literature of his country. The imitation, on account of the curious circumstances in which it is involved, is reprinted, at the end of the first Volume, for the gratification of those who might wish to compare the two Poems

* Vol 3, page 413

† I have no means of ascertaining whether Bloys and Holderness were united as foreign titles in the eleventh century, but Bloys was never an English name, and Holderness, at that period, was only a second title to the Earldom of Albe-marle

‡ Milles's Rowley, page 115

V. Mr. Catcott is a worthy and religious man, and who, from never intending to deceive, suspects no deception in others. Chatterton, who is a skillful engineer, adapts the nature of his attack to the strength of the fortress, and gives him an ancient Fragment of a Sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *written* by THOMAS ROWLEY !*

VI. Mr. Barrett is zealous to prove the antiquity of Bristol—as a demonstrable evidence, Chatterton sends him an Escutcheon (on the authority of the same Thomas Rowley) borne by a Saxon, of the name of Ailward,† who resided in *Bristow*, in the year 718 ! ‡

VII. Mr. Barrett is also writing a comprehensive History of Bristol, and is solicitous to obtain all possible infor-

* It has been suspected that Chatterton was indebted for this fragment of a Sermon, on the "Divinity of the Holy Spirit," to two Sermons, on the "Duty of the Son and Holy Spirit," published by the late Rev CAIRN EVANS, *of Bristol*, in the year 1766. The sentiments and language are almost similar. Mr. Evans also quotes *Hermin Witsius*, from the *Exercitationes in Symbolum* in which work is the *very quotation* from SATUR CYPRIAN, which appears in Rowley's Fragment. Chatterton may have seen Witsius, and he might then easily obtain a solution of a particular quotation, and afterwards apply it as he thought proper. His ingenuity was equal to a much greater achievement than this, although it is possible that he might have obtained the quotation on easier terms.

† Note to the account of Rowley's MSS Vol 3 page 303.

‡ Gildas, in the sixth century, distinguishes Bristol by the name of "Caer Brito," and Camden says that History gives it the name of Bristow for the first time, in the year 1012, when Harold is mentioned, by Florence of Worcester, as having set sail from Bristow, in order to invade Wales. Some writers have contended for a greater antiquity than this, though none (except Rowley) have been so extravagant as to suppose that Caer Brito was changed for Bristow, so early as the year 718 !

mation concerning it. Chatterton seizes the opportunity, and presents him, at *different times*, with an account of all the churches and chapels of Bristol, as they appeared three hundred years before,* and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the Castle,†—The whole of this information being unsupported by either document or tradition, and resting alone, on the evidence of “The Gode Prieste, *Thomas Rowley*,” between whom and *Thomas Chatterton*, prejudice itself must allow, there was a great equality of talent, as well as a great similitude of pursuits. They were both Poets, both Antiquarians, and both perpetually adverting to Heraldry.

VIII. Public curiosity and general admiration are excited by translations from the Erse of Ossian—Chatterton, who gave precedence to none in “Catching the manners living” as they rise,” publishes a succession of Poems from the *Saxon* and *Welsh*,‡ indifferently to the inconsistency, or otherwise not aware, that he had professedly translated works, in the *same* style, and with the *same* imagery, from the TEUTONIC and CELTIC, two languages of different origin and genius, and whose poetry, of all their writings, has ever been considered as the most dissimilar.

IX. Mr. Walpole is writing the History of British Painters—Chatterton, (who, to a confidential friend, had before expressed an opinion that it was *possible*, by judicious management, to deceive even this master in antiquities,§) with full confidence, sends him an account of emi-

* Vol. 3, page 284.

† See Plate, Vol 3, page 497

‡ Vol. 3.

§ Vol. 3, page 521.

ment "Carvellers" and "Peyncters,"* and informs him of others who once flourished in BRISTOL! but of whom the present inhabitants of Bistol never heard, and who are mortified at having no other evidence of the distinguished honour ascribed to them, than the solemn asseveration of that "something, nothing, not to be defined," Thomas Rowley!

But these are all subordinate deceptions. Chatterton's ambition embraced a larger range, and was circumscribed by no other limit, than, in the person of Rowley, of deceiving the Whole World. And that he succeeded in a great and unaccountable degree, is attested by the voluminous controversies of Antiquarians, Historians and Poets. The object bespoke the comprehension of his mind, and its partial success is a lasting monument of what perseverance may effect when supported by genius.

Another argument of equal magnitude may be deduced from the following consideration. All the Poets, to whose existence Chatterton, at least, was accessary, write in the same harmonious style, and evidence the same superiority of talent. Other Poets, existing in the like or different ages, have ever been distinguished for a diversity of qualities, compounded of imagination, judgment and taste, independently of mere language, which is susceptible of infinite gradations in the scale of excellence, but here are persons, living in different ages, exposed to different circumstances, and expressing different sentiments,

* Vol. 3, page 337.

yet all betraying the same abilities and the same peculiar habits of writing—whether it be

The Abbate, John, (living in the year 1186)	Vol. 2, p. 136
Carpenter, Bishoppe of Worcester	- Vol. 3, p. 312
Ecce, Bishoppe of Hereforde	- - Vol. 3, p. 390
Elmar, Bishoppe of Selseie	- - Vol. 3, p. 391
The Rawfe Cheddei Chappmanne	1356 Vol. 2, p. 140
Sir William Canynge*	- - - Vol. 2, p. 117
	120—160 & 325
Maystre John a Iscam	- - Vol. 2, p. 148
Seyncte Baldwynne	- - 1247 Vol. 2, p. 152
Seyncte Warburghe †	- - 1247 Vol. 2, p. 154
John De Bergham	- - 1320 Vol. 2, p. 171
John Ladgate	- - - Vol. 2, p. 182
Syr Thybbot Gorges, oi	- - 1440 Vol. 2, p. 221
Sir Thomas Rowley ‡	

And (with the exception of Ladgate) the whole completely unknown to the world till brought forward by Chatterton. Such a fact would be a difficulty infinitely greater than that of ascribing Rowley to a youth of 16 or 17 years of age, who had made "Antique Lore" his peculiar study, and whose mind was impregnated with indisputable and almost unlimited genius. If the adverse opinion were

* William Canynge, Esq will be found (page 347, Vol. 3) to be metamorphosed into Sir William Canynge, Knight of Jerusalem †

† The ceremony of passing the Bridge, on which occasion this song was sung, took place in the year 1247, although Turgotus, according to Rowley, makes St Warburghe to have lived in the year 638 †

‡ Page 348, Vol. 3 Thomas Rowley, Priest of St John's, is called Sir Thomas Rowley † and his brother, Sir William Rowley †

correct, it would in future exclude probability from all share in estimating truth and falsehood, and necessarily confound the very principles of knowledge.

The most determined advocate of Rowley, will hardly insist upon it that he wrote the various Poems attributed to the preceding characters · and is it not equally extravagant to suppose that they were written by the men to whom they are assigned—who, after having intensely slept for ages, on a sudden burst forth, and form a new and separate constellation in the regions of poetry? And if they were neither written by Rowley, nor by the men to whom they are ascribed, who could have written them but Chatterton? And if Chatterton wrote these, why could he not have written the whole of Rowley, seeing there is a perfect uniformity in the harmony, the language, and the train of sentiment: an association applicable to one person, but physically impossible to all.

This is an argument to which too much importance cannot be attached. It is founded on no subtle and equivocal train of reasoning, but derives its strength from an unquestionable fact, the full force of which is manifest to the plainest capacity. Let the dispassionate inquirer ask himself, whether he thinks it possible for men living in these different ages, from 1186, to the middle of the fifteenth century, to write in a style so characteristically the same. But how easy is the solution when we admit that the person who wrote the first part of the *Battle of Hastings*, the death of Sir Charles Bawdin, and one imitation of our old Poets, wrote also all the rest.* This is no divided

* Chatterton confessed to Mr. Barrett, that he wrote the first part of the "*Battle of Hastings*" He also acknowledged to his mother and sister that he

and temporising question, it is Rome or Carthage; it is Rowley or Chatterton; and from the new and abundant evidence, with which the public is presented, it is highly probable that the Disserning will form one general phalanx, and concur in declaring that there is neither external or internal evidence to believe that a single line of either the Poetry* or the *Prose*, † ascribed to Rowley, was written by any other than that Prodigy of the eighteenth century—Thomas Chatterton.

The opinion of many, that Chatterton found part of Rowley and invented the rest, is a supposition attended with insurmountable objections, and is never urged but in the absence of better argument; for in the first place, much of the evidence against Rowley bears with equal weight against this sentiment; in the second place, he who could write half could have written the whole; and in the third and principal place, there are no inequalities in the Poems, no dissimilar and incongruous parts, but all is regular and consistent, and without the appearance of even verbal in-

wrote the "Death of Sir Charles Bawdin,"** and the Poem on Our Lady's Church; the "Imitation of our Old Poets," is confessedly modern.

Of the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, which Chatterton confessed to have written, Dean Milles says, "that a greater variety of internal proofs may be produced for its authenticity than for that of any other Piece in the whole collection."††

* For an Account of Rowley's original MSS see Vol 3, page 497.

† Some of the DEEDS in the third Volume will be found to be written in *Modern English*! We may suppose that these were designed to be *filled up*, like a *Painter's Sketch*, at a convenient opportunity.

** See Mrs Newton's Letter, Vol 3, page 524.

†† Milles' Edition of Rowley, page 321.

terpolation. Whoever examines the beautiful Tragedy of Ella, will find an accurate adjustment of plan, which precludes the possibility of its having been matured by different persons at the distance of centuries; and with respect to the structure of the language, it is incontrovertibly modern, as well as uniform with itself, and exhibits the most perfect specimens of harmony; which cannot be interrupted by slight orthographical *excrescences*, or the sprinkling of a few uncouth and incongruous words.

There appears good evidence to believe that Chatterton found old parchments, relating, it may be supposed, expressly to Redcliff Church (though even these have not been exhibited) and which may originally have turned the tide of his attention to "Antique Lore." This direction of his mind, connected with his inveterate proneness to impose on others, and supported as he was by talents that have scarcely been equalled, reduces the magnified wonder, and presents an easy solution to every difficulty.

There is still another class, with whom the great argument for espousing Rowley, is, the difficulty of conceiving that Poems, so excellent, should have been written by an uneducated youth. This objection is plausible and imposing, and at the first view appears insuperable; but such persons do not consider that *this* youth was a comet in the hemisphere of genius, ordained sometimes to illuminate the world with its miraculous splendor, and which then retires for ages, whilst an admiring nation observes the inruption in the order of things, and is lost in the contemplation of its unknown laws.

The reader will permit his recollection to be recalled once more to the two Pedigrees of De Beigham and De Chatterton. These are of the first importance, as they exhibit

unquestionable proof of that *radical* tendency of mind which Chatterton felt for inventing Plausible Fictions (the grand key to his character!) and in support of which sentiment his whole life forms one mass of authority. These additional proofs of his *creative* faculty, connected with that body of diversified anti-rowleian evidence already before the public, can leave a doubt on few minds, but that Chatterton possessed that peculiar disposition, as well as those pre-eminent talents, the union of which was both necessary and equal to the great production of Rowley.

J. C.

GLOSSARY.*

- A
- A** BESSIE, *humility*, C.
 Aborne, *burnished*, C.
 Abounde, *do service, or benefit*.
 Aboune, *make ready*, C.
 Abredynge, *upbraiding*, C.
 Abiewe, *brew*.
 Abiodden, *abruptly*, C.
 Acale, *freeze*, C.
 Accaie, *assuage*, C.
 Acheke, *choke*, C.
 Achevments, *services*, C.
 Achments, *achievements*, C.
 Acome, *come*.
 Acrool, *faintly*, C.
 Adave, *dawned upon*.
 Adawe, *awake*.
 Adeene, *worthly*.
 Adente *fastened*, C.
 Adented, *fastened, annexed*, C.
 Adented, *indented, bruised*.
 Aderne, *cruel, fierce*.
 Adigne, *noble, worthy*.
 Adoe, *delay*.
 Adiadde, *afraid*.
 Adrames, *churls*, C.
 Adrewe, *drew*.
 Adventaile, *armour*, C.
 Adygne, *nervous, worthy of praise*, C.
 Æteine, *eternal*.
 Affere, *to affright or terrify*.
 Affaie, *affright*, C.
- Affaie, to fight, or engage in a fray.* C
Affynd, related by marriage.
Afleme, as flemme, to drive away, to affright.
After la gouie, should probably be astrelagour; astiologur.
Agested, heaped up.
Agguylte, offended.
Agleeme, to shine upon.
Agrame grievance. C
Agreme, torture, C.
Agreme, grievance, C.
Agrosed, agrused; terrified.
Agroted, See groted.
Agylted, offended, C
Aidens, aidance.
Aighlntine, sweet-brier.
Ake, oak, C
Alans, hounds.
Alatche, accuse.
Aledge, idly.
Alenge, along.
Alest, lest.
Alestake, a may-pole.
All a boon, a manner of asking a favour, C.
Allaie, was allayed or stopped. Allaie used as a verb neuter.
Alleyn, only, C
Almer, beggar. C
Alofe, aloft.
Else, else.

* Those words, whose significations were given by Chatterton, have the letter C, affixed to them.

- Alyche, *like*. C.
 Alyne, *across his shoulders* C.
 Alyse, *allow*, C.
 Amate, *destroy*, C.
 Amayld, *enameled*, C.
 Amede, *recompence*.
 Ameded, *rewarded*, C.
 Amenged, *as manged, mixed*.
 Amenused, *diminished*, C.
 Ametten, *met with*.
 Amield, *ornamented, enameled*, C.
 Aminge, *among*.
 Aneighe, *near*.
 Aneste, *against*.
 Anente, *against*, C.
 Anere, *another*, C.
 Anete, *annihilate*.
 Anie, *as nie, nigh*.
 Anlace, *an ancient sword*, C.
 Annethe, *beneath*. C.
 Antecedent, *going before*.
 Applynges, *grafted trees*, C.
apple-trees.
 Arace, *divest*, C.
 Arblaster, *a cross-bow*.
 Arcublastei, *a cross-bow*.
 Arcublasties, *cross-bowmen*.
 Arduous, *burning*.
 Aredynge, *thinking. reading*. qu.
 Argenthorse, *the arms of Kent*. C.
 Arist, *arose*, C.
 Amlace, *accoutrement for the arms*.
 Armourbrace, *a suit of armour*.
 Arrow-lede, *path of the arrow*.
 Ascaunce, *disdainfully*, C.
 Ascaunse, *obliquely*.
- Asenglave, *a lance*.
 Askaunte, *obliquely*.
 Askaunted, *glanced*.
 Aslape, *asleep*.
 Aslaunte, *slaunting*.
 Aslee, *slide or creep*.
 Assayle, *oppose*.
 Asseled, *answered*, C.
 Asshrewed, *accursed, unfortunate*, C.
 Asswaile, *to assay, put to trial*.
 Astaite, *started from, or a-
frand of* Neglected. qu.
 Astedde, *seated*, C.
 Astend, *astonish*, C.
 Asterte, *neglected*, C.
 Astoun, *astonished*, C.
 Astounde, *astonish*, C.
 Astounded, *astonished*.
 Astrodde, *astride, mounted*.
 Asyde, *perhaps astyde; ascended*.
 Athiowe, *through*.
 Athur, *as thurgh; through, athwart*.
 Attences, *at once*, C.
 Attouie, *turn*, C.
 Attoure, *around*.
 Attuine, *to turn*.
 Auchhoure, *author*.
 Ave, *for eau*, Fr. Water.
 Avele, *precaul*.
 Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle*, C.
 Aumeies, *borders of gold and silver, &c.* C.
 Auntue, *as aintue, adventure*.
 Aue, Or, *the colour of gold in heraldy*.
 Autremeie, *a loose white robe, worn by priests*, C.
 Awhaped, *astonished*, C.

Aye, *ever, always.*
 Aynewarde, *backwards, C.*

B

Balefull, *woeful, lamentable.*
 C.

Bane, *hurt, damage.*

Bane, *curse.*

Baned, *curled.*

Bankes, *benches.*

Bante, *curled.*

Baub'd, *armed.*

Baubde haille, *hall hung
 round with armour.*

Baibe, *beard.*

Barbed horse, *covered with
 armour.*

Baren, *for barren.*

Barganette, *a song or bal-
 lad. C.*

Bauiere, *confine or boundary*
 Barrowes, *tombs, mounds of
 earth.*

Bataunt, *a stringed instru-
 ment, played on with a
 plectrum. qu.*

Battayles, *boats, ships, Fr.*

Batten, *fatten, C.*

Battent, *loudly, C.*

Battently, *loud roaring, C.*

Battone, *beat with sticks, Fr.*

Baubels, *jewels, C.*

Bawsin, *large, C.*

Bayne, *ruin. C.*

Bayre, *brow. C.*

Beaver, *beaver, or visor.*

Beel, *bear.*

Beeveredd, *beaver'd. C.*

Beheste, *command, C.*

Bchesteynge, *commanding.
 C.*

Behight, *name.*

Behylte, *promised, C.*

Behylte, *forbade.*

Behyltien, *hidden.*

Belent, *stopped, at a fault,
 or stand.*

Beme, *trumpet.*

Bemente, *lament, C*

Benned, *curled, torment, C.*

Benymmyng, *bereaving, C.*

Berne, *child, C*

Berten, *venomous, C*

Beseies, *becomes, C*

Besprente, *scattered, C*

Bestoiker, *deceiver, C*

Bete, *bid, C.*

Betrassed, *deceived, imposed
 on, C.*

Betraste, *betrayed, C.*

Bevyle, *break, a herald term,
 signifying a spear broken
 in tilting, C.*

Bewrecke, *revenge, C.*

Bewreen, *express, C*

Bewyien, *declared, expressed,
 C*

Bewryne, *declare, C.*

Bewryning, *declaring, C*

Bighes, *jewels, C.*

Bulette, *a hood, or covering
 for the back part of the
 head, C.*

Blake, *naked, C.*

Blakied, *naked, original, C.*

Blanche, *white, pure.*

Blaunchie, *white, C.*

Blataunthe, *loudly, C.*

Blente, *ceased, dead, C.*

Blethe, *bleed, C.*

Blynge, *cease, C.*

Blyn, *cease, stand still, C.*

Boddekin, *body, substance, C.*

Boleynge, *swelling, C.*

Bollengers and Cottes, *dif-
 ferent kinds of boats, C*

Boolie, *beloved*, C.
 Bordel, *cottage*, C.
 Bordelier, *cottager*.
 Boine, *burnish*, C.
 Boun, *make ready*, C.
 Bounde, *ready*, C.
 Bourne, *boundary, promontory*.
 Bourne, *bounded, limited*.
 Bowke, Bowkie, *body*, C.
 Bowting matche, *contest*.
 Bismarelie, *curiously*, C.
 Braste, *burst*,
 Brasteth, *bursteth*, C.
 Brasteynge, *bursting*.
 Biaunce, *branch*. C.
 Braunces *branches*. C.
 Brauncynge, *branching*.
 Brayd, *displayed*, C.
 Brayde, *embroider*.
 Brayne, *brain, care*.
 Biede, *broad*. C.
 Bredren, *brethren*.
 Breme, *strength*, C.
 Breme, *strong*, C.
 Biemie, *furious*.
 Brende, *burn, consume*, C.
 Brendeynge, *flaming*. C.
 Bretful, *filled with*, C.
 Brionie, *briony, or wild vine*.
 Broched, *pointed*.
 Bronde, *fury, or sword*.
 Brondeyng, *furious*.
 Brondeous, *furious*, C.
 Brooklette, *rivulet*.
 Browded, *embroidered*, C.
 Brued, *embued*.
 Brutylle, *brittle, frail*.
 Brygandync, *part of armor*. C.
 Bynnyng, *declaring*, C.
 Builed, *armed*, C.
 Burlie bronde, *fury, anger*, C.

Byelecoyle, *bell accueil*, Fr.
 the name of a personage
 in the *Roman de la rose*,
 which Chaucer has ren-
 dered *fair welcoming*.

Byker, *battle*.

Bykious, *warring*, C.

Bysmare, *bewildered, curious*, C.

C

Cale, *cold*.

Calke, *cast*, C.

Calked, *cast out*, C.

Caltysning, *forbidding*, C.

Carnes, *rocks, stones*. Brit.

Castle-stede, *a castle*, C.

Castle-steie, *the hold of a castle*.

Caties, *cates*.

Caytysnede, *binding, enforcing*, C.

Celness, *coldness*.

Chafe, *hot*, C.

Chafes, *beats, stamps*, C.

Champion, *challenge*, C.

Chaper, *dry, sun burnt*, C.

Chapounette, *a small round hat*, C.

Chaue, *dear*.

Cheese, *chuse*.

Chefe, *heat rashness*, C.

Chelandree, *goldfinch*, C.

Cherisaunce, *comfort*, C.

Cherisauned, *comfortable*.

Cheves, *moves*, C.

Chevysed, *preserved*, C.

Cheynedd, *chained, restricted*.

Chirckynge, *a confused noise*,
C

Chop, *an exchange*.

Choppe, *to exchange*.

Choughe, choughs, *jackdaws*
 Church-glebe-house, *grave*, C.
 Chyiche-glebe, *church-yard*.
 Clangs, *sounds loud*.
 Cleme, *sound*, C.
 Cleere, *famous*.
 Clets, *cliffs*.
 Cleped, *named*.
 Clerche, *clergy*
 Cleigyon, *clerk or clergy-*
 man, C.
 Cleigyon'd, *taught*, C.
 Clevis, *cleft of a rock*.
 Cleyne, *sound*.
 Clinie, *declination of the body*
 Clymyngye, *noisy*, C.
 Compheeres, *companions*,
 C.
 Congeon, *dwarf*, C.
 Contake, *dispute*, C.
 Contens, *for contents*.
 Conteke, *confuse; contend*
 with, C.
 Contekions, *contentions*, C.
 Cope, *a cloak*, C.
 Coiteous, *worthy*. C.
 Coiven, See *ycorven*.
 Cotte, *cut*.
 Cottis, See *bollengers*.
 Cotteyngye, *cutting*.
 Covent, *convent*.
 Coupe, *cut*, C.
 Coupyngye, *cutting, mangling*
 Couracieis, *horse-courers*, C.
 Coven, *coy*.
 Crased, *broken*.
 Cravent, *coward*, C.
 Creand, as *recreand*.
 Cristede, *crested*.
 Croche, *cross*, C.
 Crokyngye, *bending*.
 Croched, perhaps *broched*.

Crokyngye, *bending*.
 Cross-stone, *monument*, C.
 Cryne, *hair*, C.
 Cuarr, *quarry*.
 Cushe, *armor for the thigh*.
 Cullis-yatte, *portcullis-gate*,
 C.
 Curiedowe, *flatterer*. C.
 Cuyen kinc, *tender cows*. C.

D

Dacya, *Denmark*.
 Daie biente, *burnt*, C.
 Daise eyed, *daisied*.
 Damoysselles, *damsels*.
 Danke, *damp*.
 Dareyngye, *attempt, endea-*
 vor, C.
 Darklinge, *dark*.
 Daygnous, *disdainful*, C.
 Deathdoeyngye, *murdering*.
 Declynie, *declination*.
 Decorn, *carved*, C.
 Deene, *glorious, worthy*, C.
 Deere, *dire* C.
 Defs, *vapours, meteors*, C.
 Defayte, *decay*, C.
 Deste, *neat, ornamental*, C.
 Deigned, *disdained*, C.
 Delievreue, *activity*, C.
 Dente, See *adente*.
 Dented, See *adented*.
 Denwere, *doubt*, C.
 Denwere, *tremour*, C.
 Depeyncte, *paint, display*, C.
 Depicted, *painted, or dis-*
 played, C.
 Depyctures, *drawings, paint-*
 ings, C.
 Dequace, *mangle, destroy*, C.
 Dequaced, *sunk, quashed*.
 Dere, *hurt, damage*, C.

Derne, *melancholy, terrible*.
 Derkynnes, *young deer*,
 Dernie, *woful, lamentable*.
 Deinie, *cruel, C.*
 Deslavatie, *disloyal, unfauth-
 ful*.
 Deslavatie, *lechery, C.*
 Detratous, *traitors*.
 Deysde, *seated on a deis*.
 Dheie; *they*.
 Dheie, *there*.
 Dhereof, *thereof*.
 Difficile, *difficult, C.*
 Dighte, *drest, arrayed, C.*
 Dispande, *expanded*.
 Dispente, *expended*.
 Dispone, *dispose*.
 Divinistre, *divine, C.*
 Dolce, *soft, gentle, C.*
 Dole, *lamentation, C.*
 Dolte, *foolish, C.*
 Donore, This line should
 probably be written thus;
O sea-o'erteeming Dovor!
 Dortoure, *a sleeping room, C.*
 Dote, perhaps as *dighte*.
 Doughtre mere, *d'outre mere*
Fr. From beyond sea.
 Draffs, *the refuse, or what is*
cast away.
 Dreare, *dreary*.
 Dice, *draw, or drive*.
 Dieene, *driary, terrible*.
 Diefte, *least, C.*
 Dienche, *drink, C.*
 Drented, *drained, C.*
 Dreynted, *drowned, C.*
 Dribblete, *small, insignifi-
 cant, C.*
 Drierie, *terrible*.
 Drites, *rights, liberties, C.*
 Dioge, *dry*.

Drocke, *drink, C.*
 Dioncke, *drank*.
 Droone, *courtship, gallan-
 try, C.*
 Drooried, *courted*.
 Dulce, as *dolce*.
 Duessed, *hardened, C.*
 Dyd, should probably be
dyght.
 Dyghte, as *dyght*.
 Dyghtynge, as *dyghtynge*.
 Dygne, *worthy, C.*
 Dygnei, *more worthy, C.*
 Dynning, *sounding, C.*
 Dyspendynge, *expending*.
 Dyspense, *expence, C.*
 Dysperpellest, *scatterest, C.*
 Dysporte, *pleasure, C.*
 Dyspoiteynge, *sporting, C*
 Dyspoitusement, as *dysporte*
*Dysigate, to break connec-
 tion or fellowship. To de-
 grade. qu.*

E

Edraw, for *ydraw*, *Draw*.
 Eeke, *amplification, exag-
 geration*.
 Este, *often, again, C.*
 Eftsoones, *quickly, C.*
 Egederinge, *assembling, ga-
 thering, C.*
 Eke, *also, C*
 Ele, *help, C.*
 Eletten, *enlighten, C.*
 Elmen, *elms*.
 Elocation, *elocution*.
 Elves, *personages, people*.
 Emarschalled, *arranged*.
 Emblaunched, *whitened, C.*
 Embodyde, *thick, stout, C.*
 Embowre, *lodge, C.*

- Embollen, *swelled, strengthened*, C.
 Emburled, *armed*, C.
 Emmate, *lessen, decrease*, C.
 Emmertleyng, *glittering*, C.
 Emmers, *coined money*.
 Emprize, *adventure*, C.
 Empprize, *enterprize*, C.
 Enactyng, *acting*.
 Enalse, *embrace*, C.
 Encaled, *frozen, cold*, C.
 Enchafed, *heated, enraged*, C.
 Encheere, *encourage*.
 Encontryng, *encountering*.
 Enfouled, *viliated, polluted*.
 Engarlanded, *wearing a garland*.
 Engyne, *torture*.
 Engyned, *tortured*.
 Enharme, *to do harm to*.
 Enheedyng, *taking heed*.
 Enhele, *heal*.
 Enhepe, *add.* C.
 Enlefed, *full of leaves*.
 Enleme, *enlighten*.
 Enlowed, *flamed fired* C.
 Enrone, *unshath*.
 Enseme, *to make seams in*.
 Ensemeynge, *as seeming*.
 Enshone, *shewed*.
 Enshoting, *shooting, darting*, C.
 Enstrote, *deserving punishment*.
 Enswolters, *swallows, sucks in*, C.
 Enswote, *sweeten*.
 Ensyrke, *encircle*.
 Ent, *a purse or bag*. C.
 Entendemente, *understanding*.
 Enthoghte, *thinking*.
 Enthoghte, *thought of*.
 Enthoghteynge, *thinking*.
 Entremed, *intermixed*.
 Entrykeynge, *tricking*.
 Entyn, *even*. C.
 Enryonnde, *worked with iron*. C.
 Eraced, *banished, erased*.
 Erhie, *earl*.
 Ermiett's, *hermits*, C.
 Erste, *formerly*.
 Estande, *for ystande, stand*.
 Estells, *A corruption of estoile, Fr. A star*, C.
 Estroughted, *stretched out*.
 Ethe, *ease*, C.
 Ethie, *easy*.
 Evalle, *equal*, C.
 Eve-merk, *dark evening*.
 Evespeckt, *marked with evening dew*, C.
 Everichone, *every one*. C.
 Everyche, *every*.
 Ewbice, *adultery*, C.
 Ewbicyous, *lucurious*.
 Eyne-gears, *objects of the eyes*.
 Eyne syghte, *eye-sight*.

F

- Fadre, *father*.
 Fage, *tale, jest*, C.
 Faic, *faith*.
 Faifully, *faithfully*, C.
 Faitour, *a beggar or vagabond*, C.
 Faldstole, *a folding stool, or seat*. See Du Cange in v. Faldistorum.
 Far-kend, *far seen*. C.
 Fayre, *clear, innocent*.
 Featliest, *most beautiful*.

Federed, *feathered*.
 Feece, *fire*.
 Feeie, *flaming*, C.
 Fele, *feeble*, C.
 Felle, *cruel*, *bad*.
 Fellen, *fell* pa. t. sing. qu.
 Ferse, *violent*, *fierce*.
 Feiselie, *fiercely*.
 Fetelie, *nobly*, C.
 Fetive, as *festive*.
 Fetvye, *elgant*, *beautiful*.
 Fetvyelie, *elegantly*, C.
 Fetyveness, *festiveness*.
 Feygne, *willing*.
 Feygnes, A corruption of
feints, C.
 Fhuu, *fury*. C.
 Fie, *defy*, C.
 Flaiten, *horrible*, or *undula-*
ting, qu.
 Flaiched, *arched*.
 Fleers, *flers*, *runaways*.
 Fleeting, *flying*, *passing*.
 Fleme, *to terrify*.
 Flemed, *frighted*, C.
 Flemie, *frightfully*.
 Flemeynge, *terrifying*.
 Fleuis, *flowers*.
 Flizze, *fly*, C.
 Floe, *arrow*. C.
 Florryschethe, *blooms*, *flou-*
rishes.
 Flott, *float*, C.
 Flotting, *floating* or *undula-*
ting.
 FloureScyncte Mary, *mary-*
gold. C.
 Flourette, *flower*. C.
 Flytted, *fled*.
 Foile, *baffle*, C.
 Fons, *Fonnes*, *devices*, C.
 Fore, *before*.

Forefend, *forbid*.
 Foigard, *lose*, C.
 Foiletten, *foisaken*, C.
 Forloyme, *retreat*, C.
 Fornooy, *destroy*.
 Foirceyng, *destroying*, C.
 Forslagen, *slain*, C.
 Foislege, *slay*, C.
 Forstraughte, *distracted*.
 Forstraughteyng, *distrac-*
ting, C.
 Forswat, *sun-burnt*, C.
 Forwelting, *blasting*, C.
 Forwyned, *dried*, C.
 Foulke, *people*.
 Foury, *fury*.
 Fowlyng, *defiling*.
 Fraie, *fight*. C.
 Fiemde, *strange*, C.
 Fiemded, *frighted*, C.
 Fructile, *fruitful*.
 Fured, *furios*.
 Furched, *forked*.

G

Gaberdync, *a piece of ar-*
mour, C. A cloak.
 Galland, *frighted*, C.
 Gare, *cause* C.
 Gastness, *ghastliness*.
 Gauntlette, *glove*. C.
 Gauntlette, *challenging*.
 Geare, *apparel*, *accoutre-*
ment.
 Geasonne, *rare*, *extraordi-*
nary, *strange*. C.
 Geer, *dress*.
 Geete, *As gite*.
 Gelten, *gilded*. C.
 Gemot, *ouncil*.
 Gemote, *assembled*. C.
 Geld, *broke*, *rent*. C.

Gies, *guides*, C.
 Gier, *a turn or twist*.
 Gif, *if*, C.
 Gites, *robes, mantles*, C.
 Glair, *shining, clear*.
 Glairie, *clear, shining*.
 Glare, *glitter*, C.
 Gledes, *ghdes*.
 Gledeynge, *livid*, C.
 Gleme, *shine, glimmer*, C.
 Glester, *to shine*.
 Glestreyng, *shining, glittering*.
 Glomb, *frown*, C.
 Glommed, *clouded, dejected*, C.
 Glouue, *glory*, C.
 Glowe, *shine, gleam*.
 Glytted, *shone, or glided*, qu.
 Gore-depycted, *painted with blood*.
 Goie-red, *red as blood*.
 Goine, *garden*, C.
 Gottes, *drops*.
 Goulei, *usurer*.
 Goushyng, *gushing*.
 Graiebarbes, *grey-beards*, C.
 Grange, *liberty of pasture*, C.
 Gratche, *apparel*, C.
 Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen*, qu.
 Gravots, *groves*, C.
 Gre, *grow*, C.
 Greaves, *a part of armor*.
 Grees, *grows*, C.
 Greeynge, *growing*.
 Grete, *greeted, saluted*.
 Groffle, *groveling, mean*.
 Groffyngelye, *foolishly, vulgarly, abjectly*.
 Groffyshe, *uncivil, rude*.
 Gron, *a fen, moor*, C.

Gronfer, *a meteor, from gron, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire*, C.
 Gronfyres, *meteors*, C.
 Gioted, *swollen*, C.
 Gryne, *groom*.
 Grypped, *grasped*.
 Gule depeyncted, *red painted*, C.
 Gule steynct, *red stained*, C.
 Guyfts, *gifts, talents*.
 Guylde, *assess, tax*.
 Guylteynge, *gilding*.
 Gye, *a guide*, C.
 Gyte, *as gite*.
 Gytelles, *mantels*, C.

H

Habergeon, *coat of mail*.
 Haile, *happy*, C.
 Haille, *as, haile*.
 Haloeld, *defeated*, C.
 Hallidome, *holy church*, qu.
 Hallie, *holy*, C.
 Hallie, *wholly*.
 Halline, *joy*, C.
 Hamlettes, *manors*, C.
 Han, *hath*, qu. *had*.
 Hancelled, *cut off, destroyed*, C.
 Handesword, *back-sword*.
 Hantoned, *accustomed*, qu.
 Harrie, *harrass*, qu.
 Harried, *tost*, C.
 Harte of Greece, *a stag*.
 Hatchedd, *covered with hatchments*.
 Hatchments, *atchievements, coat armour*.
 Haveth, *have, hath*.
 Havyoure, *behaviour*.
 Heafod, *head*, C.

Heavenwere, *heavenward*. C.
 Heaulme, *helmet, crown*.
 Hecket, *wrapped, closely, covered*. C.
 Heckled, *wrapped*.
 Hedes, *regards, attends to*.
 Heie, *they*. C.
 Heideygues, *a country dance, still practised in the North*. C.
 Hele, *help*. C.
 Hem, *a contraction of them*. C.
 Hennie stroke, *hand stroke, close fighting*.
 Hente, *grasp, hold*. C.
 Hentylle, *custom*.
 Her, *for their*.
 Herehaughtes, *heralds*.
 Herehaughtie, *heraldry*. C.
 Herselle, *herself*.
 Hesic, *require, ask*. C.
 Heste, *a command*.
 Hete, *promised*.
 Hight, *named, called*.
 Hiltene, *hidden*. C.
 Hiltung, *hiding*. C.
 Hoastie, *inn, or a public house*. C.
 Hoistes, *lifts up*.
 Hollic, *holy*.
 Holtied, *hidden*. qu.
 Hommagies, *servants*. C.
 Hommeu, *honor, humor*. qu.
 Honde poynete, *index of a clock, marking hour or minute*.
 Hopelen, *hopelessness*.
 Hariowe, *unseemly, disagreeable*. C.
 Hove, *lifted up, threw*.
 Houton, *hollow*. C.
 Hulstied, *hidden, secret*. C.

Hus, *house*.
 Huscales, *house servants*.
 Hyger, *the flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the Hygra*.
 Hyghte, *named, called*.
 Hylle fyre, *a beacon*.
 Hylte, *hid, secreted, hide*. C.
 Hylted, *hidden*. C.
 Hylten, *hidden*.
 Hynde, *peasant*. C.
 Hyndlettes, *servants*.

I

Jade, *to render languid, fatigue*.
 Jape, *a short surplice, &c*. C.
 Jemie, *journey*.
 Jeste, *hoisted, raised*. C.
 Ifiete, *devour, destroy*. C.
 Ihantend, *accustomed*. C.
 Jintle, *for gentle*.
 Immengde, *mixed, mingled*.
 Impesteing, *annoying*. C.
 Impleasaunce, *unpleasantness*.
 Inhild, *infuse*. C.
 Investynge, *cloathing*.
 Joicc, *juice*. C.
 Joice, *juicy*.
 Joustedd, *justed*.
 Ishad, *broken*. C. shed,
 Ithink, *think*.
 Jubb, *a bottle*. C.
 Iwreene, *disclosed*.
 Iwimpled, *wrapped up*.
 Iwys, *certainly*. C.
 Jyned, *joined*.
 Jynynge, *joining*.

K

Ken, *see, discover, know*. C

Kenns, *knows*. C.
 Kenne, *know*.
 Kepe, *to take care of*.
 Keppened, *careful*.
 Keiveth, *cutteth, destroyeth*.
 qu.
 Kiste, *coffin*. C.
 Kiverclod, *the hidden or secret part*. C.
 Knite, *joined*.
 Knopped, *fustened, chained, congealed*. C.
 Knowlache, *knowledge*. C.
 Knowlached, *known, distinguished*.
 Knowlacheynge, *knowledge*. C.
 Kynde, *nature*. C.
 Kyngcoppes, *butterflowers*.

L

Labynge, *labouring, agitated*.
 Ladden, *lay*.
 Laie, *leather*.
 Laverde, *lord*. C.
 Lea, *field, or pasture*.
 Lease, *lose*.
 Leathal, *deadly*. C.
 Lechemanne, *physician*.
 Leckedst, *most despicable*.
 Lecture, *relate*. C.
 Lecturn, *subject*. C.
 Lecturnyes, *lectures*. C.
 Leden, *decreasing*. C.
 Leeche, *physician*.
 Leege, *homage, obeisance*. C.
 Leegefolcke, *subjects*. C.
 Leegefull, *lawful*. C.
 Leegemen, *subjects*.
 Lefed, *left*.
 Lege, *law*. C.

Leggen, *lessen, alloy*. C.
 Leggende, *alloyed*. C.
 Lemanne, *mistress*.
 Leme, *lighten up*.
 Lemed, *lighted, glistered*. C.
 Lemes, *lights, rays*. C.
 Leie, *leather*.
 Lessel, *a bush, or hedge*. C.
 Lete, *still*. C.
 Lethalle, *deadly, or death-boding*. C.
 Lethlen, *still, dead*. C.
 Letten, *church-yard*. C.
 Levyn-blasted, *struck with lightning*.
 Levyn-mylted, *lightning-melting*. qu.
 Levyn-plome, *feathered lightning*.
 Levynde, *blasted*. C.
 Levynne, *lightning*. C.
 Levynne bronde, *flash of lightning*.
 Liefe, *choice*.
 Liff, *leaf*.
 Likand, *liking*.
 Limed, *glassy*. C.
 Limitoure, *a licensed begging friar*.
 Lammed, *glassy reflecting*. C.
 Lissedd, *bounded*. C.
 Lisseth, *boundeth*. C.
 List, *concern, cause to care*.
 Listeynge, *listening*.
 Lathie, *humble*. C.
 Loaste, *loss*.
 Locke, *luck, good fortune*.
 Lockless, *luckless, unfortunate*.
 Lode, *load*.
 Lode, *praise, honor*. qu.
 Logges, *cottages*. C.

Longe straughte, *far extended, lengthened.*

Loidynge, *standing on their hind legs.* C.

Lore, *learning.* C.

Lote, *lot, fortune.*

Loveide, *lord.* C.

Loughe, *laugh.* C.

Loustie, *lusty, lustful.*

Low, *flame of fire.* C.

Lowes, *flames.* C.

Lowings, *flames.* C.

Lowynge, *flaming, burning.*

Luidanes, *Lord Danes.*

Lycheynge, *hking.* C.

Lyene, *lye.*

Lyghethe, *lodgeth.*

Lymmed, *polished.* C.

Lynche, *bank.* C.

Lynze, *stay, linger.*

Lyoncelle, *young lyon.* C.

Lyped, *linked, united.* qu

Lyssie, *sport, or play.* C.

Lyssed, *bounded.* C.

Lyvelyhode, *life.* C.

M

Magystrie, *mastery, victory*

Marvelle, *wonder.* C.

Mancas, *marks.* C. *mancuses.*

Machyn, *a sleeve.* Fr.

Masterschyppe, *mastery, victory.*

Mate, *match.*

Maugrie, *notwithstanding, in spite of.*

Maynt, *many.*

Mede, *reward.* C.

Mee, *meadow.* C.

Meeded, *rewarded.*

Melancholych, *melancholy.*

Memuine, *mesnie-men, attendants.*

Menged, *mixed, the many.*

Miniced, *menaced.* qu.

Mennys, *men.*

Mensuedd, *bounded, or measured.* C.

Menynge, *meaning.*

Meie, *lake.* C.

Meike, *dark, and gloomy*

Meike-plant, *nightshade.* C.

Meiker, *darker.*

Meikness, *darkness.*

Meikye, *dark.*

Meve, *move.*

Mevnte, *many, great numbers.* C.

Mical, *much, mighty.*

Miesel, *myself.*

Miskynette, *a small bagpipe.* C.

Mist, *poor, needy.* C.

Mitches, *ruins.* C.

Mitte, *a contraction of mighty.* C.

Mutee, *mighty.* C.

Mocklei, *more, greater, nightier.*

Moke, *much.* C.

Mokie, *black.* C.

Mokynge, *mocking, murmuring.* qu.

Mole, *soft.* C.

Mollock, *wet, moist.* C.

Molteynge, *mouldy, mouldring.*

Mone, *moon.*

Moneynge, *lamenting, moaning.*

Morie, *marshy.*

Mothe, *death, murder.*

Mothyng, *murdering.*

Mose, *most*.
 Moste, *must*.
 Mote, *might*. C.
 Motte, *word, or motto*.
 Mottung, *muttering, murmuring*.
 Myckle, *much*. C.
 Mychte, *mighty*.
 Myghte amein, *main force*.
 Myndbiuche, *firmness of mind, sense of honor*. qu.
 Mynemenne, *miners*.
 Mynsteir, *monastery*. C.
 Mynstuelle, *a minstrel is a musician*. C.
 Myrynge, *wallowing*.
 Mystell, *miscall*.
 Mysterk, *mystic*. C.

N

Ne, *Le not*. C.
 Ne, *no, or, none*.
 Ne, *nigh, or, nearly*.
 Nedere, *adder*. C.
 Neete, *night*.
 Nesh, *weak, tender*. C.
 Note, *nothing*. C.
 Nete, *night*.
 Nethe, *beneath*.
 Nillynge, *unwilling*. C.
 Nome-depeyncted, *rebus'd shields, &c.* C.
 Notte, *knot, fasten*.
 Notte browne, *nut brown*.
 Noyance, *annoyance*.

O

Oares, *wheries*.
 Oathed, *bound upon oath*.
 Obaie, *abide*. C.
 Offiendes, *presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphaantes, *elephants*. C.
 Onflemmed, *undismayed*. C.
 Onknowlacheinge, *ignorant, unknowing*. C.
 Onlist, *boundless*. C.
 Onlyghte, *darken*, qu.
 Ontylle, *untill*.
 Onwordie, *unworthy*.
 Oppe, *up*.
 Optics, *eyes*.
 Oirests, *oversets*. C.
 Overest, *uppermost*.
 Ounde, *wave*.
 Oundynge, *undulating, swelling*. qu.
 Ouphante, *ouphen, elves*.
 Ouit, *overt, Fr. open*, qu.
 Ouzle, *black bird*. C.
 Owlett, *owl*. C.
 Owndes, *waves*. C.

P

Paizde, *poised*.
 Pall, *contraction from appall to fright*. C.
 Paramente, *robes of scarlet, C. a princely robe*. C.
 Parker, *park-keeper*.
 Passente, *passing*.
 Passent, *walking leisurely*. C.
 Paves, *shields*.
 Pavyes, *shields*.
 Parde, *compared*.
 Peede, *ped*. C.
 Peene, *pain*.
 Pencte, *painted*. C.
 Penne, *mountain*.
 Pensmenne, *writers, historians*. C.
 Percase, *perchance*. C.
 Perdie, *for a certainty*.
 Pere, *pear*.

Pere, *appear*. C.
 Peieynge, *appearing, peeping*
 Perforce, *of necessity*.
 Peipled, *purple*, qu. *scattered, diffused*. qu.
 Persante, *piercing*.
 Pete, *beat, pluck*. qu.
 Peynctedd, *painted*. C.
 Plieees, *fellows, equals*. C.
 Pheon, *in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart*.
 Piete, *picture*. C.
 Piercedd, *broken, or pierced through with darts*. C.
 Pittie golphe, *hollow of the pit*.
 Pleasaunce, *pleasure, blessing*.
 Plies, *sounds*. C.
 Plonce, *plunge*.
 Poſe, *the crown of the head*
 Pouche, *purse*
 Poyntelle, *a pen, &c.* C.
 Pie, *to prey*.
 Pie, *prey*.
 Pieche, *preach, exhort, recommend*
 Pieestschyppe, *priesthood*.
 Prevyd, *hardy, valorous*. C.
 Proto-slene, *first slain*.
 Prowe, *forehead*.
 Prowes, *might, power*. C.
 Puerilitie, *childhood*.
 Pyghte, *pitched, or bent down, settled*. C.
 Pyghtethe, *plucks, or tortures*. C.
 Pynant, *languid, insipid, pining, meagre*.

Q

Quacedd, *vanquished*. C.

Quansed, *stilled, quenched*. C.
 Quayntyssed, *curiously devised*. C.
 Queede, *the evil one, the devil*.
 Quent, *quaint, strange*.

R

Rampynge, *furious*.
 Receivre, *receipt*.
 Recendize, *for recreandize, cowardice*.
 Recer, *for racer*.
 Reddoue, *violence*. C.
 Rede, *wisdom*. C.
 Reded, *counselled*, C.
 Redeynge, *advice*
 Regiate, *esteem, favour*. C.
 Reine, *run*. C.
 Rele, *wave*. C.
 Reles, *waves* C.
 Rennomde, *honored, renowned*.
 Rennome, *honor, glory*. C.
 Requiem, *a service used over the dead*. C.
 Responsed, *answered*.
 Rewynde, *ruined*.
 Reyne, *run*. C.
 Reynynge, *running*. C.
 Reytes, *water-flags*. C.
 Ribaude, *rake, lewd person*.
 Ribbande geere, *ornaments of rabbands*.
 Ribible, *violin*. C.
 Riese, *rise*.
 Riped, *ripened*
 Rodded, *reddened*. C.
 Roddie, *red*.
 Roddie levynne, *red lighting*. C.
 Rode, *complexion* C.

Roder, *ridor*, traveller.
 Rodeyng, *riding*.
 Roghlyng, *rolling* C.
 Rostlyng, *rustling*.
 Rou, *horrid*, grim. C.
 Rouncey, *cart-horse*. C.
 Royn, *ruin*.
 Royncer, *ruiner*.
 Rynde, *ruined*.
 Ryne, *run*.

S

Sabalus, *the devil*. C.
 Sabbataneis, *booted soldiers*.
 Sable, *black in heraldry*.
 Sable, *blacken*. C.
 Sable, *darkness*.
 Sable, *black*.
 Sai, *sagum*, military cloak.
 Sanguen, *bloody*.
 Sarim's plain, *Salisbury plain*.
 Sayld, *assailed*.
 Scalle, *shell*. C.
 Scante, *scarce*. C.
 Scantille, *scarcely*, sparingly. C.
 Scaipes, *scarfs*. C.
 Scame, *mark*.
 Seethe, *hurt*, damage. C.
 Seathic, *scarce*.
 Scaunce-layd, *unven*.
 Scauncing, *glancing*, or looking obliquely.
 Seethe, *damage*, mischief. C.
 Schaftes, *shafts*, arrows.
 Scheatted, *adorned with turrets*.
 Scille, *gather*. C.
 Scillye, *closely* C.
 Scolles, *shots*.
 Seck, *suck*.
 Seeled, *closed*. C.

Seere, *search*. C.
 Selke, *silk*.
 Selynesse, *happiness*. C.
 Semblamente, *appearance*.
 Semblate, *appearance*.
 Seme, *seed*. C.
 Semecope, *a short under cloak*. C.
 Semlykeene, *countenance*, beauty. C.
 Semmlykeed, *countenance*.
 Sendaument, *appearance*.
 Sete, *seat*.
 Shap, *fate*. C.
 Shap scurged, *fate-scurged*. C.
 Sheene, *lustre*, shine.
 Sheen, *to shine*.
 Shemres, *shune*.
 Shemyng, *glimmering*. C.
 Shente, *broke*, destroyed. C.
 Shepen, *innocent*. qu.
 Shepsterr, *shepherd*. C.
 Shettyng, *shooting*.
 Shoone pykes, *shoes with piked toes, the length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by 3 Ewd. 4. c. 5.*
 Shotte, *shut*.
 Shotteyng, *closing*, shutting.
 Shrove, *shrouded*.
 Siker, *sure*.
 Skyne, *sky*.
 Sleas, *slay*. C.
 Sleath, *destroyeth*, killeth. C.
 Sledde, *sledge*, hurdle.
 Slee, *slay*.
 Sleene, *slain*. C.
 Sleeve, *clue of thread*.
 Sletre, *slaughter*.
 Sleyghted, *slighted*.
 Sleynges, *slings*.

Slughornes, *a musical instrument, not unlike a haut-boy, a kind of clarion.* C.
 Smethe, *smoke.* C.
 Smething, *smoking.* C.
 Smore, *besmeared.*
 Smothe, *steam, or vapours* C.
 Snett, *bent, snatched up.* C.
 Snoffelle, *snuff up.*
 Sockeynge, *sucking.*
 Solle, *soul.*
 Soiteeted, *surfeited.*
 Sothe, *truth.*
 Sothen, *sooth.* qu.
 Soughle, *soul.*
 Soughlys, *souls.* C.
 Souten, *for sought.*
 Spaie, *a wooden bar, or inclosure.*
 Spedde, *reached, attained.* qu.
 Spencei, *dispenser.* C.
 Speie, *allow.* qu.
 Sphere, *spear*
 Splete, *cleaved, split.*
 Spicnged, *sprinkled.*
 Sprytes, *spirits, souls.* C.
 Sprying, *towering*
 Staie, *support, prop.*
 Staic, *fastening.*
 Stalks, *stalks.*
 Steck, *stuck*
 Stedness, *firmness, stedfastness.* C.
 Steemde, *recked, steamed.*
 Steemie, *steaming.*
 Steeles, *stairs.*
 Stent, *stained* C.
 Steynced, *alloued, or stained.* qu.
 Steyne, *stain, blot, disgrace.*
 Stoke, *stuck.*
 Storth, *death.*

Stoiven, *dead.* C.
 Stoiven, *for strove.* qu.
 Stowe, *place, city.*
 Straughte, *stretched.* C.
 Stie, *straw.*
 Stree, *strew*
 Stiet, *stretch.* C.
 Stiev, *strive.*
 Stinge, *strong.* C.
 Stynts, *stops.*
 Substant, *substantial.*
 Suffycyll, *sufficient.*
 Super-hallie, *over righteous.* C.

Suicote, *a cloke or mantel which hid all the other dress.* C.

Suster, *sister.*
 Swanges, *wave to and fro.*
 Swaith, *spirit, ghost.*
 Swarthis, *dead, expired.*
 Swarthyng, *expiring.*
 Sweet-kervd, *short liv'd.* C.
 Sweltue, *sultry.* C.
 Swolteyng, *overwhelming* qu.

Swolyng, *swelling.*
 Swote, *sweet.* C.
 Swotelie, *sweetly* C.
 Swote, *sweet.* C.
 Swythe, *quickly.* C.
 Swythen, *quickly* C.
 Swythyn, *quickly* C.
 Syke, *suck, so.* C.
 Sytlie, *since.*
 Sythence, *since then.*

T

Takells, *arrows.* C.
 Talbots, *a species of dogs.*
 Tempest-chait, *tempest-beaten* C.

Tende, *attend, or wait.* C.
 Tene, *sorrow.*
 Tentyfle, *carefully.* C.
 Thight, *consolidated, closed.*
 Thilk, *that, or such.*
 Thoughtenne, *thought.*
 Thiaslarke, *thrushes.*
 Throstle, *thrush.*
 Thyk, *such.* C.
 Tore, *torch.* C.
 Tourneie, *tournament.* C.
 Trechit, *treget, deceit.*
 Tione, *throne.* C.
 Trothe, *truth.* C.
 Tioulie, *true, truly.*
 Twaie, *two.*
 Twayne, *two.* C.
 Twighte, *plucked, pulled.* C.
 Twytte, *pluck, or pull.* C.
 Tyng, *tongue.*
 Tytend, *tightened, fastened.*

V U

Val, *helm.* C.
 Vengouslie, *vengefully.*
 Ugsomme, *terrible.* C.
 Ugsomness, *terror.* C.
 Villeyn, *vassal, servant.*
 Unbuiled, *unarmed.* C.
 Uncouthc, *unknown.* C.
 Undevyse, *explain.*
 Unliart, *unforgiving.* C.
 Unlydgefulle, *rebellious.*
 Unwote, *unknown.*
 Upryne, *raise up.*
 Vyed, *viewed.*

W

Walsome, *loathsome.*
 Wanhope, *despair.* C.

Wastle-cake, *cake of white bread.*
 Waylde, *choice, selected.*
 Waylynge, *decreasing.* C.
 Whistlyng, *whistling.*
 Woden blue, *dye'd blue with wood.*
 Woe-be-mentyng, *woe-be-ailing.*
 Wychencief, *witchcraft.*
 Wysche, *wish.*

Y

Yan, *than.*
 Yaped, *laughable.* C.
 Yatte, *that.*
 Ybereyng, *bearing.*
 Yborne, *son.*
 Ybiende, *burn.*
 Ycoine, *engraved, carved.*
 Ycorvenn, *to mould.* C.
 Ydeyd, *dye'd.*
 Ydronks, *drinks.*
 Yei, *your, their.*
 Yeyre, *their.* C.
 Yie, *thy.*
 Ygrove, *graven, or formed.*
 Yindei, *yonder.*
 Yis, *this.*
 Ylachid, *enclosed, shut up.*
 Ynhyme, *inter.* C.
 Ynutyle, *useless.*
 Yicaden, *made ready.*
 Yreorde, *reared, raised.*
 Yspende, *consider.* C.
 Ystorven, *dead.* C.
 Ytoin, *torn.*
 Ytsel, *itself.*

Z

Zabalus, *the devil.*